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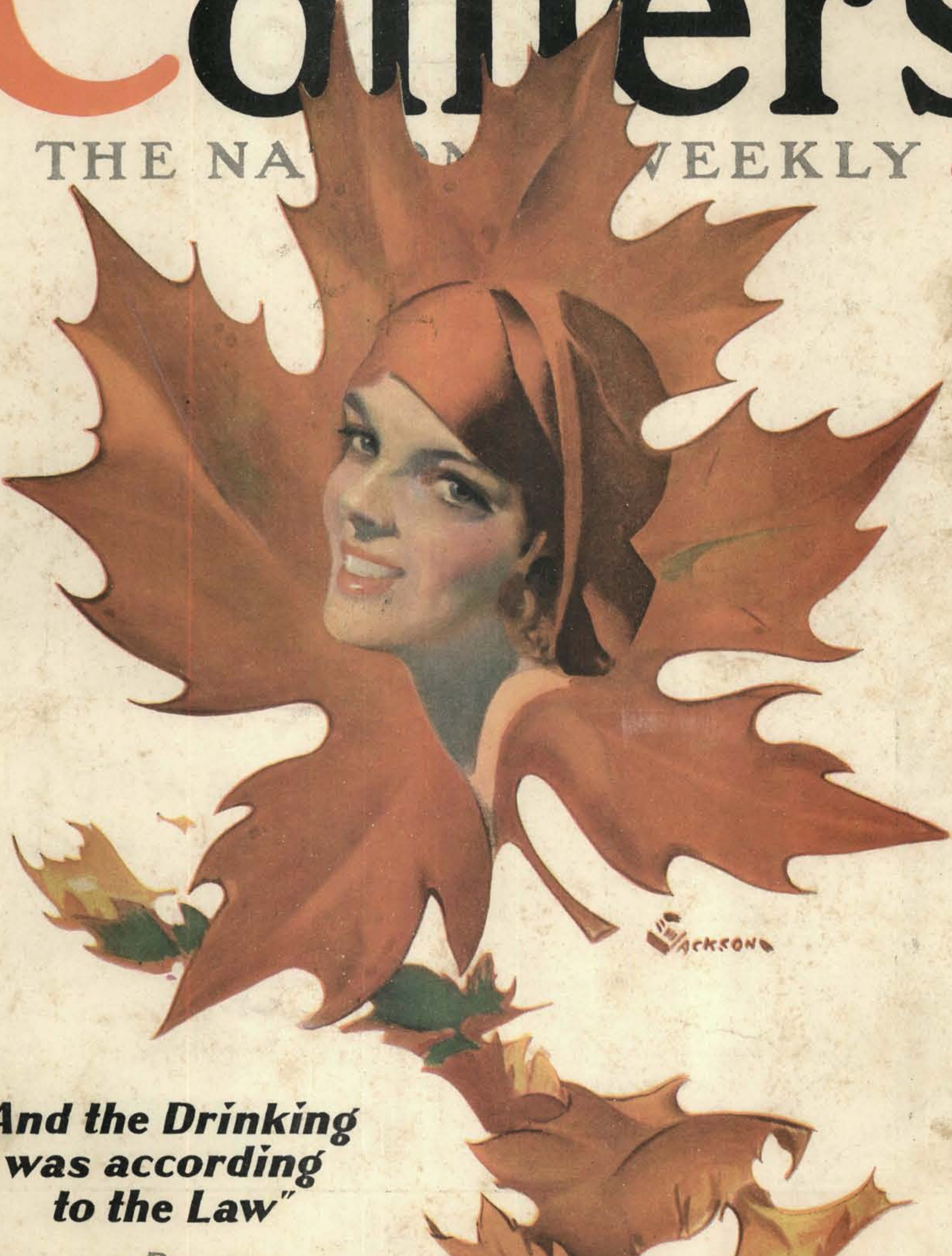
October 4, 1930

Collier's

THE NA WEEKLY



"And the Drinking was according to the Law"

By

Dr. Clarence True Wilson

Oct. 4, 1930

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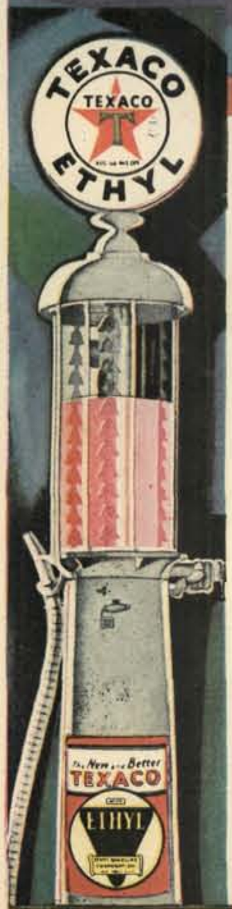

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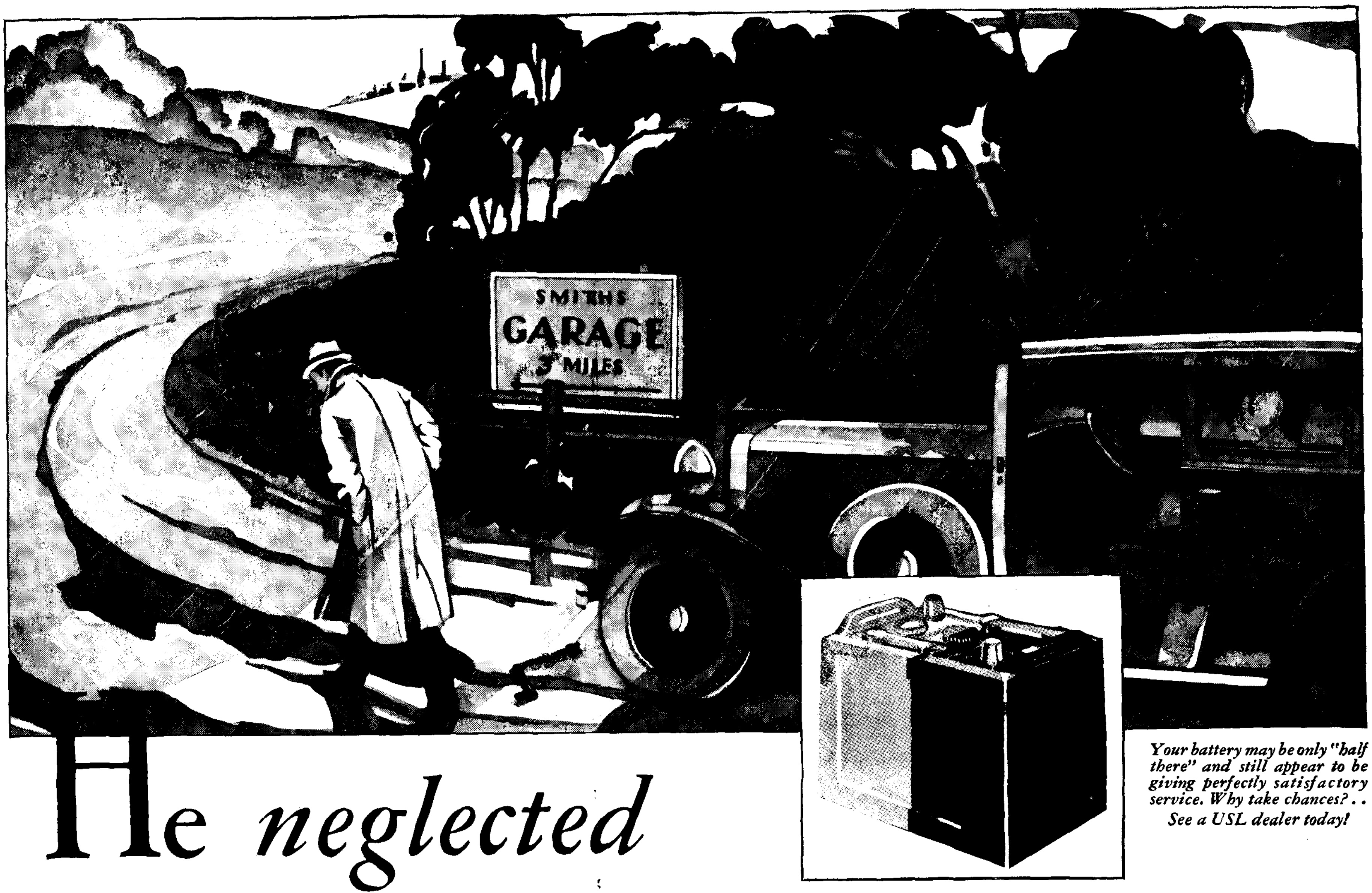

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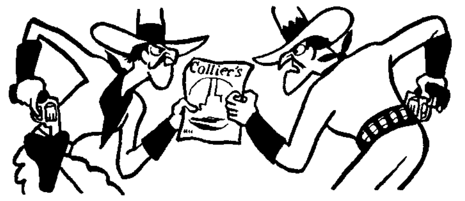
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE end of "Lovers' Lane," the popular novel by Kathleen Norris, is reached in the next issue, and to those who find themselves suddenly desolate as well as to millions of others we bring herewith glad news: Zane Grey begins his new Western romance, "Robbers' Roost," in the same issue.

"Robbers' Roost" has those qualities which have pushed the sales of Zane Grey's books into the millions—adventure in the picturesque days when might was right, an appealing love story and an unmistakable air of knowing what he's talking about. Robbers' Roost, about which Mr. Grey has written his stirring scenes, can be found today in the northwestern corner of Colorado in Green River Canyon, just as perfect a hideaway as it was when it actually served that purpose.

Leave your six-shooter at home, pardner, or you'll get in trouble at the news stands.



HAVING chosen a Biblical title for Dr. Wilson's article on Ontario liquor in this issue, we could do no less for his fellow traveler, Clarence Darrow, who takes the opposite side next week. Accordingly we began delving into the Scriptures and came up finally with this: "Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat, or in drink." That text, if you don't know it, is found in the second chapter of Paul's epistle to the Colossians, sixteenth verse.

—

IT'S amazing what can happen in jails. From what we've seen of them we'd never suspect it, but here's a young woman, beautiful, too, going to jail in place of the man she expects to marry, carrying on nothing less than a flirtation with a fellow convict and leaving at the end of her sentence with the jailer, his wife and the baby all in tears at her going. It has never happened before, we are sure, but George Weston brought it about in his delightfully amusing love story, "Jailbirds of Paradise." So strong is the influence of our love stories that country jailers can now expect an influx of romantic guests.

—

OUR memory of the chemical laboratory we were forced to infest as a youth is not pleasant. It was a place of evil smells, sudden explosions and acids which burned holes in our new suit. William P. Helm has visited some very large and very important ones lately and he, lacking our prejudices, is full of enthusiasms. And very properly, too, because the chemist is the magician today who waves his wand over industry and produces new products, new fortunes, new miracles. It's an exciting story with circumstantial details—"Aladdins of the Test Tubes."

—

THERE are more things we'd like to tell you about, as usual, but we no more than mention them: Thomas McMorrow's lively story, "The Art of Mr. Sanzio;" Jeffery Farnol's dramatic "The Man of Destiny;" Hagar Wilde's bright and gay "Taxi Ride." Grantland Rice and Uncle Henry are present and Mr. Wodehouse holds the house with "Big Money" and—that gives you an idea.

THIS WEEK

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Any Week

TWO letters about the military to begin with. One is from Captain T. J. Betts, U. S. A. The other comes from Orrin B. Kellen, First Lieutenant, A. E. F.

Both protest they are faithful friends of ours and will continue so. But the captain wonders whether we can't abstain from certain little side swipes at the army which, he charges, creep into our stories and articles now and then. News to us, incidentally.

"We have our share of dullards," writes he, "and while physical cowardice is rare amongst us there have been those who lacked moral courage. Owen P. White in his article on Jack Hays indulges in slurs on the professional soldier, intimating that the army officer habitually seeks safety at the rear when there is fighting afoot . . . the brunt of most of our wars being borne by the Texas Rangers."

While we think the captain has interpreted Mr. White too broadly, we understand his nice resentment. Similarly we understand Lieutenant Kellen, who insists that he read somewhere in our pages the claim that the civilian soldier would never have gotten far in France had he not been trained by the regular army.

"The only thing the regulars taught us," writes Lieutenant Kellen, "was squads east and west and how to roll a pack. When it came to teaching us modern warfare as played in France, we had to import British and French veterans. I just couldn't help telling you."

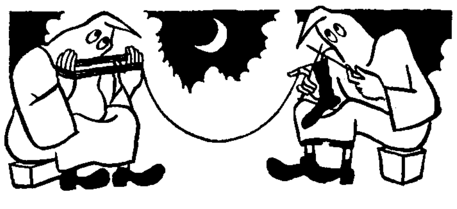
—

HERE are a half-dozen more letters—all from navy men and women—asking how the hero of Stephen Morehouse Avery's "Synthetic Honeymoon" managed to achieve promotion to Lieutenant Commander three years out of Annapolis. We must have twenty inquiries in all. Until we can locate Mr. Avery and get the answer we'll have to abide by our secretary's opinion. She says the young fellow didn't do it in the navy; he did it in the story.

—

MR. TULLER BARRON of Jackson, Mississippi, has just finished a bit of research into why the Ku Klux Klan ceased to be the active organization it was shortly after the World War. Among those agencies that contributed to its downfall, he writes, was Collier's, although he says we were mild compared to some. But, he complains, we did him, among others, a disservice.

"We used to have a fine time Kluxing," he writes. "Now there's nothing to do at night except to hang around hoping somebody will get shot by accident. I hope you are satisfied."



AND Mrs. Zoo Taylor of Letcher County, Kentucky, who detects in us an occasional yearning for solitude, offers us a mountain. She says the price will be made to fit our finances. But she assures us of solitude. Even a mule couldn't pick up a living on the mountain she offers and crows, flying over, carry their lunch. We begin to suspect that Mrs. Taylor would be just as well satisfied if we'd starve to death.

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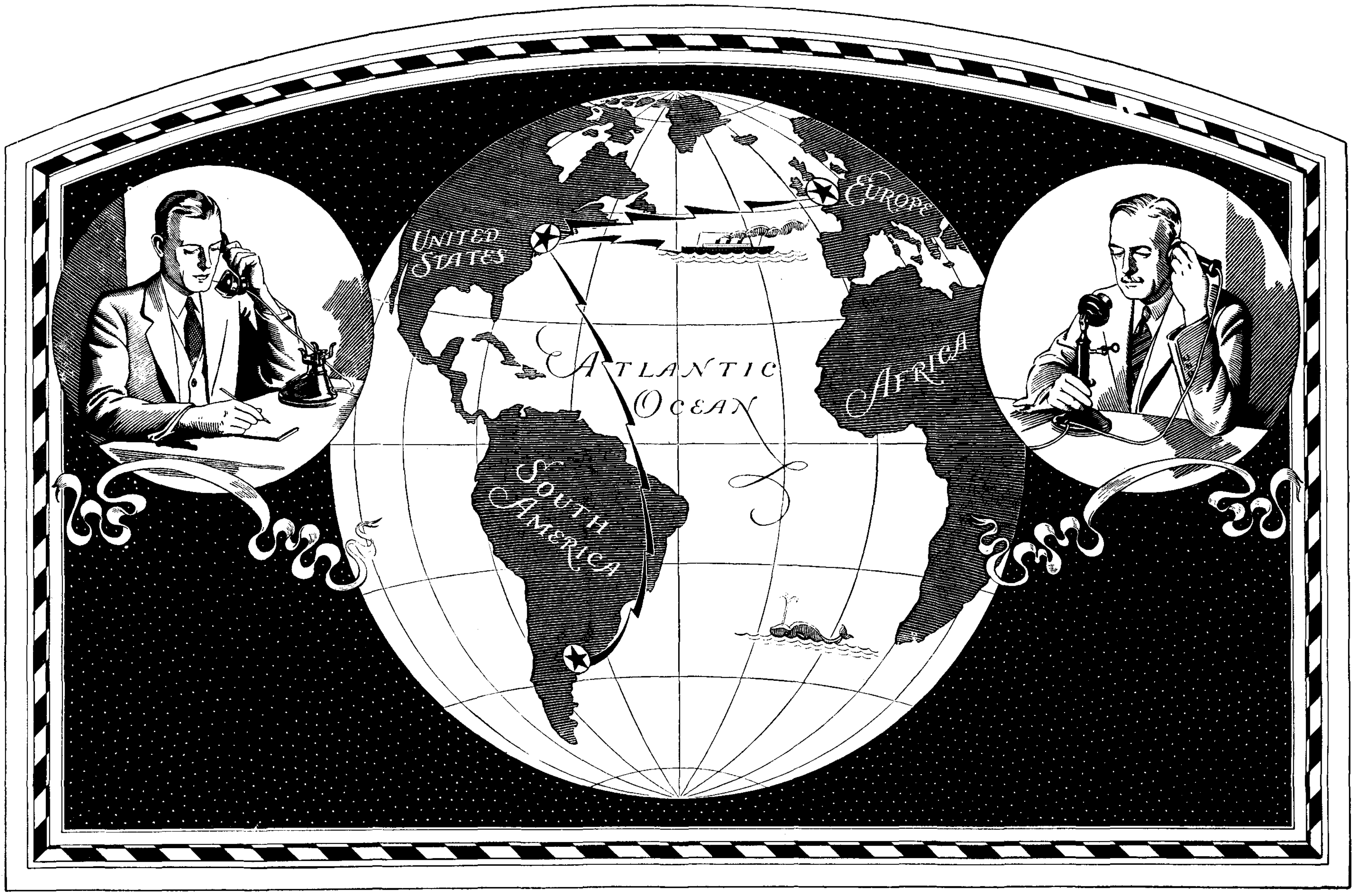

Linking the continents with speech

TODAY, through the Bell System's radio-telephone service, you can talk directly from your home or office telephone to most of the countries of Europe, to Argentina, Chile and the city of Montevideo, Uruguay, or to several great transatlantic liners while at sea.

Before long, your telephone horizon will be extended to Hawaii and other islands in the Pacific, to the mainland of Asia and to additional countries in Europe and South America. Bell System engineers are steadily enlarging the scope of voice-to-voice contact, bringing new continents, new nations, new cities and hamlets within reach of your telephone. Talking to Europe, to South America, to ships at sea, is almost as satisfactory as an across-the-desk conference. You can transact business and exchange personal messages with the ease and clearness of an ordinary long distance call. Questions can be settled as they arise

Recent reductions in charges have lowered the cost of a three-minute conversation between New York and London, and New York and Buenos Aires, to $30. A slight additional charge is made for calls between more distant points.

Transatlantic telephone service has won an important place in international communication. It has brought the factor of *personality* to the daily contacts between the Old World and the New. It is a furtherance of the Bell System's aim: *that you may be able to talk with any one, anywhere, at any time.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
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Visit 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Ask for Mr. Andres of the Fostoria Glass Company. He will show you one of the smartest sales rooms you've ever set eyes on—and tell you some interesting facts about floors that help the sale. Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Design No. 83.

advises W. S. Andres,
Eastern Division Manager of
the Fostoria Glass Company

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"One interesting thing we've discovered in selling glassware is the importance of the floor to the sales setting. Our Fifth Avenue showroom, from the first step as you enter, presents as fine a floor surface as we could find. Even though glassware, like many products, is displayed on shelves and tables, your eye can't miss that largest single area—the floor. And the public today shops with its eyes wide open.

"For two years now our Armstrong Floor has been doing a creditable sales as well as service duty. Retail friends who visit us comment on its beauty. That is the best of evidence that the floor can help sales, that dressing up with smart effects in Armstrong's Linoleum is good business."

Good business—whether you sell a product across a counter or a service over a desk. Good business—as such leaders as Chrysler Corporation, General Electric (Refrigerator Div.), Minneapolis Heat Regulator Company, and Crane Company will testify. And good business, too, from a wear and care standpoint, for Armstrong's Floors will cut cleaning costs, will shave maintenance bills to a minimum.

They are installed for permanence, trimly tailored and cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. Their surface is spot-proof, stain-proof—it's Accolac Processed. Light waxing and polishing keep it gleaming. Or where frequent washing may be necessary, simply renew the surface when needed with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK—If you'd like a graphic presentation of modern custom-built floors for every type of business, let us send you "Public Floors of Enduring Beauty." This book, just published, shows what America's leaders of business—manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers—are doing to dress up for better sales. It gives you the complete wear, care, service that will help you dress up your own business home. Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 936 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. (Makers of cork products since 1860.)

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Collier's The National Weekly for October 4, 1930

Eye of the Beholder

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

The story of a twenty-mile-an-hour man and a ninety-mile-an-hour girl—in which strength, not speed, is the vital factor

I'M NOT much for this mushy stuff, myself. I guess it's just too bad because my girl's name is Katrinka Hinkle and that would rhyme swell with "tinkle." But I never tried to write her any poetry. The night I got her to promise to quit necking around with Pete Breck and Johnny Lane and the other fellows on her string was the night of the first summer shindig at the Boat Club.

There was a moon and there were stars, but you don't catch me describing them. Katrinka and I had gone down to the boat landing for a quiet little swig of gin and a cigarette or two. Katrinka had her hair fixed in a new way and was wearing one of these slinky long-skirt dresses. I said: "Well, Greta Garbo, what have you learned since I kissed you last?" She said: "Do you really want to know, Artie?" So I reached for her, saying: "Contact, woman, contact!"

Something happened. I'd kissed her plenty of times before but this was different. I said, "Wow, what a kick! Say, this must be love," and she said: "It must be. I felt that one all the way down to my toes." I looked at her and she looked at me. We were both surprised. After a couple of more experiments with the same result, I saw this was going to be serious. So Katrinka and I practically got engaged.

We kept it light and playful though. I told her I'd wring her neck if I caught her necking any other fellow, and she said she'd be a jealous mamma from now on. And then Perry Clayton walked in on us. It seemed Katrinka had promised him a dance. So they went back to the clubhouse and I said I'd stay and smoke.

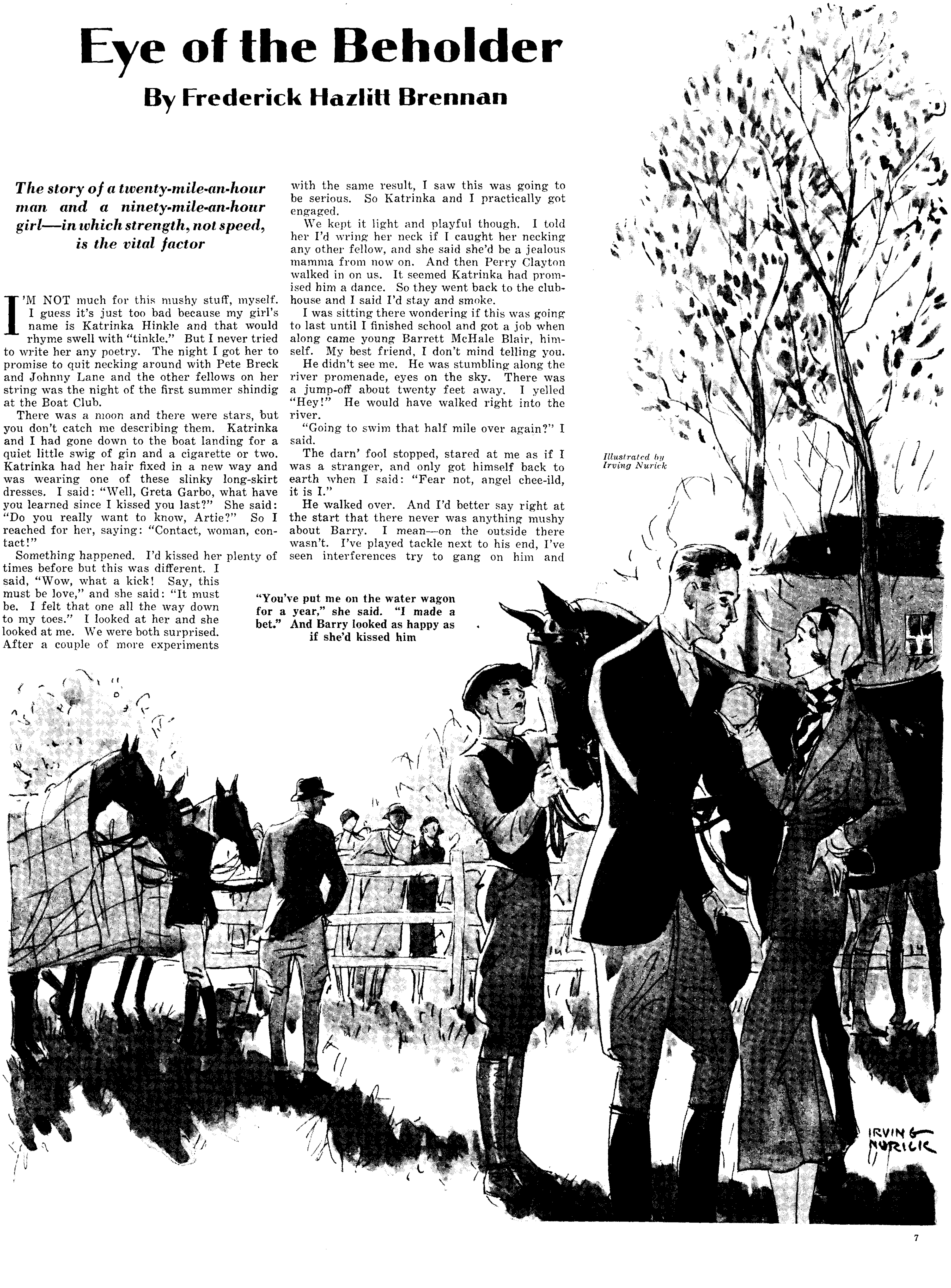
I was sitting there wondering if this was going to last until I finished school and got a job when along came young Barrett McHale Blair, himself. My best friend, I don't mind telling you.

He didn't see me. He was stumbling along the river promenade, eyes on the sky. There was a jump-off about twenty feet away. I yelled "Hey!" He would have walked right into the river.

"Going to swim that half mile over again?" I said.

The darn' fool stopped, stared at me as if I was a stranger, and only got himself back to earth when I said: "Fear not, angel chee-ild, it is I."

He walked over. And I'd better say right at the start that there never was anything mushy about Barry. I mean—on the outside there wasn't. I've played tackle next to his end, I've seen interferences try to gang on him and



Illustrated by Irving Nurick

"You've put me on the water wagon for a year," she said. "I made a bet." And Barry looked as happy as if she'd kissed him

what happened. I've been in two or three brawls with the boy, too. He hit straight out with left and right—one, two, one, two—until something broke. Maybe this isn't such a hot character sketch but what I'm trying to say is that Barry combed his hair regularly, took cold showers without bragging, and stripped hard and brown and husky. But inside—listen to this:

"Why did you stop me, Art? I was bound for that path of moonlight. I'd have walked it, too."

I stared at him. I'd heard him on the subject of moonlight lots of times, but he never talked about walking on it.

"YOU never got this light-headed about winning a race before," I said. Barry had walked away with the half-mile free style in the river that afternoon. It wasn't a very important race, but there wasn't any telling what the thing may have meant to Barry. He always found something symbolical or poetic in races and games. That old do-or-die stuff.

"Oh—the race. I wasn't thinking about that. It was something vastly more important—"

I jumped up. "You don't mean—"

He sighed and nodded. I groaned. Believe me, I saw the end of a beautiful friendship.

"It had to happen sooner or later," I said. "Who is she, Barry?"

"Well—" he said, after a pause, "I'll tell you. It's Edie Lou."

If he had said it was the Queen of Abyssinia I couldn't have been more surprised.

"Edie Lou *Mabry?*" I said, to make sure.

"There's only one Edie Lou in this world," he said. Then he looked at me. "You're surprised, aren't you? I am myself. That's the wonderful thing about it."

He mushed some more. There she was at the clubhouse dancing and here he was with me. But he felt her presence; the moonlight on the river had the blue color of her eyes; the June breeze was like her breath; when the trees rustled she was whispering—that kind of stuff.

I felt too sick to talk. Edie Lou Mabry! What a laugh. Of all the impossible girls for poor Barry to fall for she was the worst. A hard-boiled, gin-swigging, necking, petting little scamp. Didn't he *know* Edie Lou? Then, I remembered that Barry hadn't traveled with the crowd much; that Edie Lou had been away at school or abroad these last two years; and before that she was just a kid kept under wraps at home.

Barry broke off a description of Edie Lou's voice, and said: "What's the matter, Art? Aren't you glad for me?"

"Sure I am," I told him, and then I tried to find out how far he'd gone with this. I stumbled around a lot, not wanting to hurt his feelings.

"Do you mean—have I told her?" he said. Then he laughed. "Of course, I told her. It happened like this: I saw her standing near that alcove with the palms. She was so lovely I didn't recognize her as the little girl I'd met at kid parties. I asked Pete Breck her name. He went over with me. She didn't recognize me either. I tell you, Art, it was like a miracle. I looked into her eyes and something said: 'This is the girl.'

"I had to wait three dances to get my chance. They were playing some stupid waltz from a movie but the instant I took her in my arms the music changed to notes no man ever wrote. I didn't say anything until the music stopped and then I said: 'You are the most beautiful girl in the world. I love you.' "

I waited but he wouldn't tell any more, so I said: "And what did she say to that?"

Barry was staring at the river.

"What? Oh . . . what did she say? Why—nothing. You see, I startled her. Before she could say anything another fellow grabbed her and she was whisked away. I was too happy to stay in the room. I'd have made an ass of myself. I came out here to thank God."

It was pretty bad. It wasn't any of this worship-from-afar, moon-calf stuff. It sounded like that, but it wasn't. Barry was going to make love to Edie Lou, herself, in person. And if he started doing that he'd be in for some tough times.

I tried to warn him.

"I wouldn't get so darn' exalted over this, Barry," I said. "Edie Lou's a sweet kid and all that, but you're going to be something new to her. I'm afraid she won't savvy your line."

Barry shook his head.

"It won't be a line," he said, "and she'll understand."

We didn't get any chance to argue about it because Perry Clayton brought Katrinka back just then. The moment she saw Barry she made for him, saying: "You're a nice one. You haven't even asked me to dance." Barry blushed and began to apologize, but I pulled Katrinka off of him before he could ask her for the next dance. Women always run Barry ragged; he was too polite to wiggle out of things. I've seen him stuck with wallflowers a whole evening and he always wasted half his time chinning chaperons and hostesses.

"The next dance is mine," I told Katrinka. "Barry doesn't want to dance anyway."

"Oh, I do," said Barry. "Save me the next after this, will you, Katrinka? I'll meet you by the veranda door."

KATRINKA took it big. From the tone of Barry's voice you'd suppose his life was ruined unless Katrinka saved him a dance. He excused himself to prowl on the promenade some more and I marched Katrinka up the walk.

"Barry's the sweetest kid," she said. "He doesn't belong with heathens like us. He ought to have been born ages ago when there were gentlemen."

"Ouch!" I said. "Not falling for Barry, are you?"

"We all fall for Barry," was Katrinka's come-back. "But it doesn't last. We know he'd be too hard to live up to."

I couldn't resist the temptation to tell her about Barry and Edie Lou Mabry. It wasn't such a dirty trick at that because Katrinka and I were practically engaged.

She wouldn't believe me.

"Edie Lou? You're kidding," she said. "Tell me another and make it funnier."

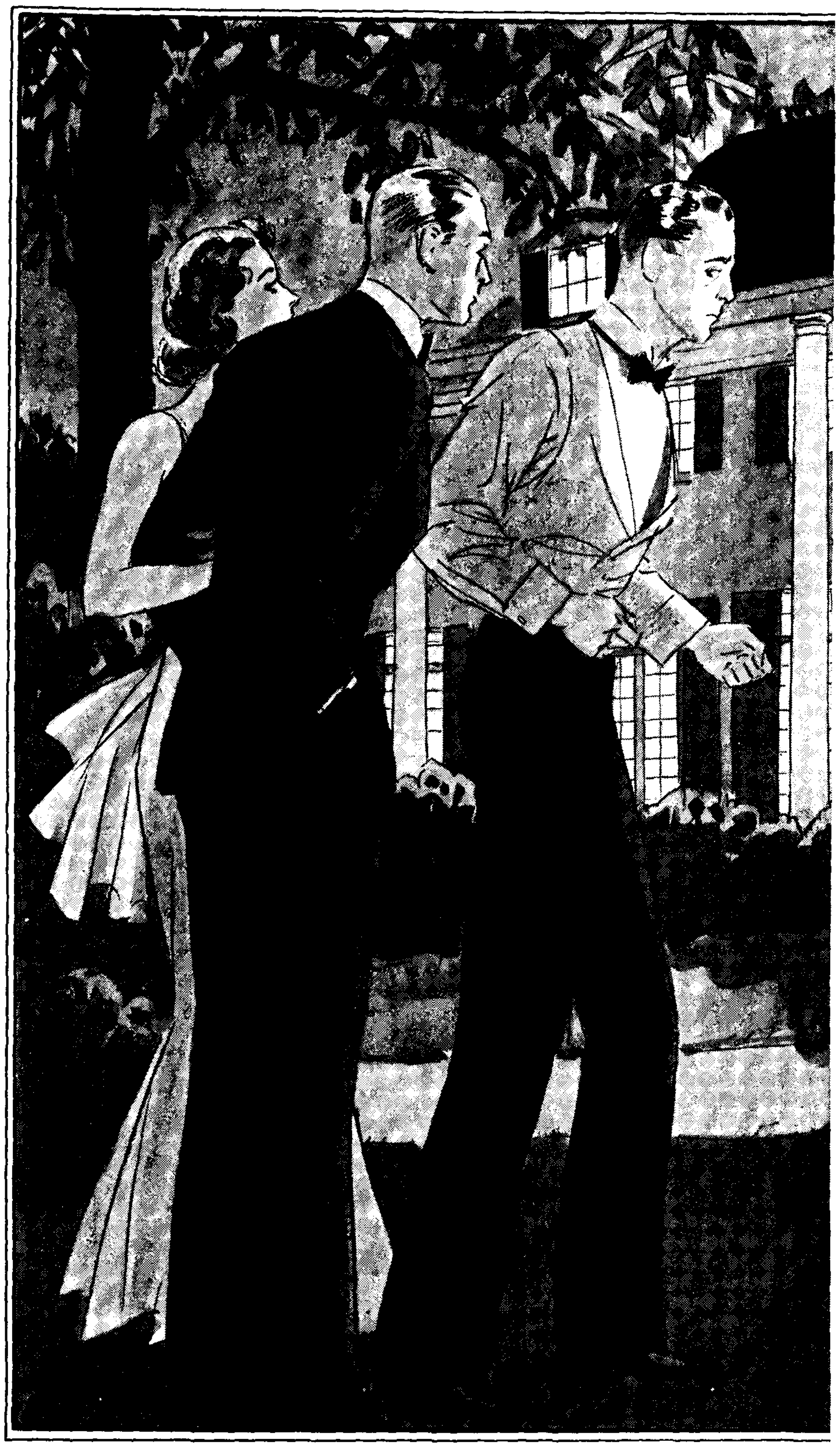
"I'm not kidding and it isn't intended to be funny," I said. "It's going to be pretty darn' tragic unless he snaps out of it."

I guess my voice sounded plenty serious, because Katrinka stopped on the path and said: "Honest?" And when I nodded she didn't say anything more until we reached the veranda. Then she said: "Poor Barry. What a rotten break." I said yes it was and the sooner Barry saw through Edie Lou the better.

We hadn't any more than stepped into the lounge when a voice called: "Yoo-hoo, Artie. Come here a minute!"

Edie Lou, herself.

I walked over to her, wondering how Barry could be imagining all that moonlight and starshine stuff about Edie Lou. You can pick up any society page in any Sunday paper and see lots of pictures of straight-backed, saucy-chinned little debs like Edie Lou. They look great in the papers—style and just enough snootiness, and slick photographers like Steichen can give them a lot of character, too. But coming close to Edie Lou at the edge of a dance floor you'd have to be blind not to see through her.



Edie Lou butted in while gentle hands were lifting Mort off

SHE had pretty, curly brown hair—but who wouldn't, with plenty of dough to spend on hairdressers? She had big baby-blue eyes with the softness almost rubbed off of them and little circles underneath. Not enough sleep and too much gin and petting. She'd darn' near ruined a kissable mouth by trying to change wisecracks into these epigrams foreign women are supposed to spout—the idea is if you talk it straight it's a wise crack, but if you twist your mouth while you say it it's an epigram. That Eastern finishing school had taught her to stand and walk like a racehorse—you know the gait. All the muscles in your ankles tight and quick knee action. Drinking whisky straight and smoking cigarettes too fast hadn't helped her voice any.

"Where's that friend of yours?" she said, grinning.

"What friend?" I stalled.

"Barry Blair."

"Oh—Barry? He's around somewhere."

"Can't you find him? He sprung a new technique on me and I'm all excited. I want to hear the rest of it."

"Sorry," I said, beginning to get peeved, "I'm not his nurse."

"No?" she came back. "From all the descriptions I've been able to gather he needs a nurse. They tell me he's the natural child of Pollyanna by Peter Pan."

"Ha, ha. Bravo," I said, sarcastically. "You ought to save that one for your memoirs."

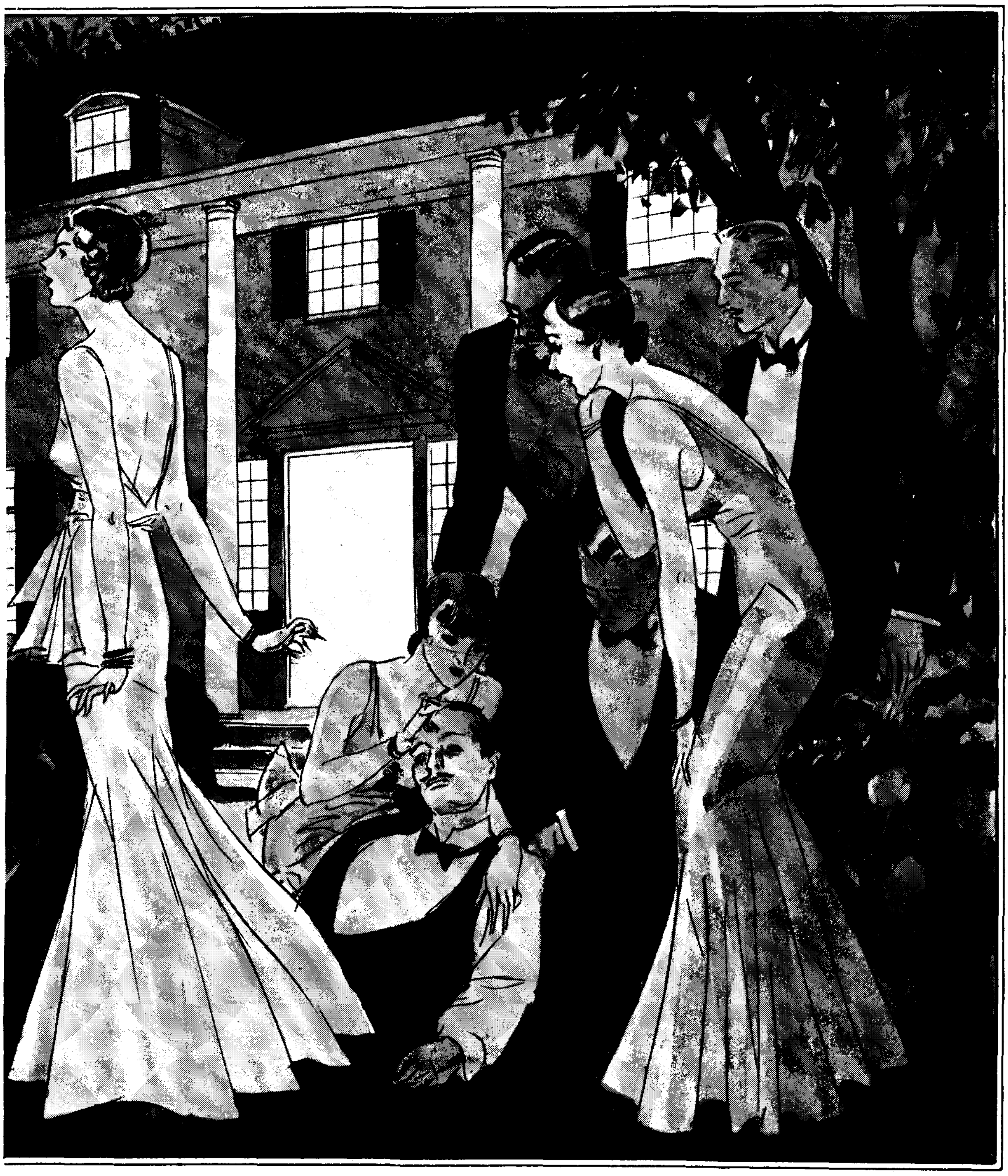
She had sense enough to see I was sore.

"You're a hard man, Artie Bentrup," she said. "Aye, a very hard man. But why blame me? Barry started this."

I decided she needed telling. I said: "Quit kidding around. I know what happened. Barry's fallen for you. And if you must know—I think he's a damn' fool. You're not his sort."

One thing they teach these debbies nowadays is the old poker face. Edie Lou didn't even blink.

"Thank you, Artie dear," she said, "for telling the truth. A mite brutal—but still the truth. Barry and I wouldn't get along at all. I'm going to tell him



the greensward. "You big bully!" she yelled at Barry. "It wasn't his fault. I'm not sick. . . ."

that"—she sort of smiled—"if he reopens the conversation."

That surprised me. I thought she was going to try to kid the pants off the whole thing. She made me feel sort of ashamed of myself for what I'd said.

"I didn't mean to be snooty or moralistic or anything like that, Edie Lou," I told her. "If it had been any other man I know, I'd have said: 'Swell.' But Barry's different. He's way out of step. He goes in for this idealistic, spiritual stuff. That's kind of funny to you and me and the rest of the gang. But it's not to Barry. And I want to make this as easy as I can for him. It's the first time anything like this happened to him, you know."

Edie Lou looked more serious than I'd ever seen her.

"I didn't know it was his first locase," she said. "I'm sorry. That's straight. Where is he now?"

"We left him on the promenade by the landing," I said.

She nodded and without making any explanation started for the door of the veranda.

I didn't see Edie Lou again that night. Katrinka had to go home early. She and I were walking down to my car about one o'clock when Barry came running after us.

The darn' fool started apologizing to Katrinka for not showing up to dance.

"I-I w-was talking to a girl," he stammered.

"Was it Edie Lou Mabry?" Katrinka asked.

"Yes, it was. How did you know?"

I gave Katrinka the fishy eye, so she said: "I thought I recognized her dress."

BARRY laughed. I never knew a guy could get so much happiness into a laugh.

"If you're a good little girl, Katrinka," he said, "I'll tell you a secret. I've been arguing something with Edie Lou. I told her she was sugar and spice and all that's nice, and she said she wasn't. I told her that sounded to me like blasphemy."

I squeezed Katrinka's arm. She watched her step. Girls are good at gushing around and making it sound sincere. To hear Katrinka tell it, Edie Lou Mabry had wings folded behind her shoulders and was the sweetest, dearest creature God ever turned out. I didn't try to say anything. I was too disgusted.

Barry ate it up. He grabbed both of Katrinka's hands and thanked her a dozen times for praising Edie Lou.

"I've got to hurry back," he said. "She came with Mort Cowden and she has to dance 'Home, Sweet Home' with him. But I can watch her—I can watch her until she drives away."

He went stumbling off along the drive.

Katrinka said: "I hope she waits until they're out of sight before she climbs on Mort's lap."

I said: "The poor darn' fool. He wouldn't even believe her when she told him. What a hell of a time he's in for."

Katrinka said: "Why can't there be a chance for a kid like Barry? Even if Edie Lou was all he thinks she is they couldn't make a go of it. Not with her folks being what they are, and with that aunt and uncle of his."

Perhaps I'd better explain some more about Barry.

His folks had been social register and all that. They died when he was a kid and he was turned over to his Uncle Jim and Aunt Nell. People who were friends of Barry's father and mother couldn't stomach Uncle Jim and Aunt Nell.

I never saw much against Uncle Jim, myself. He was an amiable old coot who looked like the fellows who play British earls in the movies. The worst thing I ever heard of him doing was trying to sell bum stocks. He called himself a promoter but I don't think he ever earned a dime in his life. Just the black sheep of a good family and not so darned black at that. Aunt Nell was the real foul ball of the pair.

My folks always claimed he got her out of a circus. A hefty lady with frizzled hair that turned all colors but the right one. She giggled when she was sober and busted things when she got tight. Being quite a lot younger than Barry's Uncle Jim, she thought herself quite a flirt. There was all sorts of gossip about her—some of it true enough, I guess—but she'd have been impossible without that.

AT FIRST, all the people who had known and liked Barry's mother and father tried to put up with Uncle Jim and Aunt Nell. Most of them quit cold when Barry was just a kid. They still invited Barry but drew the line at his uncle and aunt. As soon as Barry got old enough to understand he cut everybody who had cut Uncle Jim and Aunt Nell. Loyalty should have been Barry's middle name.

His folks had left part of their money to Uncle Jim and Aunt Nell and part in trust to Barry. Uncle Jim soon ran through their share and Barry had to support them out of the income from his trust fund. He quit prep school in his third year, saying it was a nervous breakdown, and studied for college at home. Uncle Jim and Aunt Nell used up money so fast that the poor kid could only afford two years at college.

I used to try to get Barry to quit being a fall guy for Uncle Jim and Aunt Nell. He wanted to be an architect and he needed to finish school. But by this time you ought to know Barry. "A gentleman pays his card debts, you know," he'd say, or else: "Aunt Nell has been like a mother to me, Art. Please remember that." Barry would have been hopping street cars yet if I hadn't argued him into a bet on the Notre Dame-Army game last fall. I put up my flivver against a typewriter and two sets of books; Barry was sore at the Army because they'd ganged on him when he was playing for us the year before. He bet on Notre Dame and won the flivver just as I intended.

WHAT I'm driving at with this long rigmarole is that every ace in the deck was stacked against Barry in any affair with a girl like Edie Lou Mabry. Even if he could make himself believe she was worthy of all that high-minded stuff he'd get into an impossible jam with her family. Judge and Mrs. Mabry were among the crowd who had cut Barry's aunt and uncle. The Mabrys belonged to the ritzy Descendants of the Founders Society in our town. Edie Lou's mother had a couple of million in her own name and she wanted to make a match for Edie Lou that society editors would spread themselves on. Barry Blair couldn't keep Edie Lou in gin, much less step the pace the Mabrys would expect of a son-in-law. Their idea of a good match was Mort Cowden, the most poisonous pill ever rolled, but a lad with plenty of blue blood and jack.

Well—nothing that I said or Edie Lou said had the slightest effect on Barry.

Three days after the Boat Club dance —I should count it four really, because it was about 6 A. M.—the darn' fool came to me. He raved about Edie Lou for a while.

Then he said: "I'm afraid she's going about too much, wearing herself

(Continued on page 54)

Keen on the Game

It's not in the pinches that a sportsman's enthusiasm shows clearest. It's in the long hours of practice and the hard, unregarded minor moments. Babe Ruth and Jean Borotra and Charlie Paddock and Tack Hardwick liked the drudgery as much as victory. They loved the game

By Grantland Rice

ALMOST anyone who becomes good at a game must love it. Otherwise he would never have the patience to reach one of the high spots. But there often comes a time later on when the first glint and glamour fade.

Professionals frequently love their games as intensely as amateurs, but after all it is only here and there that one discovers an athlete to whom his game is something outstanding, a big part of his life, more important than anything fame or fortune can bring him.

In this connection I mention the name of "Tack" Hardwick of Harvard, who loved the game of football more than any other man I've ever known. Football to Tack Hardwick, who starred on Percy Haughton's teams from 1912 through 1914, was an eternal thrill and lure. Thousands of young Americans have loved the excitement of the big game with its color and dash, with its cheering crowds and its dramatic moments. But Hardwick was one of the few who loved the grind and drudgery of practice.

More than that, he was one of the few who loved the rougher and the uncheered side of football—the blocking and the taking-out. Big, brawny, full of fire and flash, he sought the "dirty work" of the game—the unheralded and the unsung routine of making way for the other fellow. This was not work to Tack Hardwick, but an afternoon of fun.

I recall a play he made against Yale in 1912 when he was a sophomore at Harvard. Harvard had not scored a touchdown on Yale in four or five years. There were a downfield Harvard kick and a Yale fumble. Hardwick was leading the downfield charge. Here was his chance to be the first Harvard man in years to cross a Yale goal line.

But there was one Yale man still on his feet near the ball. Hardwick saw that one of his mates was near him. He suddenly swerved and nailed the lone Yale defender, and the Harvard captain scooped up the ball and ran across for the touchdown. That was football—and Hardwick loved football.

Who is the man who has loved baseball most? I go back years to a certain outstanding star. He came into St. Louis during one of the summer hot spells that strike the Middle West. He had a kink in his back that would have made an elephant quit.

A doctor discovered a torn ligament and told the player in question he would need several days' rest. He refused to stay out of the game and on two occasions slid into second and home when the pain was almost unbearable. His name is Babe Ruth. Ruth has insisted on playing through ball games with an infected leg, an infected arm, with swollen ankles and knees, with high fever, under conditions that almost no other ball player would have faced.

He even insisted on playing one exhibition game when Dazzy Vance was pitching for Brooklyn and the Babe had a temperature of 103. Dazzy fanned him twice, but Ruth nailed Vance for one of his longest homers. He had to have that big wallop at Dazzy's fast one.

Early this summer Ruth had a finger nail torn off. They had to give him gas to patch up the wounded finger and the second he went under the Babe immediately began replaying the old game—"Come on, you big bum, hit one to me"—"Get it over, you big stiff, get it over." And for the next ten minutes he was in the midst of a hot game.

"Did you have more fun in pitching, or in playing outfielder and hitting home runs?" I once asked Babe.

"It's hard to say," he answered. "Any spot in baseball is a lot of fun. I had a lot of fun pitching that year for the Red Sox when I won eleven shut-outs. I'm still having a lot of fun."

Jean Borotra, the crack French tennis star, always gave me the impression of getting more fun out of tennis than any of the headliners. To Borotra a tennis battle seems to be an adventure, a sporting romance, a mad gallop. He carries more gayety and dash to the courts than any of the others. Bill Tilden must love the game beyond measure to play through the endless schedules he faces, but Tilden lacks the Basque's gay abandon.

I've never seen anyone who got more fun out of polo than Devereux Milburn. A trifle over a year ago he was thrown and badly hurt in a polo scrap at Aiken. He was then over forty. It looked for a while as if he might be crippled. At any rate he was supposed to be through with polo for life. But they couldn't keep him out of the saddle. He still had to run the risk and take his wallop at the ball against the young, hard-riding stars.

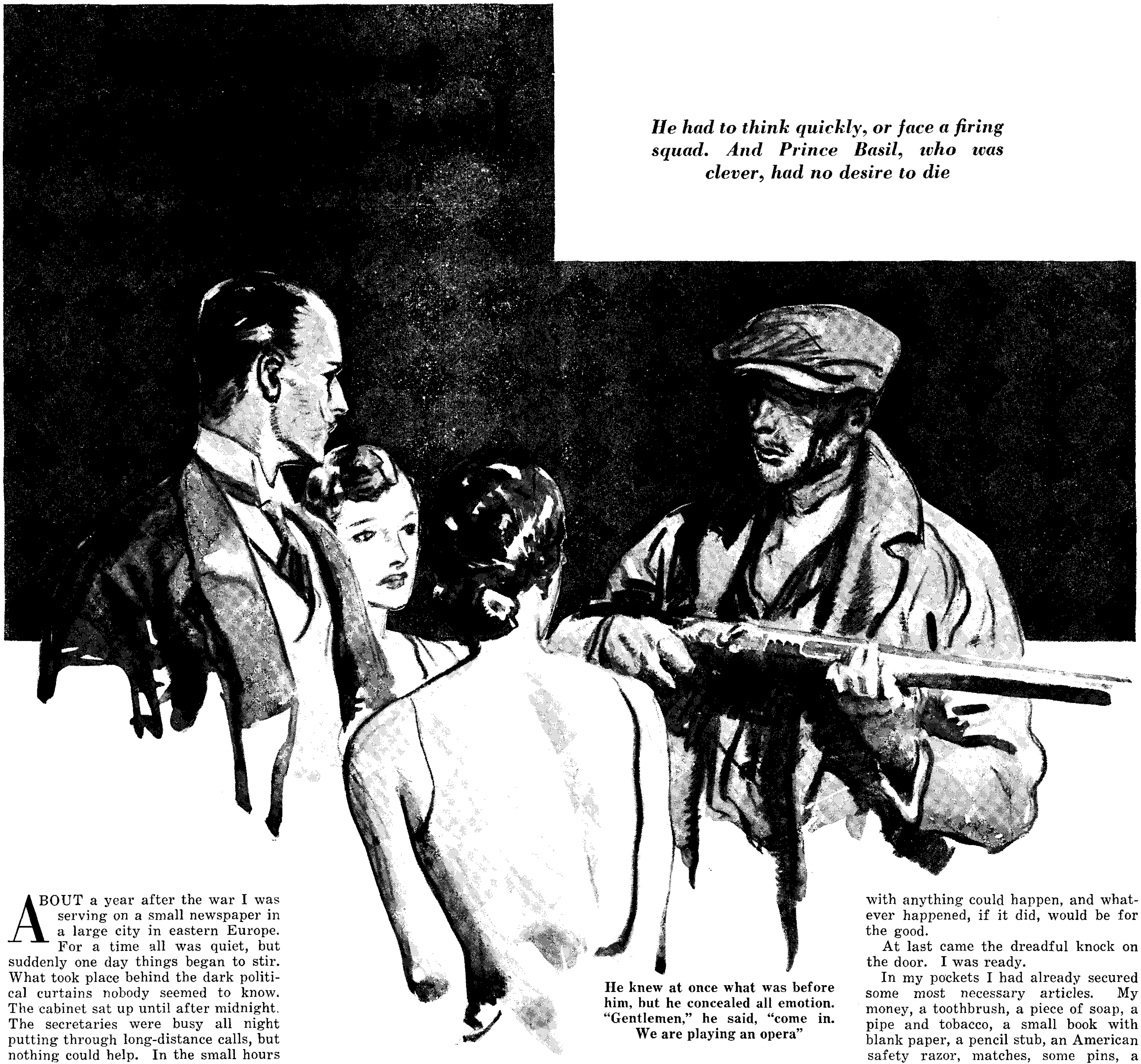
Love of the game must mean something more than the thrill of playing in big contests. It must include love of the drudgery needed to make one improve. Bobby Jones gets far more fun out of his week-end golf than he ever gets out of tournament play. "Tournament golf and the other sort are two entirely different games," he says. "The first is a grind, a strain, an all-day, all-week pressure. The other is all fun."

Young Horton Smith gets as much fun out of golf as anyone I have seen. Horton gets a big kick out of studying his game, improving his style, working on some new angle. When he began his first big winning season he used to practice an hour on days he played 36 holes of tournament golf.

I think the track star who gets most fun out of running is Charlie Paddock. Paddock was breaking or tying records a long time ago and he is running yet. When it comes to long-distance running no one could get the fun from it that Clarence De Mar has gotten, for it must take a big lure to make one a marathon runner for fifteen years.

And how many people have gotten more fun out of flying than a tall young fellow by the name of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh?

He had to think quickly, or face a firing squad. And Prince Basil, who was clever, had no desire to die



He knew at once what was before him, but he concealed all emotion. "Gentlemen," he said, "come in. We are playing an opera"

ABOUT a year after the war I was serving on a small newspaper in a large city in eastern Europe. For a time all was quiet, but suddenly one day things began to stir. What took place behind the dark political curtains nobody seemed to know. The cabinet sat up until after midnight. The secretaries were busy all night putting through long-distance calls, but nothing could help. In the small hours of the morning the government fell. It more than fell, it was arrested.

This was news for our little paper—news that used our largest and blackest type. We could not print the papers fast enough. The boss himself came down to the office.

"And if this keeps up," I said to him, "we will soon be able to pay for the new machinery."

"Yes," he said, "yes." But there was something sad in his voice, and I was unable to tell why five editions during a single morning could not please him.

At noon eight sailors filed into the office together with their officer. They lined up against the wall and fixed their bayonets to their rifles.

"Where is your editor?" said the officer, looking about.

"I am in charge," I said.

"Well, your paper is closed. Please tell them to stop the presses." He spoke softly and rather politely.

There was no need to give any orders. The pressmen were standing at the open door and in a moment the grinding machines were silent.

"There you are," I told the officer.

"Very well," he said. "Tell them all to go home."

And I too got my coat and put it on. When everyone was out of the place, I said: "All right. I am ready."

"What are you waiting for?"

"Won't you want to arrest me?"

"No. Go home. We have orders to close you up. Go home."

"But we said nothing about the new government in this morning's paper."

"You said enough already. Go home. If they want you they will know where to find you."

"Very well," I said. And out I sailed.

A FEW days later I had lunch with the boss.

He said: "This government won't last long. Better stick around and we will start up again."

But I discovered later that with regard to the rise and fall of governments my boss was not a prophet. During the days I sat and waited, I could have read all of Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire and all of Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. There would have been time to read both of these great works, but even if I had done so, I doubt if, in all their pages, a single clue could have been found helpful to my personal well-being. Would they have contained the answer to a simple question: What does one do when one is arrested?

The presses favoring the new government lost no time. The cry was at once set up in black-face type: "Hold the cabinet for trial! Treason! Arrest the secretaries! Jail the local council! Arrest the flunkies! Arrest the supporters! Shoot the profiteers!" All such talk as this was hardly assuring.

As the former editor of a paper opposing the policies of the faction now holding the government reins, I knew that I should not be overlooked. My only hope was that it would be some days before they got down to the small fry like myself. There were so many bigwigs whose doings must take precedence, and while these were being dealt with anything could happen, and whatever happened, if it did, would be for the good.

At last came the dreadful knock on the door. I was ready.

In my pockets I had already secured some most necessary articles. My money, a toothbrush, a piece of soap, a pipe and tobacco, a small book with blank paper, a pencil stub, an American safety razor, matches, some pins, a cake of chocolate. Into my overcoat pockets I had stuffed a change of underclothing and half a dozen silk neckties. The neckties were only slightly worn and they rolled up into very little space. I calculated that they would serve as acceptable presents. A prisoner with tokens in his pocket is at an advantage, and being quite alone in an unjust situation I desired all advantage possible.

HOW many of these precious articles I would be allowed to keep with me I did not know. I hoped for a kindly warden, one who would consider all these articles quite innocent, as they certainly were. Why I took the piece of cord I cannot say. It was light cord and at best could serve as a shoestring or to bind together a bit of one's clothing. Anyway, it was there when they knocked on the door.

They called out my name. I opened the door.

"We have a warrant for your arrest."

Two citizens in civilian clothes stood before me. Each had a bright-colored band sewn on his left sleeve, giving him the rank of militiaman. They carried the regulation pistol and belt, as well as the clumsy government rifle. Their faces were pasty and unshaven. They were not at all fierce-looking, but quite the opposite. Their eyes had a kindly look, and their manner was firm, though polite. They looked overworked and hungry, and as though making the best of a duty that was far from their natural vocation.

"Come in, gentlemen," I said. "You will give me time to put on my coat and . . ."

"Take all the time you require," said one.

IN a moment we were ready to go. I walked between them down the street. The sensation was new and strange to me.

"Where are you taking me?"

"City prison."

"But we are going in the opposite direction?"

"We join our comrades in the next street. They are there to arrest Prince Basil."

"Thank you for the distinguished company," I said with a smile.

We arrived at the house where the prince lived. In the courtyard of this handsome apartment building stood three militiamen, talking with the house porter. They were armed and dressed like the two who had come for me. In fact they all five looked as though they came out of one box.

"What, you are back already?" said their leader, seeing us approach.

"We are here," answered one of my guards.

"Good then. We will all go to arrest the prince. Bring your prisoner along. He is on the second floor. Apartment Number Nine."

"The number is on the door," added the porter. "Plain as day. The brass was just polished yesterday. For your benefit, as it were. Please wipe your feet on the mat. I have enough work without extras. Be so kind. And be careful how you carry your guns. Do not destroy the plaster walls. I am ready to assist you, but remember that gentlemen live here and you should not give me extra work. Number Nine. Second floor. The bell is at the right."

The three militiamen went ahead. I followed and behind me were the two guards. When we reached the second landing we heard loud singing and gay laughter. The prince was having a party. We rang the bell, but nobody answered.

Again we rang, but no reply. Then we rang the third time and pounded on the door. Suddenly the music stopped and we heard a woman's voice say: "Really, my dear, I do think there must be someone at the door."

Suddenly the door opened. The prince himself, in a velvet house coat, tall and dark, stood before us. He took us all in with a glance. He knew at once what was before him, but he concealed all emotion. He smiled. He bowed. "Gentlemen," he said, "come in. We are playing an opera. Come in."

"But we are here to . . ."

"It's quite all right," said the prince. "Quite all right. We are just finishing up. Enter, my friends."

"We have a warrant for . . ."

"It's quite all right. I understand. It will take me but a few minutes to make ready. I hold nothing against you personally. Come in, my friends, and I will gather up my things and, perhaps, we will have time to finish our opera."

With these soft words he led us gently into his luxurious apartment and closed the door behind us. The militiamen were at first suspicious and kept one hand close to their revolvers.

AS WE entered the large drawing-room, two beautiful girls threw their arms around the prince and covered his face with kisses. There were tears in their eyes.

"Why do you cry, my little pets? Why so upset, my darlings? These gentlemen mean us no harm. They are only acting under orders."

"They have come to arrest you, darling," sobbed one.

"Of course, my dear Anna. It is their duty to arrest all princes. We knew that weeks ago. We could have been in America by this time if we wanted to avoid this unpleasantness. But isn't it better to rot in a prison that one's grandfather built than to waste one's years running after dollars? Be a good girl, Anna, and play us the last act of the opera while I pack my things."

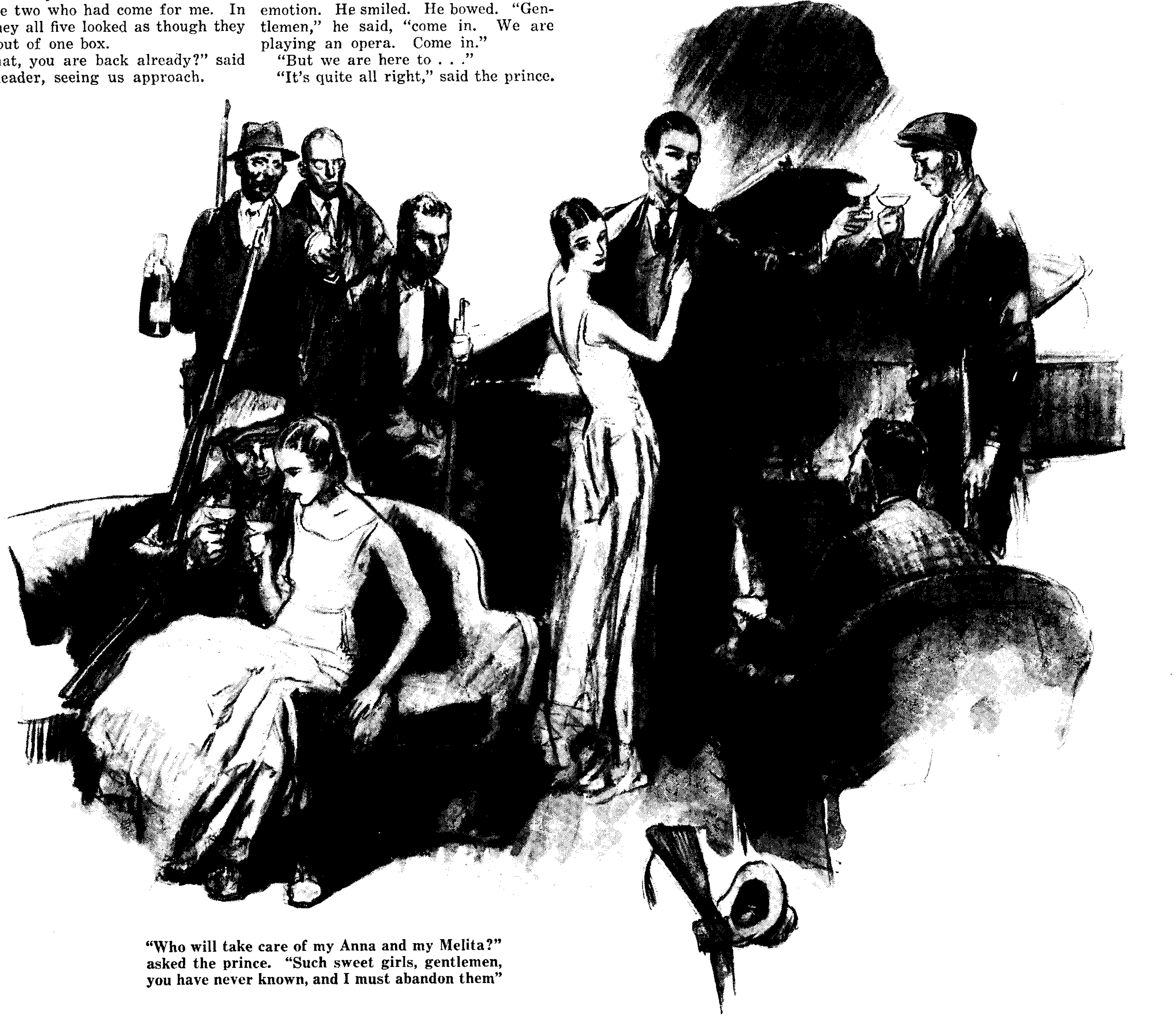
"Never," she cried. "They are pigs. Filthy pigs, and I won't play for them." She turned about and faced them with a defiant look. "You heard what I said. You are all swine. You have no right to come here. The prince is not a politician and he is not a cabinet minister. He is a gentleman and you have made it a crime to . . . Swine." She stamped her little foot.

"Isn't she pretty!" exclaimed the prince. "I love to see her like this. She has divine fire in her." We all laughed and Anna laughed also. "There, there," added the prince, "we almost quarreled. And how useless it would be." He led her to the piano. "These gentlemen have never heard you play and they have never heard Melita sing. They are here but for a moment and soon they will be gone, and perhaps they have never heard opera before in their lives and while they are here they are our guests."

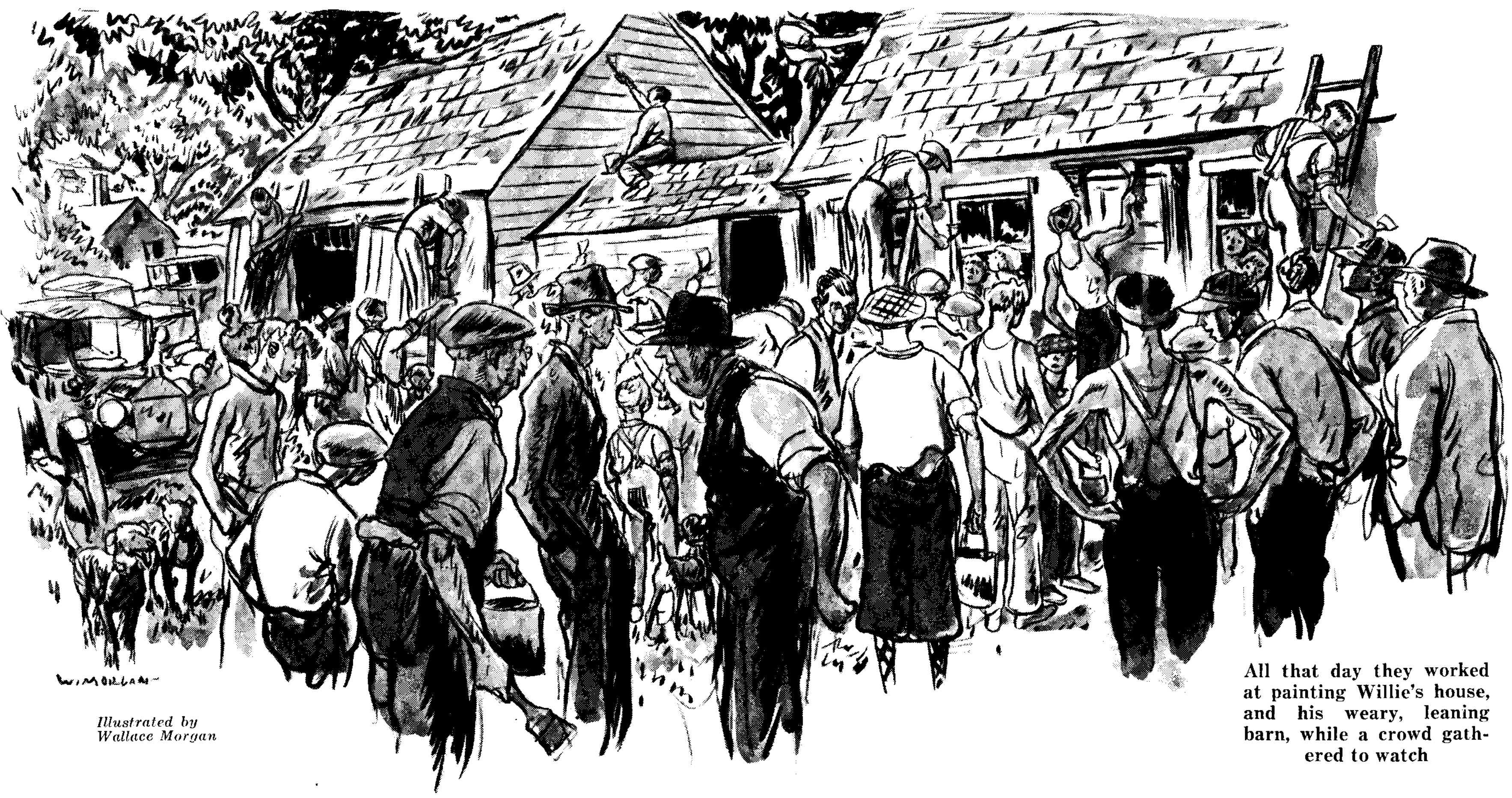
"But we have no time for opera," said the leader of the militiamen. "We have this prisoner with us," he pointed to me, "and we must be back."

The prince put his eyeglass to his eye and looked me over. He bowed respectfully. "Pardon me, we are to be

(*Continued on page 30*)



"Who will take care of my Anna and my Melita?" asked the prince. "Such sweet girls, gentlemen, you have never known, and I must abandon them"



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

All that day they worked at painting Willie's house, and his weary, leaning barn, while a crowd gathered to watch

The Shaming of Willie Lord

The story of a man who knew how to make the lives of the righteous interesting

By Dana Burnet

I WAS present at the town meeting when old Jedediah Massey rose up in holy wrath and proposed the shaming of Willie Lord. Also, as it happened, I was a witness to the conclusion of that historic episode; so I feel peculiarly qualified to tell the story that has become a local legend in the village of Manasquot, Maine.

Willie Lord was the village scapegrace. He was not a bum, for he owned a house and an acre of land. He also owned a clamming fork and a clam basket, a rifle, a shotgun, two fishing rods and a spade with which to dig worms. He was married and had either five or seven children; I could never determine which. He was utterly unreliable, worked only when he felt like it, never saved a penny and would rather go gunning or trouting than enter the Kingdom of Heaven. He was a friend of mine.

In the old days, before Manasquot became a popular summer resort, the worthlessness of Willie, though noticeable, was not a matter for public comment or concern. His shiftlessness was his own lookout. If he chose to feed his family on clams and trout and blueberries and partridges and an occasional haunch of venison, that was his business.

He was a cheerful little man, with a seamed ruddy face that broke easily into smiles. He had a crinkly, toothless grin that made you think of the sun coming out suddenly from behind a cloud. There were those who actually envied him.

Then the sovereign state of Maine laid a broad ribbon of cement straight through the center of the village, and Manasquot became conscious of its destiny. Tourist camps and hot-dog stands appeared overnight. Crowds of motorists swarmed to the beach on summer Sundays, and picnic boxes littered the golden sand. A new hotel was building. The Manasquot Garage acquired a handsome false front, and a festoon of colored lights was strung between the two great elms at the end of Main Street. Opportunity had arrived, and the watchword was "Forward!"

In the van of the progressive movement was old Jedediah Massey. A monumental figure of a man, with steel-gray eyes, a thick shock of pure white hair and a voice like the roar of a waterfall, Old Man Massey had boomed and bellowed his way to the unquestioned leadership of the village. Now, as chairman of the Board of Overseers, he led it triumphantly toward the New Prosperity, and every man followed where he led.

EVERY man, that is, but Willie Lord. Willie seemed completely oblivious to the joys and obligations of Progress. He seemed not to notice the miracle that had happened. When others stood religiously under the elms on a fine Sunday to rejoice in the traffic congestion, Willie went fishing. It was most reprehensible of Willie.

However, it is probable that he would have escaped serious censure except for the unfortunate fact that Willie's ramshackle homestead was located at the very entrance to the village, at the junction of Main Street and the new state highway. Every tourist journeying from the southward was greeted on arrival in Manasquot with the melancholy sight of Willie's dilapidated stand of buildings, his crazy old house, his sagging woodshed, his drooping and discouraged barn, now used for the sheltering of an ancient motor truck. So that suddenly the shiftlessness and good-for-nothingness of Willie became a public scandal.

There were shocked mutterings in the store of nights. Then folks began to say outright that Willie Lord had ought to spruce up his place a little. Twa'n't right, when everybody else was painting and shingling and putting down asphalt sidewalks and hanging "Welcome Stranger" banners in their front windows and trying so hard to give Manasquot a good name. That danged cutter Willie Lord didn't seem to know or care that the village had a Future, and somebody had ought to speak to him about it.

Someone did. And naturally enough that someone was Old Man Massey. The mountainous, white-haired prophet of Progress drove up to Willie's door one day in a brand-new sedan car and hurled his denunciations in Willie's teeth. I say "teeth," but I doubt whether, in Willie's case, the plural is accurate.

"Why don't ye do a little fixin' up around this place?" demanded Old Man Massey. "Ain't ye got no civic pride?"

"Ain't I got which?" asked Willie, scratching his ear.

"Civic pride!" shouted Massey. "That's what they got daown to St. Petersburg, Floridy, where I spend my winters, and that's what we're a-tryin' to get up heah in Maine. Only you don't seem to have sense enough to re'lize it."

Willie grinned through the window of the sedan.

"Oh, ey-ah!" he said. "I heared 'baout that Floridy business. Heared they had so much civic pride daown theah that the hull state went bankrupt on account of it. That what ye want to happen to the state o' Maine, Jed?"

"Ye dumb cutter!" yelled Old Man Massey. "Ye don't know enough to lug guts to a bear! What I want, and what this village wants, is for you to take holt and paint these old buildin's o' yourn. They ain't had a coat o' paint since your gran'father was a boy."

"Cal'late 'twas my great-gran'father, Jed. And anyway, don't see haow I can do no paintin'. Paint costs money."

OLD Man Massey's eyes blazed in anger. "By Godfrey!" he bellowed. "If ye ain't got civic pride enough to go to work and earn the money to buy a few gallons of paint, I'll take up a public subscription and buy it for ye myself."

"Well, naow," said Willie, gratefully, "I call that real friendly of ye, Jed. But don't forget the brushes. And if ye could borry some ladders for me, and mebbe get some o' the neighbors to help me do the paintin'—"

"Ye no-account loafer!" roared Old Man Massey and drove out of Willie's yard in a fury.

A week later the semiannual town meeting was held in Firemen's Hall. The entire village attended, for it was known that Old Man Massey intended to take this opportunity publicly to pour the vials of his wrath on Willie Lord's head. Also, it was well known that Massey had hated and despised Willie Lord since the day, some years ago, when he had caught Willie illegally fishing in the brook that ran through the Massey farm.

This brook was famous throughout the countryside. It was posted from end to end and was said to be full of trout. Jed Massey owned it, and occasionally drew from it for his own table a trout of fabulous size; but woe betide anyone who was found poaching in its populous deep-holes. The old man had chased off Willie Lord with a shotgun, running after him across the fields and actually firing at him.

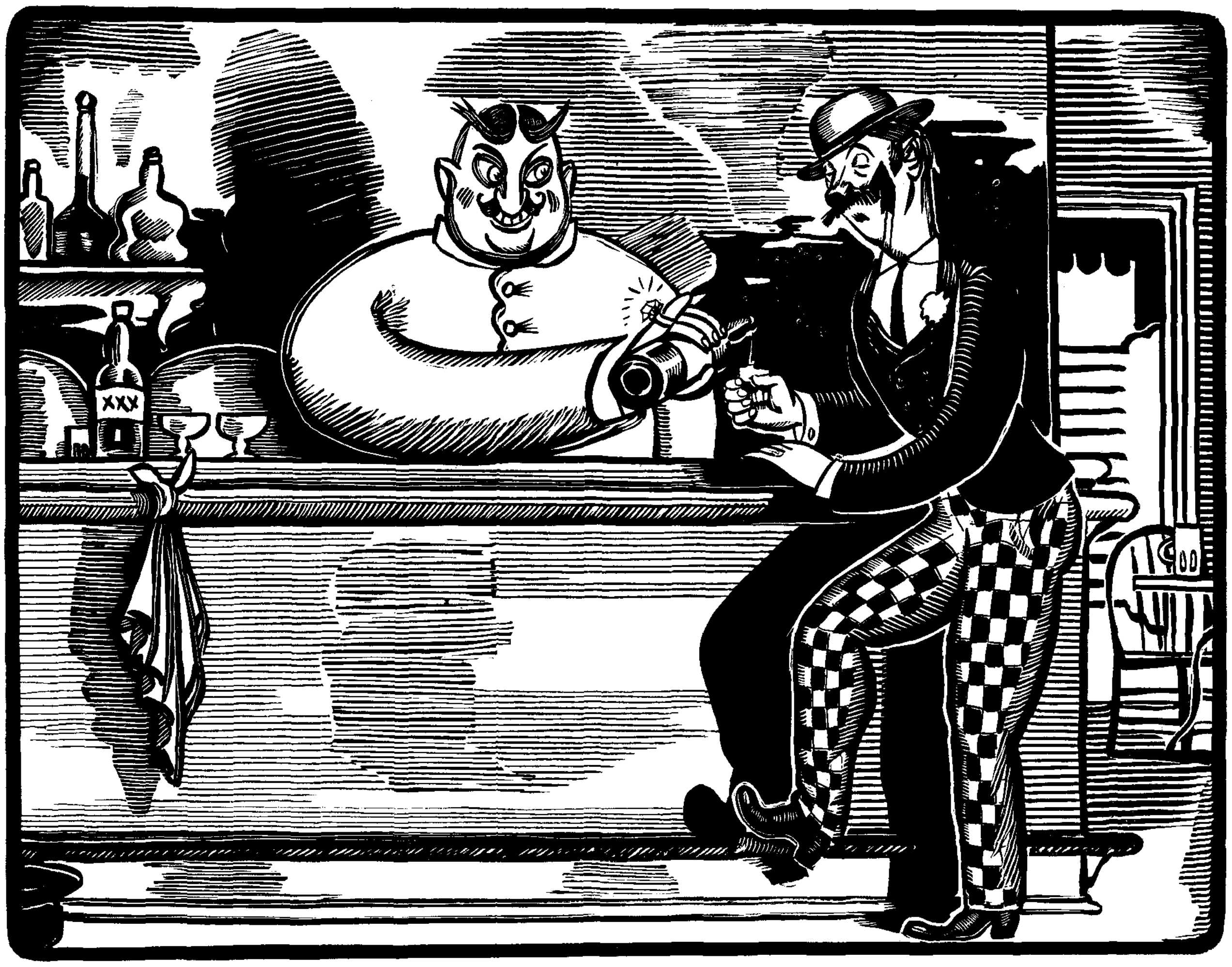
Willie had never resented this show of violence on Jed's part. It was, to

(*Continued on page 67*)

"And the drinking was according

"All is quiet along the border—until you get to Niagara." That's Dr. Wilson's summing-up of the liquor control system in Ontario: it's headed for the falls.

This article, following Lawful Liquor—the joint report of Dr. Clarence True Wilson and Mr. Clarence Darrow—is Dr. Wilson's private view of the situation, written without consultation with his fellow traveler. Next week Mr. Darrow will give his interpretation of the facts.



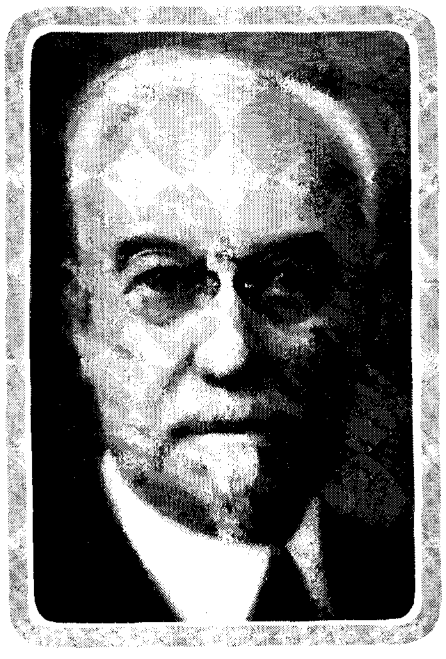
It was done this way in the saloon days

Its Effects do not depend on

OUR visit to our next-door neighbor to see how she is getting along has been pleasant and profitable. We believe Canada is making an honest and earnest effort to solve the liquor problem without licensing or prohibiting intoxicants. The claims of extremists are untrue. The newspaper accounts that represent the highways leading to Canada as thronged with dry Americans seeking booze are false. The highway was positively lonesome all the way from the lakes up to Montreal; we met no cars that looked like liquor cars, and few of any kind. Few cars passed us, and we passed few.

The story that we would find drunks staggering the streets of Canadian cities is untrue. In fact, I have traveled from Portland, Oregon, to the Atlantic Coast, up the coast from Washington to New York, motored along the Hudson to Lake George, drove along Lakes George and Champlain to and through Quebec, stayed in Montreal, visited Ottawa, Canada's proud capital, rode through rural sections to Toronto and Hamilton and recrossed the border at Niagara Falls and have yet to see the first intoxicated man in either country or the first suggestion of liquor drinking except in the government stores; and I am not blind to those faults!

Everywhere we were courteously treated and assisted in our investigation. We had long consultations with officials of the Dominion, statisticians of the government, liquor boards of the provinces, police officials of the cities; talks with hotel men and newspaper writers, barbers, storekeepers and bankers, social welfare workers, charity leaders and police-court judges, and a drive through rural Ontario and a week's work in its metropolis, Toronto, have given me what I think is a complete understanding of government ownership, control and sale here; and the trip has disillusioned me on two counts, as my readers will be on other matters.



Dr. Clarence True Wilson, eminent reformer, who predicts the failure of Canada's liquor control system

Home Drinking Promoted

First, as to homes. Miss Ida Tarbell has written: "The present widespread revolt against prohibition draws no little of its intensity and its bitterness from a growing realization that the American bar, supposed to have been cut root and branch from our life by the Eighteenth Amendment, has merely been transplanted into the American home." If this greatly overdrawn statement of Miss Tarbell's be admitted, the inference that we need the Canadian system to correct it is the most thoughtless piece of human folly that could be expressed in words. It would be a striking case of mental aberration to attempt a government control designed to promote home drinking instead of public drinking as a remedy for the so-called home drinking in the United States.

The very purpose of the Canadian system is to transfer all drinking from public places into the homes. Every detail of its administration is shaped to that end. The permit-holder purchases liquor in a government store, which has much the appearance of a bank, or he has it delivered to him from a brewery warehouse or a winery. He cannot drink it on the premises. He is prohibited from opening it en route. It must be carried to his home, or hotel room, or stable, or whatever place he calls home. (Wherever he claims to reside is "home.") He may drink to his heart's content within the privacy of his rooms.

No wonder the number of permit-holders is growing by leaps and bounds, making the scenes of daily drinking familiar sights to the women and children, in the sacred precincts of the home—where "the drinking was according to the law."

A second design of modern systems is to get rid of the liquor influence in politics. The Canadian system does not do it. It puts politics and the government into complete partnership with the liquor traffic and we should remember when a government official of Canada comes to the United States to tell us how his system is working that he is now to be regarded as a liquor dealer talking in the interest of his trade; that the more liquor he sells the more revenue he gets; that the figures astounding a temperance man only represent to him the profit argument for the continuance of government sale.

The words "government control" are a misnomer. The government is controlled by liquor interests. The Church is well-nigh silenced; the press is mute; the voice of the agitator is not heard in the land because of an all-dominating, controlling and suppressing "interest." If you wanted to get the truth about what the saloon was, you would not go to the saloonkeeper or the bartender, and if you are seeking the truth about how government sale is working, you cannot take it solely from Canadian officials who are "in the business."

For the first time in the history of Canada that traffic has a party and an exponent to protect and promote it. Before, it was on the side lines; now it is in the saddle. There is probably no government on earth today more thoroughly dominated by liquor interests than the eight provinces of Canada—all except Prince Edward Island.

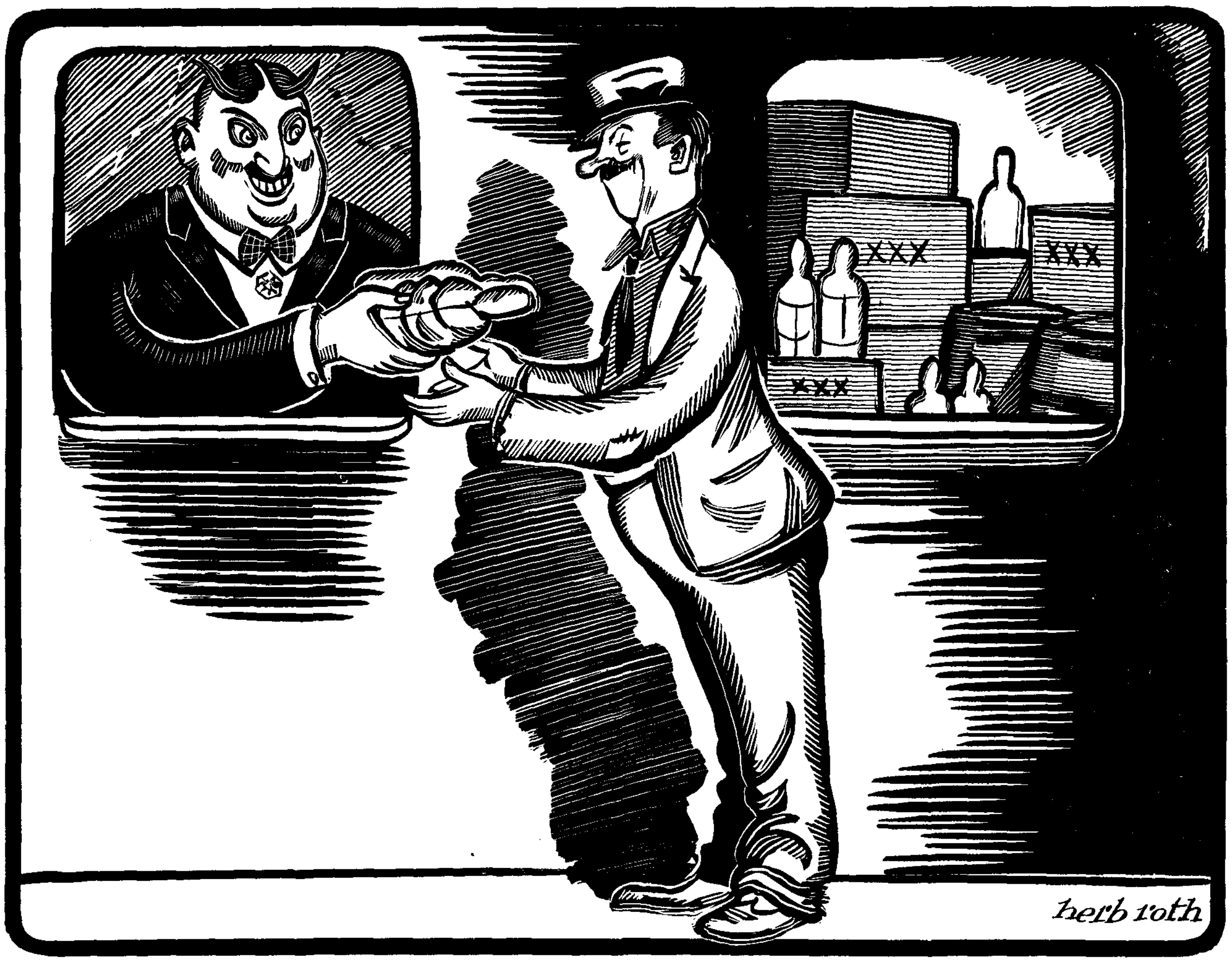
Good—for the Brewer

Many patriotic people feel that we should take the element of private profit out of the liquor traffic and a great objection would be eliminated. Government sale in Canada has not done this. All liquors are manufactured by private enterprise. Breweries, wineries, stills are owned and operated by individuals. The big brewer, distiller and wine merchant is satisfied with the system. He thinks he could improve it a little by extending it to the hotels and restaurants but he wants no radical change. His business has multiplied and he has exchanged the shifty, dishonest, lawbreaking saloonkeepers as patrons for

to the law" [Esther 1:8]

By Dr. Clarence True Wilson

General Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church



the Uniform of the Vender

They get it this way under government control

one customer who buys his immense and increasing output and is "sure pay"—the government of his province. Whatever may be said of the success or failure from the standpoint of the people as a whole, it is an unqualified success from the viewpoint of the brewer and distiller.

Many uninformed Americans think that private profit is eliminated. It is not; it is merely insured and augmented. The brewer and distiller are afforded a market which can be almost mathematically determined in advance of production. They deal with one customer and that customer never fails to pay a debt. The necessity for trade promotion under the difficulties of competition has disappeared; the middleman has been eliminated. The government is working for the brewer and the distiller. No wonder brewery and distillery stocks mounted astonishingly when the system was adopted. They still mount. No other business enterprise has ever been given such favors. The liquor traffic has the monopoly of wealth, profit and prestige.

We may have some short-sighted people in the States who would like to try the Canadian system to get rid of bootlegging. My observation is that the bootlegger is still with the Canadians. The pastor of a downtown church tells me there are a hundred bootleggers running day and night within a few blocks' walk of his church; that among the people to whom he ministers there were eighty-four government permits taken out the first year of government sale and only four or five now in the same group of men. They failed to renew permits, some to save the fee of two dollars, others because they prefer bootleg stuff—it has more "kick" in it. Another reason is that the neighbors can go and get such large quantities that they can buy for each other; and again, they have friends in the business.

Extra-Legal Drinking

It is more convenient to go next door than to hunt up a government store a mile away and sign names, make applications, submit to surveillance and have the statistics kept on one in permanent record. Some take out no permit because they do not wish to inform employers that they drink. Others know the city charity will not help support families which can "afford" liquor permits.

There is a vast amount of liquor drinking in Canada that the government has no statistics for. Of course, there are eight varieties of government control, as each province has its own law, but, generally speaking, the rule is to open at ten in the morning, and close at six o'clock, sell only in original packages to be carried off the premises for personal consumption, not to be opened en route, and one must sign to this effect before taking the liquor from the government store. In several provinces beer parlors afflict the people with all the evils of the saloon.

When a woman in one province purchased eighty-three gallons in a day, seventy-five the next day and so on, making an average of eighty gallons per day for the week, a government investigator called upon her, wishing to feast his eyes on a woman of that capacity for "personal consumption."

He said, "I notice you have purchased an average of eighty gallons per day this week. Do you consume all this yourself?"

"No, I never drink the stuff," she replied.

"Then what do you do with it?"

"Well, when the government store closes up at six o'clock in the evening, I open up my place and sell to the men who do not get to the government stores during the working hours."

"Then you are a bootlegger, are you not?"

She retorted, "I am a lady and don't wear boots."

Going Up!

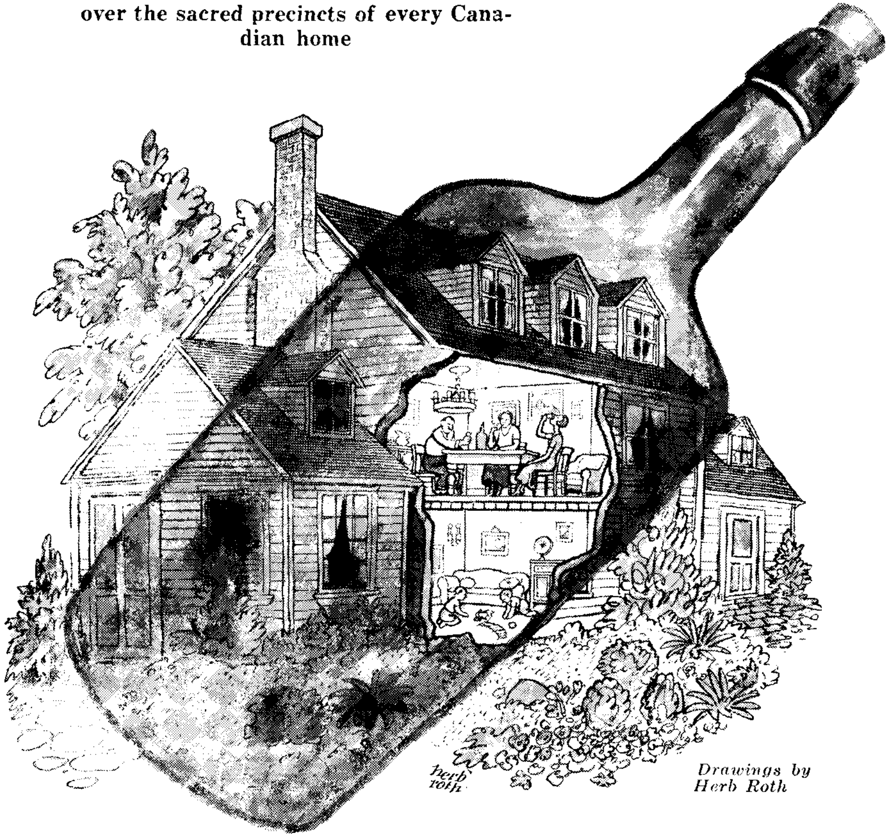
As this is a typical story of more than one province of Canada, intelligent Americans will not adopt control to eliminate bootlegging.

Some people think it would "discourage" drinking and lessen the proportionate amount if the government regulated the business. It has not worked that way here. In Ontario the gross sales through the government stores were, in five months of 1927, $17,533,659; in 1928, $48,995,591; and in 1929, $55,360,570. The first year was only for five months, but the gain each year since is phenomenal and the figures for future years may be astounding.

There is an amazing increase in the consumption of liquor through the government stores, a more rapid increase

(*Continued on page 72*)

Government encouragement of home drinking has cast the shadow of booze over the sacred precincts of every Canadian home



Drawings by Herb Roth

Big Money

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

LEFT a vast fortune by his aunt—a lady who had most kindly adopted him and reared him in luxury—"Berry" Conway, a young Londoner, makes a painful discovery: Auntie's "fortune" consists of worthless securities!

From an old school friend—the charming Godfrey, Lord Biskerton ("the Biscuit")—he receives some sage advice, to wit: to sell the securities to the first buyer. . . . A grand suggestion! Berry proceeds to act on it. He is T. Paterson Frisby's secretary. Mr. Frisby, an American financier, is president of The Horned Toad Copper Corporation. Berry tells him of a copper mine, "The Dream Come True," which he owns.

Knowing "The Dream Come True" is—or may become—valuable, and that it is near his own property, Frisby wishes to buy it. But he makes no offer—merely tells Berry of one J. B. Hoke (his agent), who, he says, sometimes gambles on apparently worthless mines. After which he secretly tells Hoke to buy the mine for him.

At this dramatic juncture Mr. Frisby receives a surprise: Ann Moon, his beautiful niece, arrives from New York! A chaperon is needed, and the impecunious Lady Vera Mace, the Biscuit's energetic auntie, lands the job.

Manna from heaven for the Biscuit! He promptly proposes to the new arrival—and their engagement is announced. The Biscuit's father—the sixth Earl of Hoddesdon—is delighted. That gentleman, too, is—pardon the vulgarism—broke. But the Biscuit is worried. Creditors are harrying him. What to do to avoid being brought to court! Hah—an idea! . . . Wearing a huge black beard, he appears, and informs the amazed Lord Hoddesdon he is going to test his disguise. "You and Ann," he announces, "are lunching at the Berkeley. I'll be there. If she knows me, I'll eat the whole outfit!"

III

WITH his usual masterful dash in the last fifty yards Berry Conway had beaten the 8:45 express into Valley Fields station by the split-second margin which was his habit. Alien though he felt the suburbs were to him, he possessed in a notable degree that gift which marks off suburbanites from other men—the uncanny ability always to catch a train and never to catch it by more than three and a quarter seconds. And, as those who race for early expresses to the city have sterner work to do en route than the observing of weather conditions, it was only after he had taken his seat and regained his breath and had leisure to look about him that he realized how particularly pleasant this particular day was.

It was, he perceived, a day for joy and adventure and romance. The sun was shining from a sapphire sky. Under its rays Herne Hill looked quite poetic. So did Brixton. And the river as he crossed it positively laughed up at him. By the time he reached Pudding Lane, he had come definitely to the conclusion that this was a morning which it would be a crime to waste cooped up in a stuffy office.

He had frequently felt like this before, but never had Mr. Frisby appeared to see eye to eye with him. Hard, prosaic stuff had gone to the making of T. Paterson Frisby. You didn't find him flinging work to the winds and going out dancing Morris dances in Cornhill just because the sun happened to be shining. As a rule, it was precisely these magic mornings of gold and blue that seemed to stimulate the old buzzard to perfectly horrid orgies of toil. "C'mon now!" he would say, eying a sunbeam as if it wanted to borrow money from him, and on Berry would have to come.

But miracles do happen, if one is patient and prepared to wait for them. Just as Berry had finished sorting as dull a collection of letters as ever offended a young man's sensibilities on a glowing summer day, the door was flung open and there came in something so extraordinarily effulgent that he had to blink twice before he could focus it.

It was not merely that T. Paterson Frisby was wearing a suit of light gray flannel. It was not even the fact that he had a Panama hat on his head and a Brigade of Guards tie round his neck that stupefied the observer. The really amazing thing about him was his air of radiant bonhomie. The man seemed positively roguish. He had gone gay. As Berry stared at him dumbly, a sort of spasm passed over T. Paterson Frisby's face, causing a hideous distortion. It was a smile.

"'Morning, Conway!"

"Good morning, sir," said Berry.

"Anything in the mail?"

"Nothing of importance, sir."

"Well, leave it all till tomorrow."

"Till tomorrow?"

"Yes. I'm off to Brighton."

"Yes, sir," Berry answered quickly.

"You can take the day off."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Berry.

HE was stunned. Such a thing had never happened before. Not once in the whole course of his association with Mr. Frisby had there ever been even the suggestion of such a thing. He could hardly believe that it was happening now.

"Got to start right away. Motoring. Shan't be back till this evening. Two things I want you to do. Go to Mellon and Pirbright in Bond Street and get me a couple of aisle seats for some good show tonight. Put them down to my account and have them sent to my apartment."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell them I want something good. They know what I've seen. And then go on to the Berkeley and book me a table for supper."

"Yes, sir."

"Table for two. Not too near the band."

"Yes, sir."

"Right. By the way, I knew there was something. I saw that man Hoke last night. I told him about that mine of yours. He's interested."

A thrill shot through Berry.

"Is he, sir?"

"Yes. Oddly enough, he happens to know that particular property. Will you be in this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll tell him to run down and see you. Between ourselves, don't let him know I told you—he will go to five hundred pounds."

"He will!"

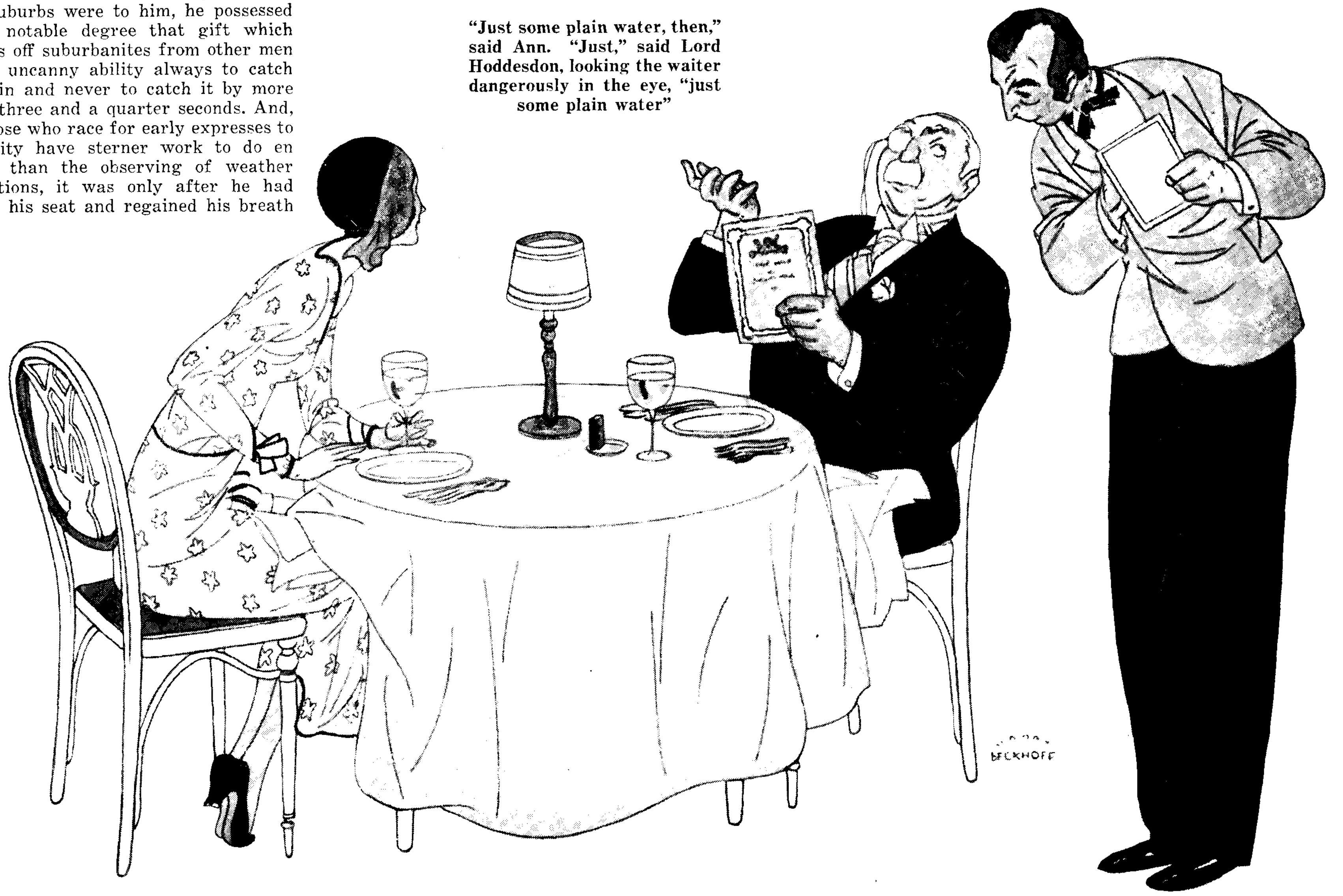
"He told me so. He was going to have tried for less, but I said that that was your lowest figure. So, if you're satisfied, he'll bring down all the papers and you can get the thing settled tonight. And I won't charge you agent's commission," said Mr. Frisby, chuckling like a Cheeryble Brother.

Berry blinked. Exquisite remorse racked him when he thought that not once but several times in his private reflections he had labeled this golden-hearted man a dish-faced little slave-driver. He saw him now for what he was—an angel in disguise.

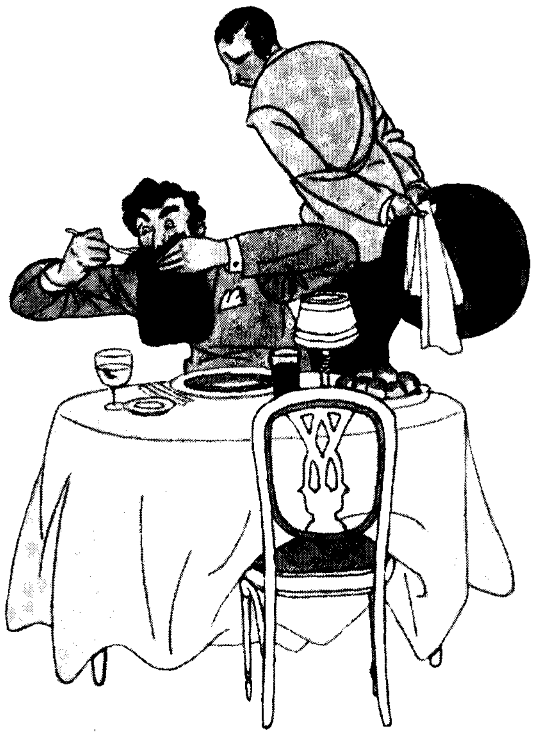
"I'm most awfully obliged, sir," he stammered.

"You're welcome."

"You really think he will give me five hundred pounds?"



"Just some plain water, then," said Ann. "Just," said Lord Hoddesdon, looking the waiter dangerously in the eye, "just some plain water"



"I know he will. Well, that's all. 'Morning," said Mr. Frisby, and took his departure. It was as if both Cheeryble Brothers had left the office arm-in-arm.

For some moments after he had gone Berry remained motionless. Motionless, that is to say, as far as his limbs were concerned. His brain was racing tempestuously.

Five hundred pounds! It was the key to life and freedom. Attwater's loan—he could repay that. The Old Retainer—he could fix her up so that she would be all right. And, when these honorable duties were performed, he would still have something in pocket to start him off on the path of adventure.

He drew a deep breath. In body he was still in his employer's office, but in spirit he was making his way through the streets of a little sun-baked town that lay in the shadow of towering mountains. And as he passed along the natives nudged one another, awed.

"There he goes," they were saying. "See that man? Hardcase Conway! They don't come any tougher."

IT WAS getting on for lunchtime when Berry, having completed the purchase of the theater tickets, sauntered from the emporium of the Messrs. Mellon and Pirbright into the rattle and glitter of Bond Street once more.

The day seemed now to have touched new heights of brilliance. There was sunshine above and sunshine in his heart. A magic ecstasy thrilled the air. He gazed upon Bond Street, fascinated.

To the blasé man about town and the jaded boulevardier, Bond Street at one o'clock in the afternoon at the height of the London season is just Bond Street. But to a young man with romance in his soul, an unexpected holiday on his hands and the prospect of freedom and adventure gleaming before him, it is Main Street, Bagdad. The feeling of being in the center of things intoxicated Berry.

It was his practice, when walking in London, to look hopefully about him on the chance of exciting things happening. Nothing of the slightest interest had ever happened yet, and he had sometimes felt discouraged. But Bond Street restored his optimism. This, he felt, was a spot where anything might occur at any moment.

Here, if anywhere, he said to himself, might beautiful women in slinky clothes sidle up to a man and slip into his hand the long envelope containing the Naval Treaty stolen that morning from a worried Foreign Office, mistaking him—on the strength of the carnation in his buttonhole—for Flash Alec, their accomplice. Whereas in Threadneedle Street or Valley Felds you might hang about all your life without drawing so much as a picture postcard.

Up and down the narrow street expensive automobiles were rolling, and the pavements were full of expensive-looking pedestrians. One of these had just elbowed Berry toward the gutter, when he became aware that a two-seater had stopped beside him. The next moment its occupant was addressing him in a strong foreign accent:

"Pardon me, but is it that you could dee-reckut me to Less-ess-ter Sker-vare?"

Berry looked up. It was not an exotically perfumed woman. It was a rather shocking-looking bounder with prominent eyebrows and a black beard of amazing proportions.

"Leicester Square?" he said. "You turn to the left and go across Piccadilly Circus."

"I tank you, sare."

Berry stood staring after the car. The man had excited him. True, he had said nothing to suggest that he was not a perfectly respectable citizen, but there was something about him that gave one the idea that his pockets were simply bulging with stolen treaties. So Berry stood, gaping, and might have stood indefinitely, had not a hungry pedestrian, hurrying to his lunch, butted him in the small of the back.

Jerked into the world of practical things again by this shock, he made his way to the Berkeley to order Mr. Frisby's supper table.

Mr. Frisby was evidently a popular customer at the Berkeley. The mention of his name aroused interest and respect. A head-waiter who looked like an Italian poet assured Berry that all would be as desired. A table for two, not too near the band. Correct.

He then inquired with a charming deference if Berry proposed to take luncheon at the restaurant, indicating temptingly a small table at his side. And Berry was about to reply that such luxuries were not for him, when, turning to look wistfully at the table, he saw a sight that struck the words from his lips.

The bearded bounder was sitting not six feet away, tucking into smoked salmon.

Only for an instant did Berry hesitate. For a man of his straitened means lunch at a place like this would be a bold, one might almost say a reckless, and a devil-may-care adventure. It would hit the privy purse one of the nastiest wallops it had received for many a long day. But Fate had gone out of its way to send him this Man of Mystery, and it would be making a churlish return for Fate's amiability if he were to reject him on the pusillanimous grounds of economy.

The man intrigued him. Obviously, he was a suspicious character. Nobody who wasn't would parade London in a beard like that. Moreover, after being definitely instructed to turn to the left and go across Piccadilly Circus, he had turned to the right and gone to the Berkeley. If that wasn't sinister, what was?

He sat down, and a subordinate waiter swooped on him with the bill-of-fare.

The bearded man was now eating some sort of fish with sauce on it. And Berry, watching him intently, became gripped by a suspicion that grew stronger each moment. That beard, he could swear, was a false one. It was so evidently hampering its proprietor. He was pushing bits of fish through it in the cautious manner of an explorer blazing a trail through a strong forest. In short, instead of being a man afflicted by nature with a beard, and as such more to be pitied than censured, he was a deliberate putter-on of beards, a self-bearder, a fellow who, for who knew what dark reasons, carried his own private jungle around with him, so that at any moment he could dive into it and defy pursuit. It was childish to suppose that such a man could be up to any good.

And then, as if to confirm this verdict, there suddenly occurred a scene so suggestive that Berry quivered as he watched it.

Into the restaurant there had just strolled a distinguished-looking man of about fifty, stroking a becoming gray mustache. He spoke to the head-waiter, evidently ordering a table. Then, as he turned to go back to the ante-room where hosts at the Berkeley await their guests, his eye fell on the bearded man.

He started violently, stared as if he had seen some horrible sight, as indeed he had, and crossed to where the other sat. A short conversation ensued, during which he appeared to be expostulating. Then, plainly shaken, he tottered out.

BERRY leaned forward in his seat, thrilled. He had placed the bearded man now. He saw all. Quite obviously this must be The Sniffer, the mysterious head of the great Cocaine Ring which was causing Scotland Yard so much concern. As for the gray-mustached one, he would be an accomplice in high places, a baronet of good standing, or perhaps a well-thought-of duke, on whose reputation no suspicion of wrong-doing had ever rested. And his unmistakable agitation must have been caused by the shock of meeting The Sniffer in a place like this where his beard might come unstuck at any moment and betray him.

"Go back to the underground cellar in Limehouse, where you are known and respected," he had probably whispered feverishly. And The Sniffer, jeering—Berry had distinctly seen him jeer—had replied that he had already started his lunch and so would have to pay for it, anyway, and, risk or no risk, he was dashed if he intended to leave before he had had his eight bobs' worth.

Upon which the other, well knowing his chief's stubbornness, had given up the argument and gone out, practically palsied.

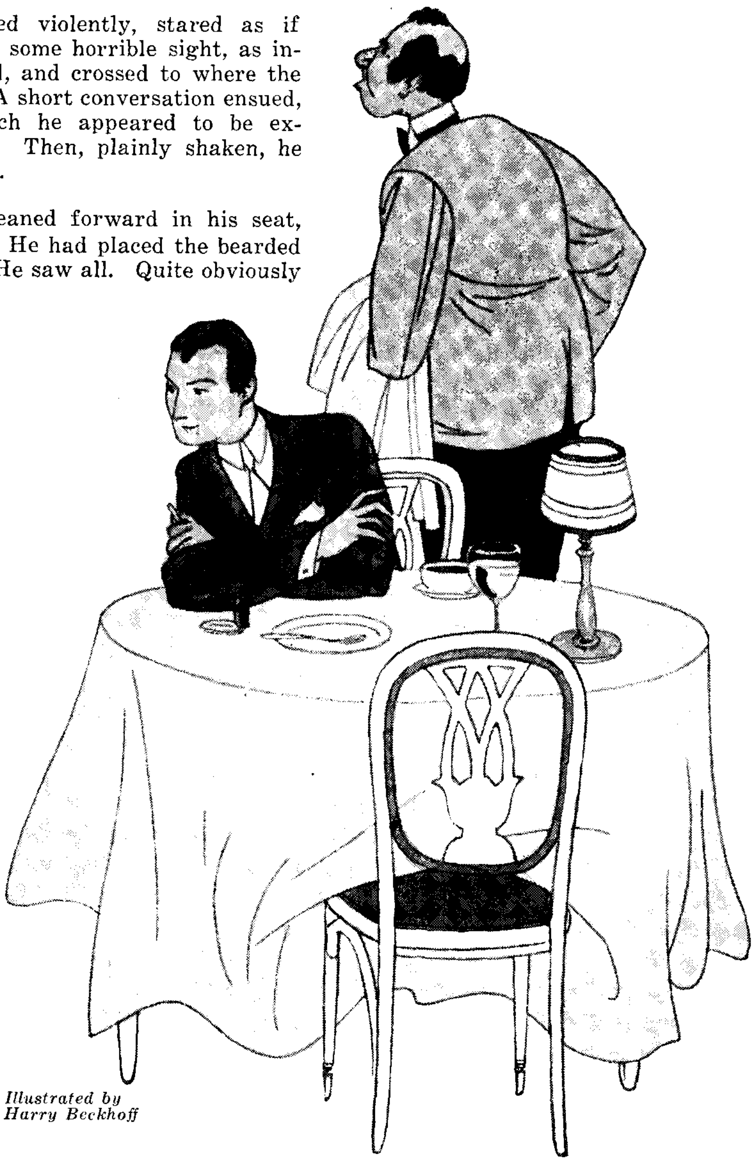
The day dream was shaping well, and, had nothing occurred to interrupt it, would probably have continued to shape well. But a moment later all thoughts of The Sniffer had been driven from Berry's mind. The gray-mustached man had reëntered the room, and this time he was not alone.

Walking before him, like a princess making her way through a mob of the proletariat, came a girl. And at the sight of her Berry's eyes swelled slowly to the size of golf balls. His jaw dropped, his heart raced madly and a potato fell from his trembling fork.

For it was the girl he had been looking for all his life—the girl he had dreamed of on summer evenings when the western sky was ablaze with the glory of the sunset or on spring mornings when birds sang their anthems on dewy lawns. He recognized her immediately. For a long time now he had given up all hope of ever meeting her, and here she was—exactly as he had always pictured her on moonlight nights when fiddles played soft music in the distance.

He sat staring, and when the waiter broke in upon this holy moment to ask him if he would like a little cheese to follow found some difficulty in maintaining the Conways' high standard for courtesy.

(Continued on page 62)

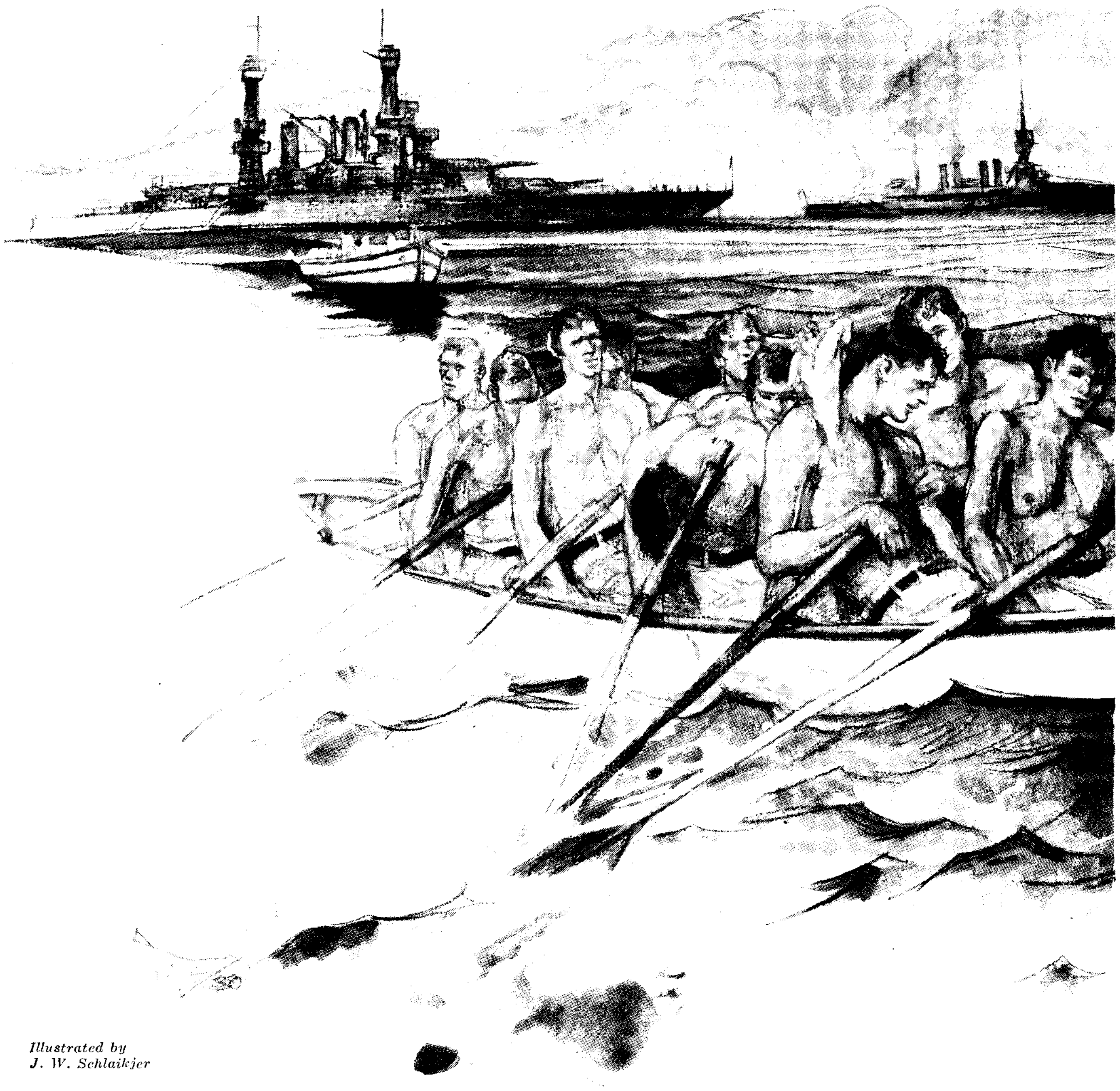


Illustrated by
Harry Beckhoff

Bustin' Through

A story of a great boat race. But far more than that, a narrative which will give you an inkling of why our Navy is what it is today

By James B. Connolly



Illustrated by J. W. Schlaikjer

JOEL was strolling the streets, once more marveling at the sights of his dad's county town, when he came upon a crowd in front of what folks said was the courthouse.

Men in uniform were in the middle of the crowd. One of them—an officer, a man near Joel said he was—was telling the crowd how he was there to recruit young men of character for the Navy. When he had finished, Joel made his way to him.

"Reckon you-uns could recruit we-uns, suh?"

The officer looked at Joel. "You think you'd like to join the Navy?" he said. "How old are you, son?"

"I ain't suttin, suh. Eighteen year, mebbe, but Pap he'd know."

"Six feet, about 185 pounds, and not fat enough on him to fry an egg," Joel heard the officer say, like a man talking to himself; and then to Joel: "All right, son, bring your dad here. If he consents, I'll see about enlisting you."

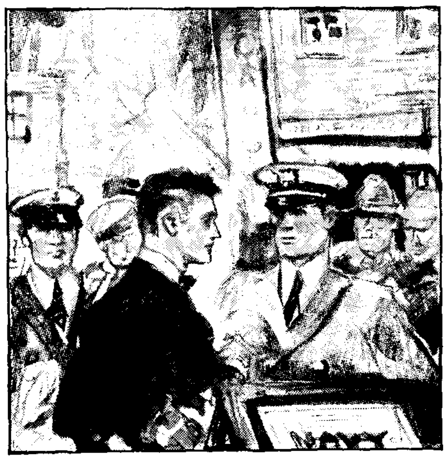
Joel hunted up his pap, separated him from his kinsmen and the gallon jug, fetched him to the courthouse. His pap gave his consent and made his mark to that effect, the same being witnessed by Lawyer Lester, who also gave Joel what he termed good advice, also failing not to seize the auspicious occasion to deliver to those present a stirring address on the patriotism of youth, on one hundred per cent undiluted Americanism and the iniquities of the party in power at Washington.

That night Joel was put aboard a train that went clickety-clack, forty miles an hour, folks told him, for what they called a naval reservation somewhere down near the ocean.

AT THE naval reservation Joel met up with more different kinds of young folks than he had ever dreamed were in the world. Furriners, the folks in Joel's hill country would have called some of them. Their names sure did sound that way.

But some among them acted like he was the foreigner. He'd say something, and they'd laugh like he said something curious. It looked like they asked him questions sometimes just to hear what he'd say. Or maybe it was how he said it.

He wanted to tell them a few things, but he could not find the words. He was twelve years old before he could even read his name. He could barely more than read and write it now; of what the world at large was like—well, until his pap had fetched him to what he called his county town, he had never seen a house with stairs, nor what folks called a trolley car, moving through the street by itself with nary a critter hauling it. Fellows at the station would read things out of newspapers and what they called magazines, and he would listen gravely as if he understood what they were talking about. It was a strain sometimes. There were days when he would sit and plan to run away.



But running away would look like quitting; and remembering what Judge Branscombe said helped him to stick. After Lawyer Lester had got through spouting, the judge had come out of the courthouse and he made a little speech, though not to the crowd. It was to Joel and his pap, and he said:

"It's been two hundred years, I reckon, Mr. Hatfield, since the first of your name settled hereabout, and they've been sticking pretty close to their hill country ever since. And now your boy is going among strangers; and he maybe won't know what to make of many of them at first. But let me say this to you, son. Don't let anybody tell you there's only one kind of good people. Take people as you find 'em, and by and by you'll maybe find they ain't so much different from what you are yo'self, and when you find that out, you'll find yo'self getting along fine."

HAVING completed his apprenticeship, Joel was drafted to a battleship, which sailed at once for the West Coast. He spent a good part of his first week on her trying not to get lost. He had no idea before that a ship could have so many decks and what they called passageways and compartments down inside her. Well, he was learning something all the time.

The ship came to anchor in San Pedro Harbor, and the crew were at quarters. They had had their setting-up drill, and were waiting to be dismissed when Mr. Hall—he was the ship's athletic officer—came along and said:

"Say, Jigs, where's that prospect you said you thought you had for me?"

And Joel's division officer, who was Jigs, said: "He's right here. Hatfield? Step three paces forward."

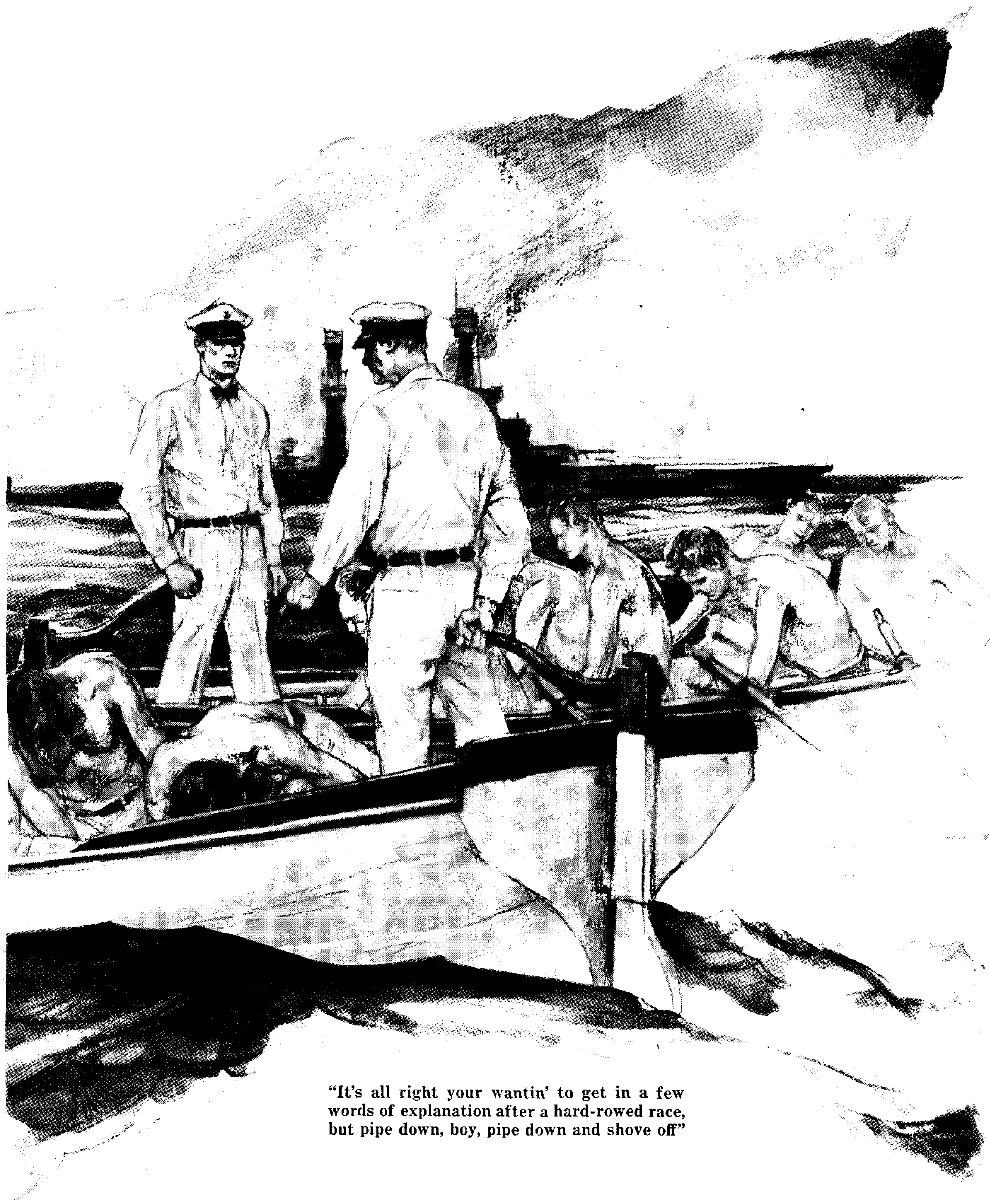
Joel stepped forward, and Mr. Hall began to look him up and down.

"Ever row any, Hatfield?" the officer asked.

"Row a boat, suh? No, suh."

Mr. Hall glanced at a man beside him—the chief petty officer—who said: "All the better, maybe, sir. He'll have the less to unlearn, and I always did like that lean, rangy kind."

"What d' y' say, Hatfield, think you'd like to try for the ship's race boat crew?" asked Mr. Hall then. Joel was too surprised to reply; but he must have



"It's all right your wantin' to get in a few words of explanation after a hard-rowed race, but pipe down, boy, pipe down and shove off"

looked pleased, because Mr. Hall said to the C. P. O.: "All right, you give him a tryout. Have him report at the port gangway at six in the morning, will you, Jigs?"

The C. P. O. who looked Joel over was the coxswain of the race crew. One time in a Mediterranean port, so Joel heard Mr. Hall say, the coxswain had stroked his ship's race crew to a victory over the best of a dozen foreign navies. More than thirty years ago that was, and he was a powerful man then. Now he was only a slim sapling of a man, but tough as rawhide.

He was the race crew coach, as well as the coxswain. "Was it you told your division officer you'd been rowin' for years?" he barked at somebody behind Joel on his first morning out in the boat. "Well, if you ever did any rowin' before it must've been in a swan boat in the pond in Boston Public Gardens."

He was easy on Joel, saying only to him: "No one can blame a man for not knowin' what he never had a chance to learn, but, jeepers, boy, try not to do a thing wrong more than twice runnin' again in one practice, will yuh?"

A hard-boiled old-timer, the fellows around deck called him. Mr. Hall met them at the gangway after that first morning's practice. "Well, Folleran, what are they like?"

"Like a lot of odds and ends a man would draw out of a lucky bag," was Folleran's answer. "Give me time, and I may splice them into something that will stand half a strain, but don't go bettin' a nickel on 'em yet, sir."

THERE were fellows on the ship who used to say they wouldn't try for that race crew for—well, not to be made a C. P. O. overnight they wouldn't, not with Folleran driving them. But he sure did know his business—they all said that too. He made the oars shorter and lighter, explaining it was a lovely model of a boat, the race boat, but also she was a regulation boat and she weighed 1,800 pounds. "And a boat of that weight," continued Folleran, "must not be allowed to lose headway between slow strokes. We'd have to keep way on her all the time, and only a high stroke will do that. And to row a high stroke you will have to be in good condition. Show me this boat goin' off at fifty strokes a minute and you keepin' it up, and then I'll say you're in condition."

They sat twelve in a boat, and they rowed double-banked—two to a seat, that is—with Folleran standing up in the stern steering. They rowed early in the morning and late in the afternoon, stretching the distance as the days went on. After driving that 1,800-pound boat through choppy water for an hour or so of a morning on an empty stomach, Joel could just about climb the gangway ladder. He more than once thought of chucking the whole thing, and he would have, only it would have looked like quitting. There were fellows in the boat weighing ten or fifteen pounds less than he did—foreigners, Lawyer Lester would have called them right out, and foreigners was what Joel was calling them in his mind; and if a bunch of foreigners could stand it he reckoned he could stand it too.

After he was well broken into it he didn't mind the hard practice so much. Even not having any breakfast until after a hard morning's row wasn't so tough; and the swim over the ship's side, or a shower bath aboard the ship, whichever they liked, and what they called a rub-down afterward, and then sitting down to the mess table—the grub sure did look good then!

Back home the folks spoke of how big and strong Joel was, but Joel was wishing they could see him now. The getting up early mornings, the regular exercise and the good grub, the going around decks in only a pair of pants and a shirt with no sleeves in it, staying out in the sun all day and sleeping out on deck nights—the nights with what they called the trade wind blowing nice and cool, and not too cool, across a fellow's face—it sure did make a fellow feel great. He was taller now and heavier by ten pounds than when he left home. But he had no more fat on him than when the recruiting officer had looked him over. He would come awake to reveille of a morning feeling like he could—well, he'd like some of the fellows he used to wrastle back home to try to take a holt of him now.

ONE Saturday morning the boat crew turned out for what Mr. Hall called an elimination race. There was what they called a little chop on, though Joel would have called it rough water before he came in the Navy, and it looked like tough work to have to drive the heavy race boat through it with only a cup of coffee in a fellow's stomach two hours before.

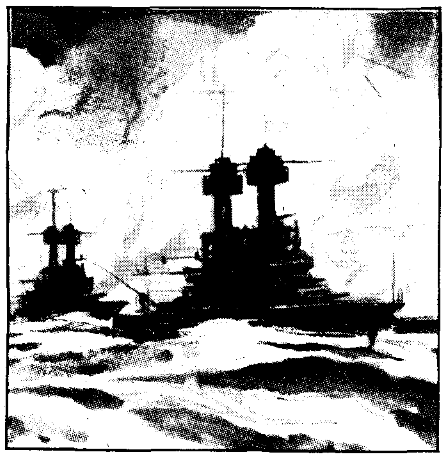
The race wasn't half over before Joel was wishing something would happen—the boat capsize or something so that he wouldn't have to row any more. He peeked at his seat mate, some kind of a Pole or an Eye-tal-ian, but he wasn't showing any signs of quitting, and the others—what he could see of them—didn't act like they were wanting to quit; so he kept putting all he had into every stroke too. They won the race with Joel surprised to find himself still sitting up and rowing.

The fleet passed through the Canal and then steamed across what they called the Caribbean Sea into a little bay surrounded by low hills. The hills weren't much, but they made Joel feel at home. And here they drilled and drilled on the ship; but drills or no drills on the ship, Folleran had the race crew out for their twice-a-day rowing practice. And how he did drive them now! Eight or ten miles they would row some afternoons. And bawl them out! Half across the bay his voice could be heard.

Joel felt like taking a swing at him one morning and saying a few words besides; and he wasn't the only one in the boat who felt so. Folleran must have sensed it because he called out, "Way enough;" and then, the crew resting on their oars, he drew his eyebrows down and closer together until all they could see of his eyes were two little balls of fire, and he said: "I'm a slave driver in the minds of some of you, no doubt, but tell me—is it trainin' for a man's race we are, or a game of Acey Deucey?"

His blazing glance held Joel's gaze,

(*Continued on page 48*)



The Sardine's Teeth

Shark Maginn, safe-cracker, sets out to get some sweet revenge, and gets it—but finds it sour

By Howard McLellan

SHARK MAGINN asked Finney the Sardine if he would like to go out on a job with him. The Sardine was a month out of the Big House, on parole after a stretch of two decades. He had been trying to find himself a regular job and square. For two weeks he had missed reporting to the parole agents. The Shark knew this, and he also knew what a word would do, for the Sardine, when whispered with cautious anonymity into the receptive ear of a parole agent. He expected a quick yes from the Sardine.

Finney the Sardine did say yes, aloud, but didn't mean it. To himself he said no and meant it. Then his blue eyes twinkled trickily. "Gimme a coupla minutes to run around to my room and ask me landlady to look after Daisy, will yuh, Shark?" he asked. "We might be away a long, long time."

The Shark heaved raw laughter into the Sardine's withered countenance. "Dai-zee?"

"Her and me been together close on ten years." The Sardine dipped his head earnestly.

"What dame'd fall for an old stir bozo like you?"

"She's no dame," the Sardine grinned. "She's Dapper Daisy, me pet canary. She's gotta be fed and—"

The Shark caught the Sardine's shoulder in his iron grip, and spun him round till he faced a big car standing at the curb. "Climb in that bus, fish, climb in," he said. The Sardine stalled. Suddenly he was catapulted into the car by the propelling force of the Shark's big fist battering him in the small of the back.

PRETTY soon they were behind two headlights on the Shark's chromium-nosed big eight, pushing a cone of unnatural daylight into the black country night. The Shark drove like the wind. His wide, underslung jaw was down close to the steering wheel and the long peak of his cap was down over his eyes, which were intent upon the lighted road ahead. He was young, in his middle thirties, with nothing taken from his youth by a stretch in prison. There was iron in his limbs, steel for nerves and fire in his red hair.

The Sardine was twice his age and felt it. He wondered why the big man had picked him for a job. He knew a little about the Shark, bits of low-down picked off the prison grapevine. The big fellow was rated a heavy, a top-notcher at his racket.

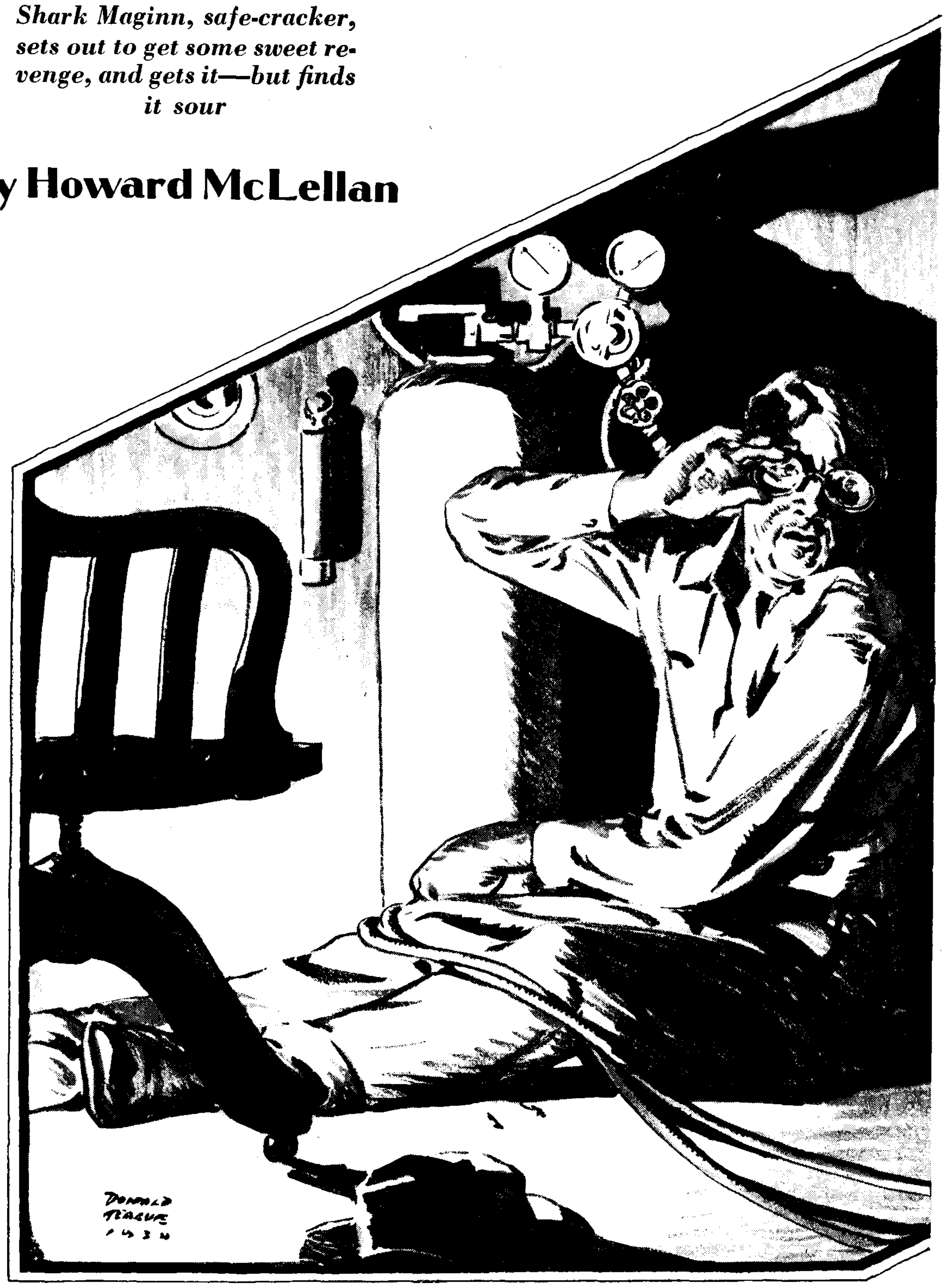
There wasn't much he could talk about to the Shark and, from the big man's sullen attitude, apparently not much he cared to be talked to about. The canary was on the Sardine's mind, so he talked about her. "Birds is all they let you have in a Big House," he said.

"And dumb old geezers like yourself is all they put in Big Houses," said the Shark.

"Canaries is pretty wise birds," the Sardine went on timidly. "A guy can learn something from them. The cage I was in, them twenty years, was below decks, inside tier, black as stir coffee, day and night. Never could tell in there whether it was noon or midnight. But Dapper Daisy could always tell. Even through them thick walls she knew when daylight broke and put on a song. Other canaries that guys had would tune in. Music all over. A guy woke up kinda bright for a place like that, forgetful like. Now, how did she figger it was daylight when I couldn't, and nobody down in them dungeons could?"

"Aw, can that chatter," growled the Shark. "Whaddayuh think I am? Old stir bug like yourself? A busted sofa?"

The car came to a sharp curve. The Shark swung his wheel and stepped on the gas. The car took the curve on two wheels. The Sardine's body lurched and landed against the big man's arm. The Shark's elbow spiked him in the ribs. "Lay off me, you old crumb," he said.



"Not used to this," the Sardine mumbled, drawing over hastily to the far corner.

"Not used to what?"

"These gas buggies. This is the first one I ever rode out in. When they sent me up only a coupla swells had them."

The Shark took his eyes off the road and glared at the little man hunched in his seat. "On this knock-over," he said, "you're gonna see a lot of new stuff." He paused. "Say, how's your memory?"

"Pretty fair, Shark."

"Well, run it back twenty years and see if you can remember a kid called Danger."

"Danger?" the little man repeated. "Danger? Can't say I remember anybody of that name."

The Shark jabbed his foot on the accelerator and the car took another sharp curve on two wheels, careening so far that it tore bark from a tree fringing the road. "Maybe that'll jar your memory," said the Shark, slurring the words. "Come on now, oil up that think tank of yours. This kid Danger tried once to trail along with one of your old mobs. That was twenty years ago. You were big hot stuff on the bank racket then."

"Did a lotta jobs them days," said the Sardine. "Can't remember alla them."

"Well, I'll feed you a little more of the picture. This Danger kid was trailing along with you and your mob. You spots him, yells to him to get the hell out and g'wan home. He didn't go, so you ups and slaps him in the puss. Remember now?"

"Mighta been me, Shark. I never let kids go along on a job with me."

"Mighta been you?" the Shark barked. "I know damn' well it was you because that red-topped kid Danger was me, savvy?"

THE savage scowl on the big man's face was not visible to the Sardine but he felt the Shark's hot breath as it blasted against his cold, wind-beaten face.

"Now," the Shark went on, "maybe you can figger why I brought you along on this job."

"Didn't want a kid along, that it, Shark?"

"You frazzled old stir bug, I brought you along to get hunk with you for that slap in the puss." The Shark jabbed a stiffened finger into the Sardine's chest. "You made a bum outa me in front of all that mob. Now I'm gonna make a bum outa you."

The Sardine's body quaked. "Gees, I'm only out a month after twenty—"

"That wasn't your first jolt, was it?"

"I did two shorts before I got the twenty."

"All night bank jobs, huh, all felonies?"

"Yeah, all felonies."

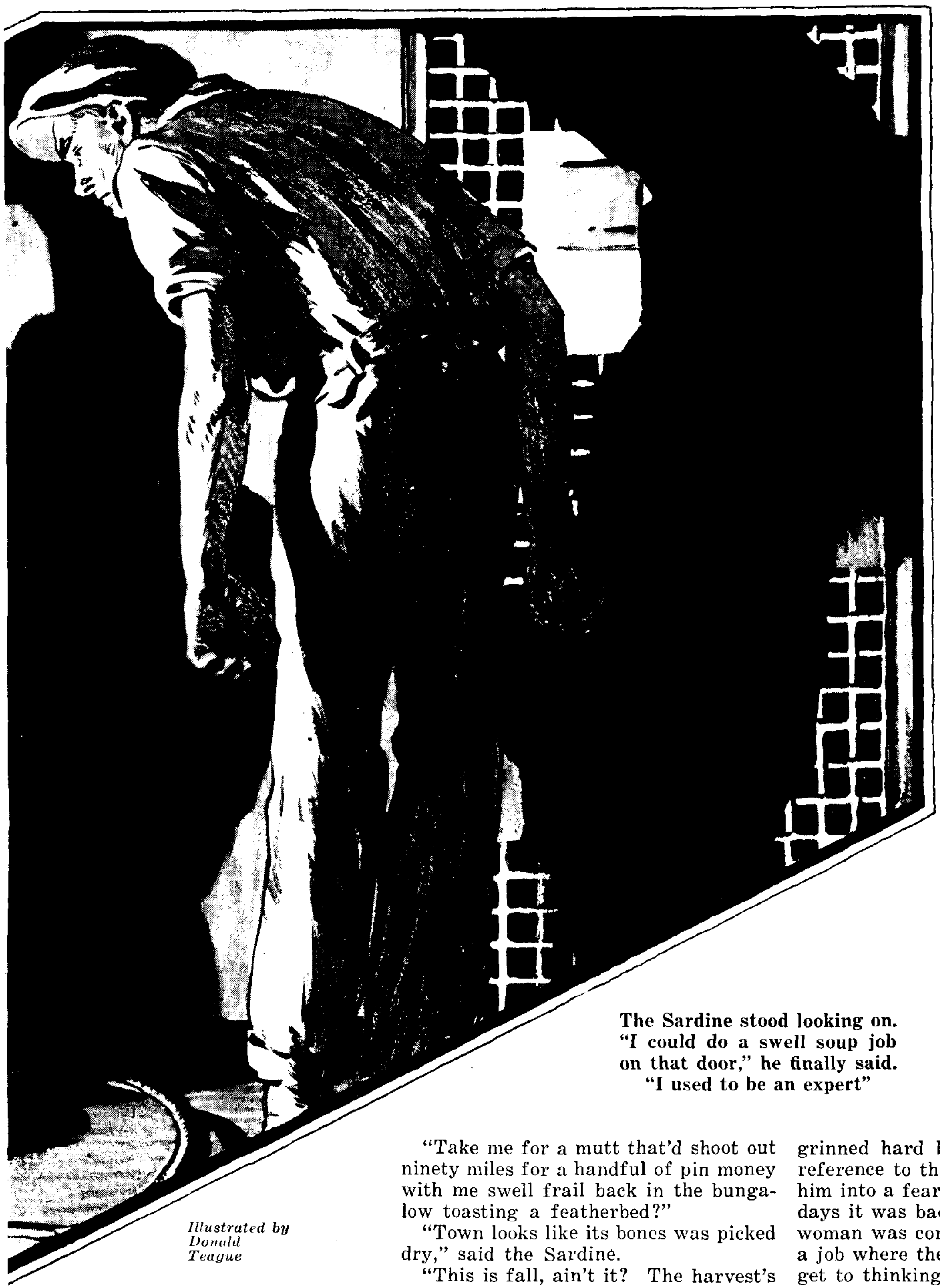
"Then, if it happens to turn out that you're nabbed on this job, they'll put you away for life under that new four-time felony law? Right?"

The Sardine nodded, clutched at the collar of his coat, turned it up and drew it tight about his throat.

"Be hell, wouldn't it," said the Shark, "if you never saw that Dapper Daisy of yours again?"

The little man gulped and looked out of the side of the car into the darkness. He had a feeling that he was being shot toward a precipice which lay somewhere ahead in the massive blackness of the prairie night.

They reached Piute Center a little



Illustrated by Donald Teague

The Sardine stood looking on. "I could do a swell soup job on that door," he finally said. "I used to be an expert"

after 3 A. M. The town was wrapped in the robe of a whisperless night. The car tore through Main Street and a cold chill rasped up and down the Sardine's brittle spine. He expected a gun to blaze any time, anywhere. But the hicks were in the hay. The only sign of native life was the sickly, red face of the town clock. The Sardine suffered a chill when the brakes shrieked and the Shark swung his car astraddle of a scooped-out, dirty gutter and brought it to a stop. The engine died and the only noise now was the rustle of sere leaves as autumn gusts danced them along the gutter.

The big man grunted and squeezed his body out from behind the wheel, bending to miss hitting his shaggy red head against the top of the car. He got out. The Sardine slid out with ease, ease that had come to him in negotiating the confines of a four-by-eight prison cell. The two stood at the side of the car. The top of the Sardine's sparsely covered head came to just a little above the big man's elbow.

Lifting his eyes to the sky the Shark inhaled deeply of the cool night. "Oi, what a night," he breathed. "Cut to order for Shark Maginn." He trained his eyes on the side door of the little yellow brick bank on the corner.

"Figger a big swag inside?" asked the Sardine. His teeth chattered and his voice was a thin, timid pipe.

"Take me for a mutt that'd shoot out ninety miles for a handful of pin money with me swell frail back in the bungalow toasting a featherbed?"

"Town looks like its bones was picked dry," said the Sardine.

"This is fall, ain't it? The harvest's in, ain't it? Where do you think these hayshakers bank their wheat money? In a tomato can?" The Shark nodded toward the door. "She's sagging with jack, if that'll do you any good."

RUBBING his hands together in an effort to appear enthusiastic for the task the Sardine started briskly for the door.

"What's the hurry?" barked the big man.

"Ain't got long to work," said the Sardine. "I was just gonna look her over and see if I could use a jimmy on her."

The Shark lighted a cigarette. "Come back here," he said. "Don't you know that jimmies and masks have been dead for twenty years? Get modern, fish, get modern." He stepped to the car and from under the front seat cushion hauled out a pair of wire nippers and flipping them into an aërial somersault caught them by the handle. "No use waking up this sleepy burg," he chuckled.

The little man marveled at the complacency of the Shark, playing with the wire nippers and smoking a cigarette. In the old days mobs worked fast. Men that gave more than fifteen minutes to a night bank burglary were grave-diggers and they dug their own.

"How big a swag do you figger's in her?" asked the Sardine. Talk of money made him feel easier. He thought it might affect the big man in the same way.

"Twenty grand," snapped the Shark.

"Lotta money for a crossroads honky-tonk."

"Yeah, more jack than you old pikers ever dreamed of." The Shark hoisted a high-booted foot to the running board. "You old blanket carriers never studied a job," he went on. "Just took it on the blind. Me, I know everything about this crib, everything. I knew it before I started out. What do you think I sent me advance spotter down here for? He looks her over upside down, inside out. That's how I know there's twenty grand in her. That's how I know the teller's a dame. Sawed-off, puss-faced moll. Doubles in brass. She's teller and handy girl all in one. Parks her thirty-eight alongside her money box. Goes to target practice once a month."

"That's a new one, Shark."

"New what?"

"Gals in a bank, gals with guns." The Sardine shook his head.

"Well, these things ain't like the tame parties you guys had twenty years ago. This is war—war and big business put together."

The little man grinned hard but said nothing. That reference to the girl and the gat drove him into a fearsome silence. In the old days it was bad stuff to hit anything a woman was connected with. A guy on a job where they were concerned might get to thinking of his own women, get the wobblies, blow up and go to pieces and queer the job.

Then he was roused out of this meditation by the striking of the town clock. There were four drowsy, mournful taps of a whining bell. His withered frame responded to the tocsin with four heavy tremors. It wouldn't be long now before the town began to stir.

He suffered with a supplemental and still more alarming tremor when he recalled that it was about this time of early morning, at the same kind of crossroads crib, when he came out with a nice swag in his kit and stopped to shake crumbs of tobacco from a little white cotton sack into a slip of brown rice paper. A woman came along, hurrying from someone's sick bed, and bumped into him. She was a big farm woman and her robust outcry brought the police. That was how he had earned the twenty-year stretch and another potent reason why he regarded with dread any job where a woman was concerned and also gave full value to every fleeting second on a job.

The Shark's voice growled. "Yeah, there's twenty grand in there," he said, "but all you'll do is see it. And you'll get another eyeful. You'll see how a big-timer in 1930 knocks over a crib. Yeah, I'm coming out of there with twenty grand in my kick. You're gonna be left behind for these hungry hick bulls."

The Sardine's breath caught in his throat. His exceedingly protuberant Adam's apple rose in his thin, wrinkled throat. It went down too, down, it seemed, to his heart.

"But you'll be modern, fish, you'll be modern, when Shark Maginn gets through with you and this crib this morning." He raised his arms and stretched. Then he reached into the back of the car and pulled out a pair of lineman's pole climbers. He stepped into this steel and leather harness, bent and buckled its straps around his bulging calves and over his ankles. "Modern stunt number one," he mumbled. "Yeah, you'll learn a lot if you keep your glims on me."

He started toward the corner, the steel joints of the climbers clanking as the sharp spurs dug into the sunbaked dirt sidewalk. He halted at the base of a telegraph pole and lighted another cigarette. The glow from the match stood out like a beacon in the darkness. His lumbering hulk started up the pole. The stabbing of his spurs into the pine wood echoed down the street. Halfway up the Shark whistled, then a loud oath bored into the still air as his head struck a crossarm above.

The Sardine stepped close to the car and crouched in its black shadow. The Shark rolled out another loud oath which carried. The little man's trembling hand grabbed the nickeled door-pull on the car and then let go. No use hopping into the car. He couldn't run it. The Shark's raw voice boomed again.

"THERE goes the chatter," he cried from the crossarm above. Something fell on the rubberized roof of the car. It sounded like the patter of buckshot, yet there had been no blast from a shotgun. Still it was a familiar, ominous sound. The Sardine crouched around the back of the car. He tripped over a telephone wire that sagged down from the top of the car. The falling of this must have made the noise. The Sardine started across the road.

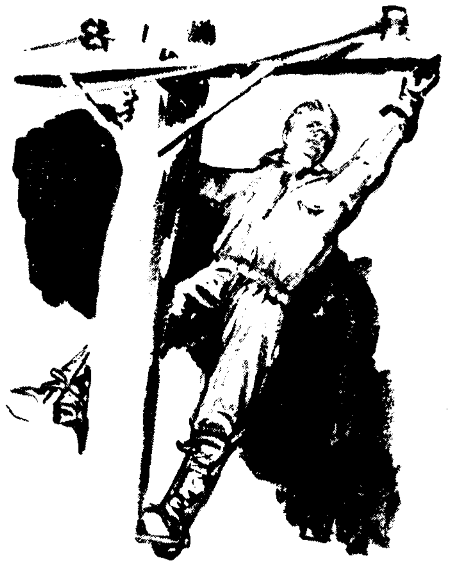
The big man came clanking down the pole. He landed on the sidewalk with the clatter of a fully armored submarine diver finishing a five-foot drop onto a hard pavement. His voice came again, loud and pompous. "You old bozos never thought of snipping phone wires, did—" He broke off suddenly and plunged into the darkness and crossed the road.

The Sardine hung on the top rail of a fence ready to throw himself over it. He heard the big man coming for him. Then the Shark's iron paw closed upon his shoulder and he yanked the Sardine from the fence.

"Sneaking, huh?" he growled. "You old yellow-belly." He sank the nose of his forty-five into the Sardine's flat chest.

"Gees, Shark," the little man pleaded.

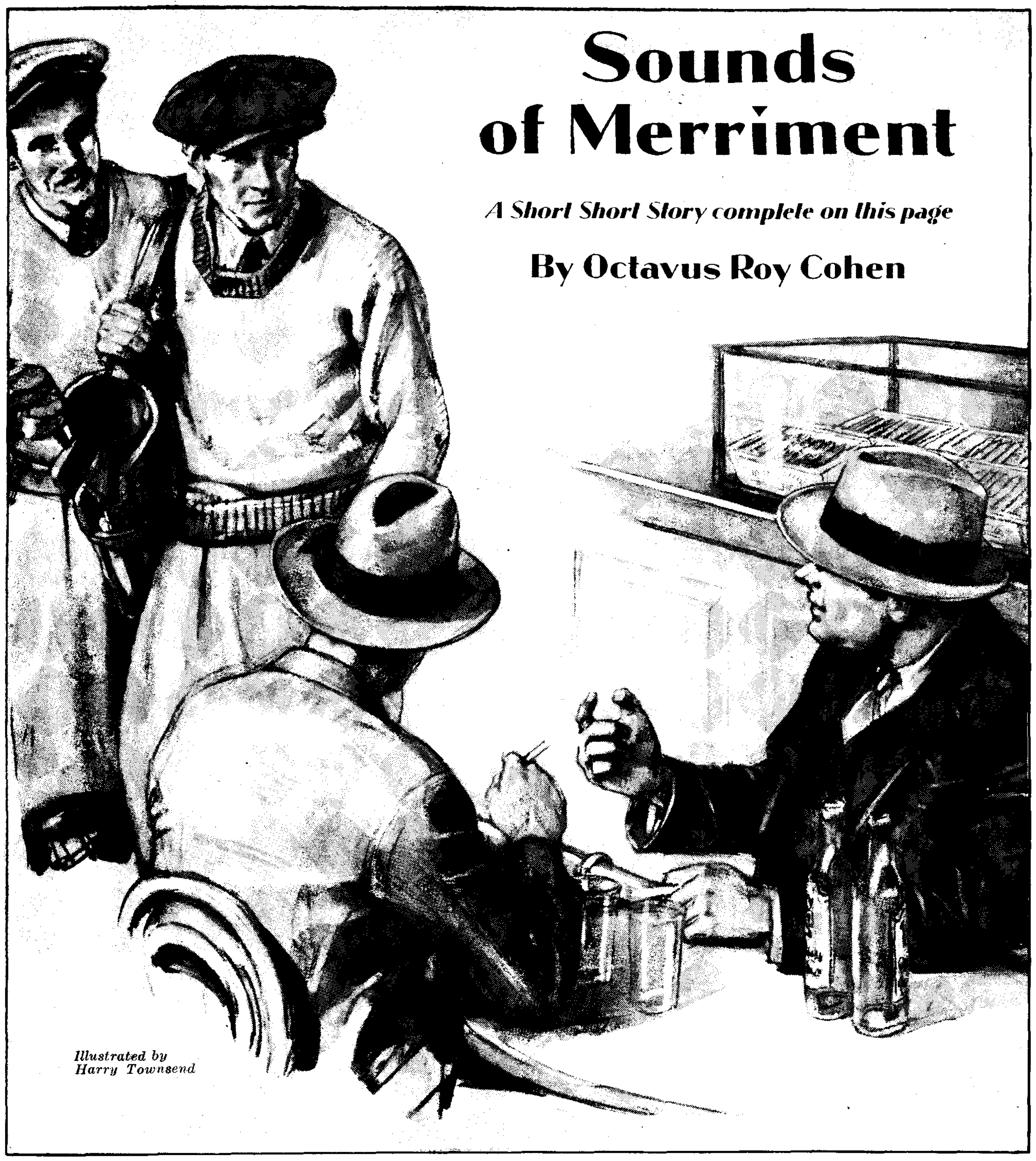
(*Continued on page 68*)



Sounds of Merriment

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen



Illustrated by Harry Townsend

"Hey, fellows, I want to introduce a friend of mine." Marlow Cotton was simply bubbling over with news

ED LAMBERT'S practical jokes were always harmless—sometimes. He had a nice, broad sense of humor and wouldn't make anybody suffer—unless he was sure of getting a good laugh.

That was the way with Ed—he was so wrapped up in his schemes for making somebody else ridiculous that he didn't always pause to consider it might be pretty tough on the other fellow. In fact, he didn't ever consider that.

I should have fought shy when he mentioned playing a joke on Marlow Cotton. Marlow is a round, nervous, excitable chap who is given to profound enthusiasms and therefore just the sort of person one would naturally select as the butt of a practical hoax. But the reason I should have steered clear is because Ed and Marlow never have been good friends. Perhaps that is because Ed isn't much of a business success and Marlow has done pretty well.

That is, Marlow had done well until he built that handsome four-story place at Glen Idle. It seemed like a good investment at the time because Glen Idle is only ten minutes' auto ride from the center of town, has five street-car lines and two bus routes passing within a block, and it is a sort of community center for the city's best residential district. Besides, before the construction was ever started, Marlow Cotton had signed a contract with a big merchant to open a first-class department store in his building. He had a lease for twenty years, guaranteeing him nine per cent on his investment, and he knew that when the lease had run its course he would stand to make a big profit on the enhancement of property value.

The only trouble was that just about the time the building was finished the merchant went broke and there was Marlow with the largest kind of a white elephant on his hands, and he surely couldn't afford that. Most of us were sorry, but Ed Lambert thought it was a great joke and he used to kid Marlow about it all the time. After a while he got tired of doing that—and it was then he thought up this other scheme.

HE PUT me on an extension phone while he called Marlow Cotton, and I must admit that he did his part well, disguising his voice perfectly.

"Mr. Cotton," he said, "this is Lloyd Petersen of New Orleans. Perhaps you have heard of me."

Marlow was all excited. Of course he had heard of Lloyd Petersen, because Petersen was one of the biggest chain-store merchants in the South.

"I understand," continued Lambert, "that you own a four-story structure at Glen Idle on which you might be willing to consider a ten-year lease."

Poor Marlow Cotton almost ate the telephone, he was so eager. He started telling about what a fine building it was and how the people of the city would prefer to patronize a first-class department store in the residential district.

"What rental do you want?" asked Lambert.

"Twenty thousand a year."

"Nothing doing. But I'll tell you what I'll consider. If the building is up to specifications I'll give you eighteen thousand. What do you say?"

Poor Marlow Cotton. He was so piteously eager that I wanted to strangle Ed Lambert. Marlow was trying to appear unenthusiastic, but a baby could have told that he was simply frantic with happiness. And why not? Nobody would touch his store building at any price, and here was a chance to convert a gnawing annual loss into a profit.

"Tell you what I'll do," snapped Ed Lambert. "I'll drift by your office at noon and talk things over. You can have the lease drawn. If things look okay I'll sign up and give you a check for the first year's rent this afternoon. I'm taking the four-o'clock train out."

Ed was beaming when he clicked the receiver on the hook and I despised him. But I don't like trouble and so I didn't criticize although I felt plumb disgusted.

This was more than a joke. It wasn't just a laugh for Ed, because he hated Marlow Cotton's success and wanted to knife the man just a little bit . . . make him really suffer. That was why—posing as Lloyd Petersen—he had offered eighteen thousand when he knew perfectly well that Marlow would have been glad to lease the place for nine.

I HAD a luncheon date at the Country Club with Ed and we were scheduled for a round of golf afterward. But on the way out, at a little before noon, Ed insisted on stopping by Marlow Cotton's insurance office. The rotund little fellow was watching the clock and simply quivering with joyous excitement. Ed asked him to join us for lunch at the club, but Marlow declined, explaining that he had an important engagement at twelve o'clock. We could see he was simply spoiling to tell us the good news, but was afraid he might ruin his luck. He did say, though, that he expected to be at the club long before we finished our golf, and Ed made him promise to look us up.

On the way out Lambert was choking with merriment. I saved a little of my own face by declaring that I thought it was a pretty low-down trick . . . and instead of getting mad he laughed harder than ever and said of course it was; but what a joke on Marlow.

All through our golf game Ed Lambert was chuckling. He was planning how he was going to find Marlow in the bridge-room, kid with him a while and then explain loudly to everybody what a swell joke he had played. Minute we holed out, Ed dragged me into the card-room—but Marlow wasn't there.

Ed was disappointed, until he happened to spy Marlow in what used to be the bar. He and a stranger were drinking ginger ale maybe, and Marlow was grinning all over and looking happy as a Persian cat with a quart of cream.

"Hey, fellows," he said, "I want to introduce you to a friend of mine, Mr. Donald McGrath of Atlanta."

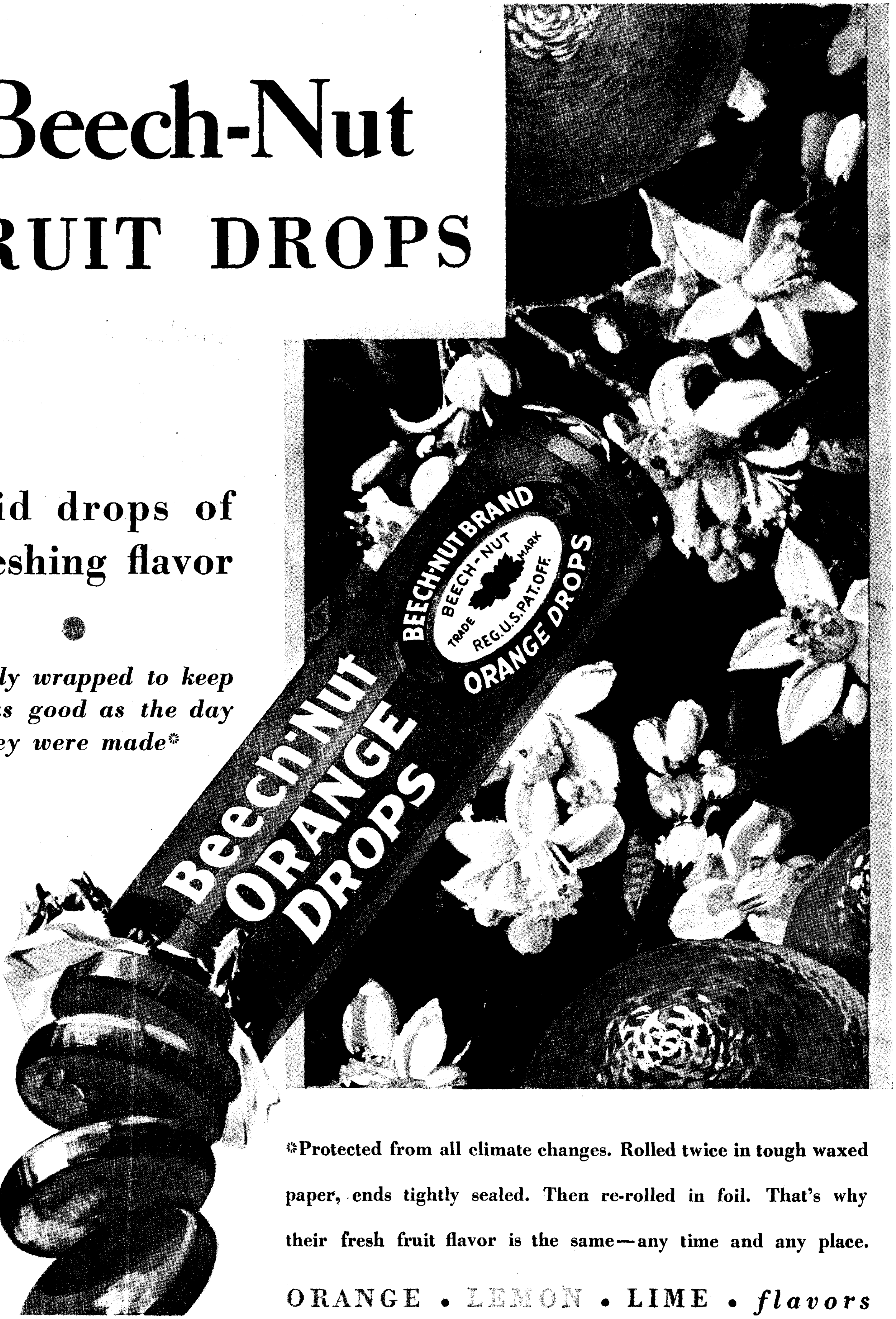
We accepted the introduction and joined them at the table. Marlow Cotton was simply bubbling over with news.

"Listen, Ed—I've simply got to tell you boys about a wonderful break I've just had. This morning, just before noon, Lloyd Petersen of New Orleans called me up and offered a ten-year lease at eighteen thousand a year on my place at Glen Idle. He was coming by at noon to sign the lease. At one o'clock, he hadn't appeared, and just as I had given him up, in walked Mr. McGrath.

"MR. McGRATH wants to convert my building into a recreational center for ladies and gentlemen: one of those palatial establishments such as are coining money all through the North and East—you know, with fine bowling alleys on the first floor, billiards on the second, a miniature golf course on the third and a dozen ping-pong tables on the fourth.

"I told him about Petersen's bid and he laughed. Said that was chicken money . . . although at first he wanted me to take less. Naturally, I wouldn't shave Petersen's offer—as a matter of fact, I made it clear that it might be better for me to do business with Petersen. So, just to hurry things up, he offered me a ten-year lease at $22,000 a year and the papers have just been signed. You know," and Marlow Cotton beamed at us out of his round blue eyes, "I'm really delighted that Lloyd Petersen called me this morning. Without that call I probably would have leased the building to McGrath for about half of what he is paying."

Beech-Nut
FRUIT DROPS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ORANGE DROPS
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ORANGE
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*Specially wrapped to keep them as good as the day they were made**

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*Protected from all climate changes. Rolled twice in tough waxed paper, ends tightly sealed. Then re-rolled in foil. That's why their fresh fruit flavor is the same—any time and any place.

ORANGE • LEMON • LIME • *flavors*

Starting Today!

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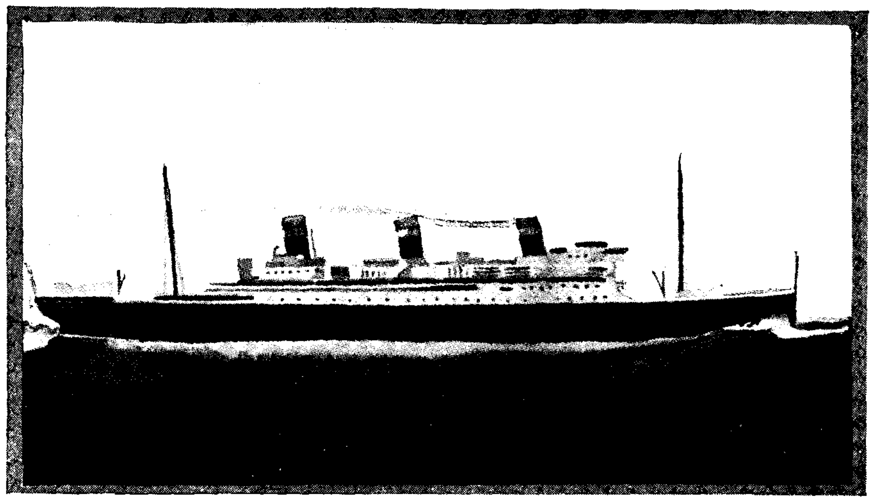
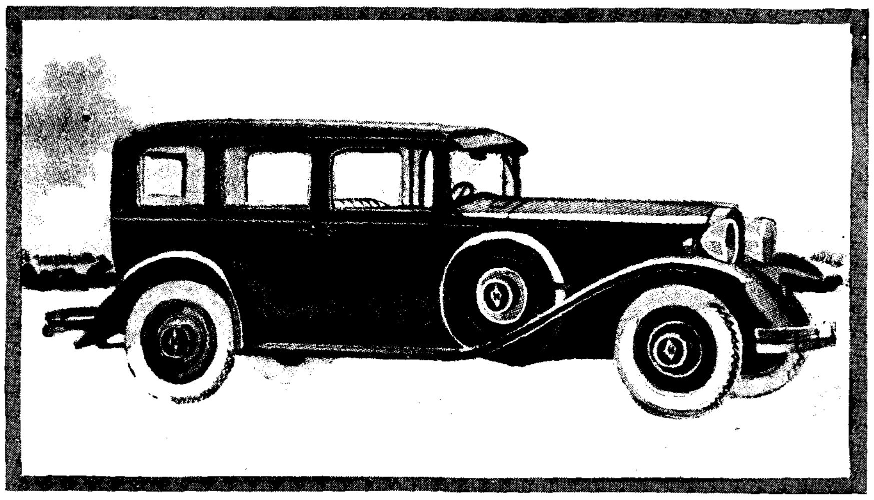
1st PRIZE—



A $5,000 trip to Europe with all expenses paid...or $5,000 cash. Your cabin is ready—on a palatial ocean liner...any ship you choose. All for one idea!

2nd PRIZE—



A $2,000 automobile...any $2,000 car you choose. Or...the $2,000 in cash, if you prefer. Just for giving Westinghouse a cabinet idea.

THIS is an age of beauty...charm...style...good design even in the most utilitarian things. In fountain pens and beds, stoves and skyscrapers, radiators...and radios.

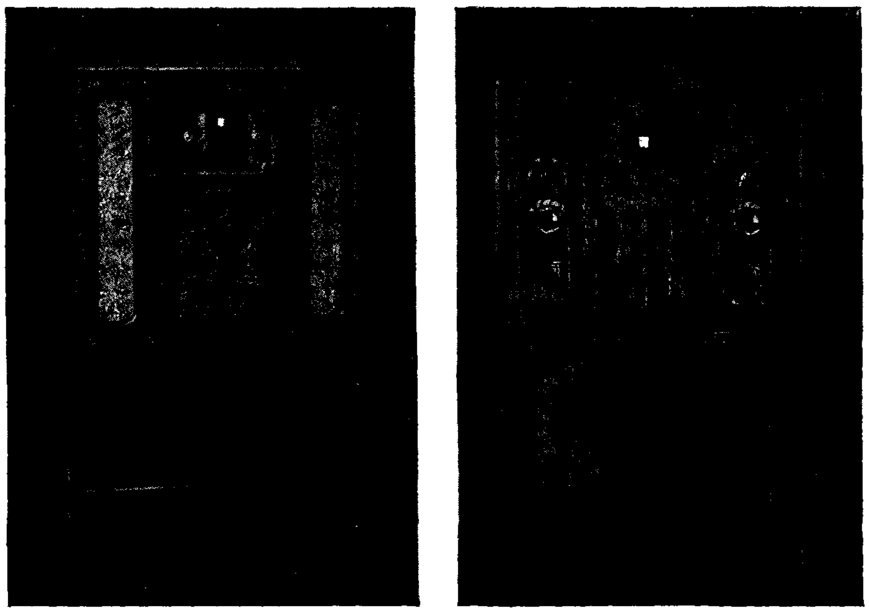
For example...the new Westinghouse Radios. Outward beauty to match their inward mechanical fineness. The beauty of ageless period design casing the newest radio marvel of this modern age. Westinghouse, who pioneered in radio since radio's very beginning, pioneers again, and ushers in the era of beautification in radio cabinets. Once a pioneer, always a pioneer!

In addition to its own efforts, Westinghouse invites yours. Invites all America to join its cabinet designing staff—its "Idea Department." And opens a nation-wide suggestion box and a bulletin of rich prizes, $10,625 in cash to stimulate your ideas.

Have you ever, in a casual evening's conversation, said—"I wonder why some radio manufacturer hasn't done this thing or that?" Tell the idea to Westinghouse—it may be a prize winner! Perhaps you have some basic idea for a radio cabinet's entire design. Tell Westinghouse! You don't need to make a drawing of your idea—just describe it in your own words. Some perfectly simple idea may be simply perfect...and may win you a trip to Europe or a $2,000 automobile or a sweet and unexpected sum to swell the balance in your bank-book.

WHAT DO WE MEAN "IDEAS"? HERE'S A GOOD EXAMPLE

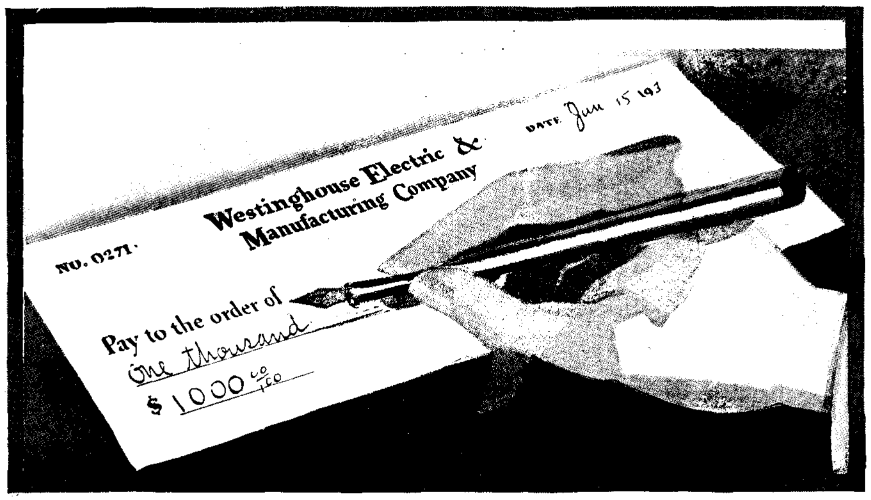
See these miniature models at your dealer's



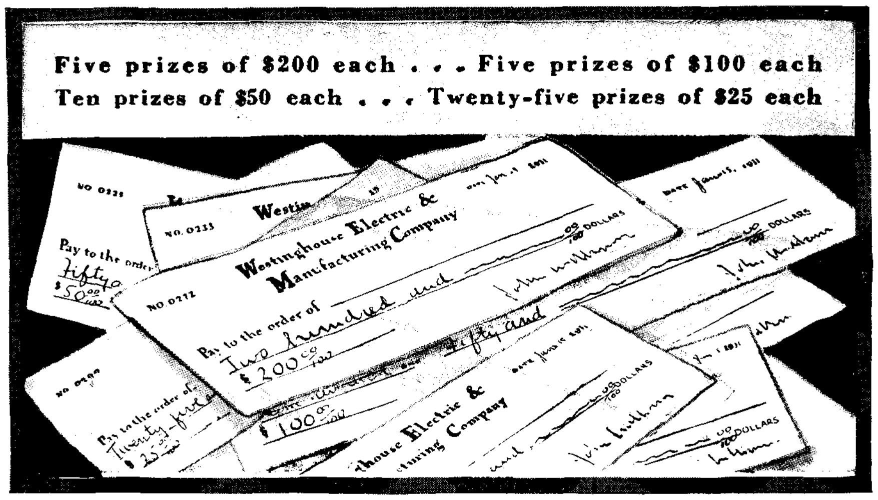
One of the Westinghouse staff suggested this idea (it's not entered in the contest, of course, since Westinghouse employees are not eligible) but it furnishes a good example of the type of ideas we seek. These cabinets are lighted from within—and the light shines through the translucent panels at each side. In one cabinet the panels are rich, amber tone; in the other cabinet, the Gothic model, the panels are multi-colored and the effect suggests sunlight drifting through the stained glass windows of some mellow old cathedral. See them at your Westinghouse Radio dealer's because they might set your "thinking cap" buzzing with ideas of your own. Of course, these are only miniatures and have nothing to do with the new Westinghouse Radio sets now on sale at your dealer's.

$10,000 Idea Contest

3rd PRIZE— and 45 More Prizes



$1,000 will be presented to the person who submits the third best radio cabinet idea. This check is waiting for the winner of the third prize.


Five prizes of $200 each . . . Five prizes of $100 each
Ten prizes of $50 each . . . Twenty-five prizes of $25 each

One nice thing about this contest is that it isn't limited to just a few prizes. Even if you don't win a big prize you still have a chance for a check.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

1. Contest opens September 25th and closes December 24th. Ideas must be in the mails before midnight December 24th. Winners will be announced January 19th.
2. Anyone may compete except employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company or its associated companies.
3. Ideas may be submitted in writing. If sketches are submitted, explanatory letter must accompany them. You may submit as many ideas as you like, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper with your full name and address. No letters or sketches will be returned.
4. Prizes will be awarded to the best 48 original and acceptable ideas for beautifying radio cabinets. If a winning idea is submitted by more than one person the full prize will be awarded to each contestant.
5. All prize winning ideas become the property of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.
6. Leaflets giving helpful suggestions and Contest Entry Blanks can be had at any Westinghouse Radio dealer's store. Ideas must be mailed to Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, 150 Broadway, New York City.

The judges of the contest are:

MISS HELEN KOUES, Director of Good Housekeeping Studio.
MISS NEYSA MCMEIN, famous artist.
MISS ROSAMOND PINCHOT, prominent member of younger set.
RAYMOND LOEWY, famed Parisian artist and designer.
E. B. INGRAHAM, Vice-President, Times Appliance Co., Inc., New York City.
A. W. ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

Q-117

Go to your Westinghouse Radio dealer today and enter the contest. See models of the miniature lighted cabinets . . . Get full information . . . Win a prize!

Westinghouse Radio

A NINE TUBE, SCREEN-GRID SUPER-HETERODYNE

Four sets, including a radio phonograph combination. Remote control (on larger models). Four screen-grid tubes . . . Tone control (on larger models) . . . Push-pull power amplifier . . . Improved power filter system no "hum" . . . New electro-dynamic power speaker . . . Local-distant switch. See and hear these new sets at your Westinghouse Radio dealer's and let him explain the convenient time payments.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RADIO DEPARTMENT . . . 150 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

THE PIONEER OF RADIO IN THE HOME

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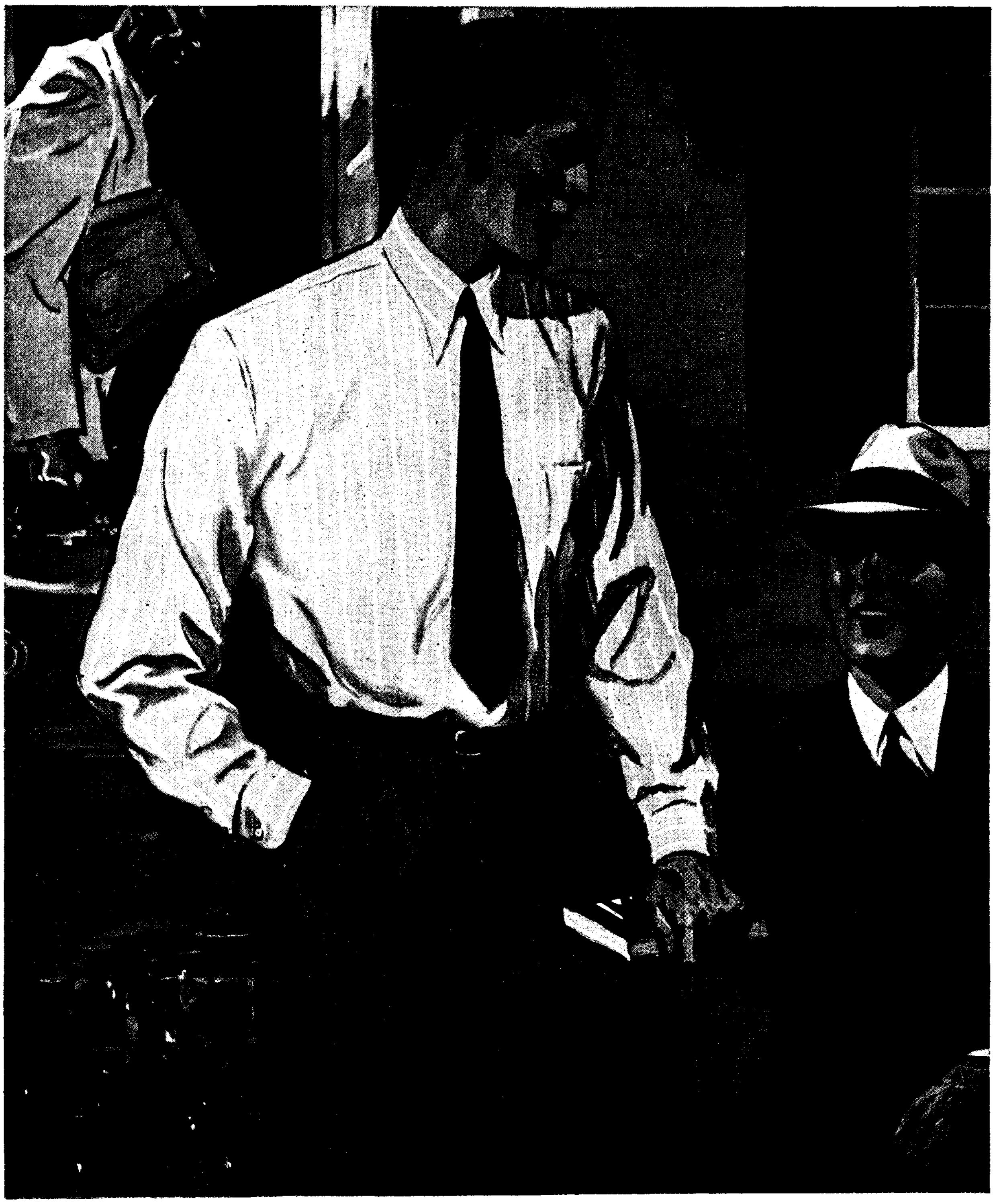
ARATAN

Arrow proclaims an autumn rich in browns

ARATAN *is* SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

and absolutely *guaranteed* for permanent fit!



ARROW
SANFORIZED SHRUNK
ARATAN
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

IF you "follow the Arrow," you know that an important new shirt like Aratan *makes* correct style. Our designers caught its color in the tawny California hills, to blend with the rich new browns the best tailors are showing. Then our astonishing new Sanforized pre-shrinking process finished the fine fabric so beautifully that Aratan is *guaranteed for permanent fit*—its collar will never strangle, its cuffs won't "creep," its body-length will never "climb"—or you get your money back. The label (above) is your warranty; buy your correct size, without guesswork—Aratan will hold that size. It is ready now—at the first-rate outfitters'—and now is none too soon for you to drop in for *your* size and *your* pattern—the stock is not unlimited. And remember that only on Arrow Shirts are tailored the genuine Arrow Collars.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

Aratan is distinguished for its hair-lines of Maple or of White, or Stiegel Blue. The ground color of Aratan harmonizes perfectly with the rich range of browns and new blues in fall suitings.

$2.50

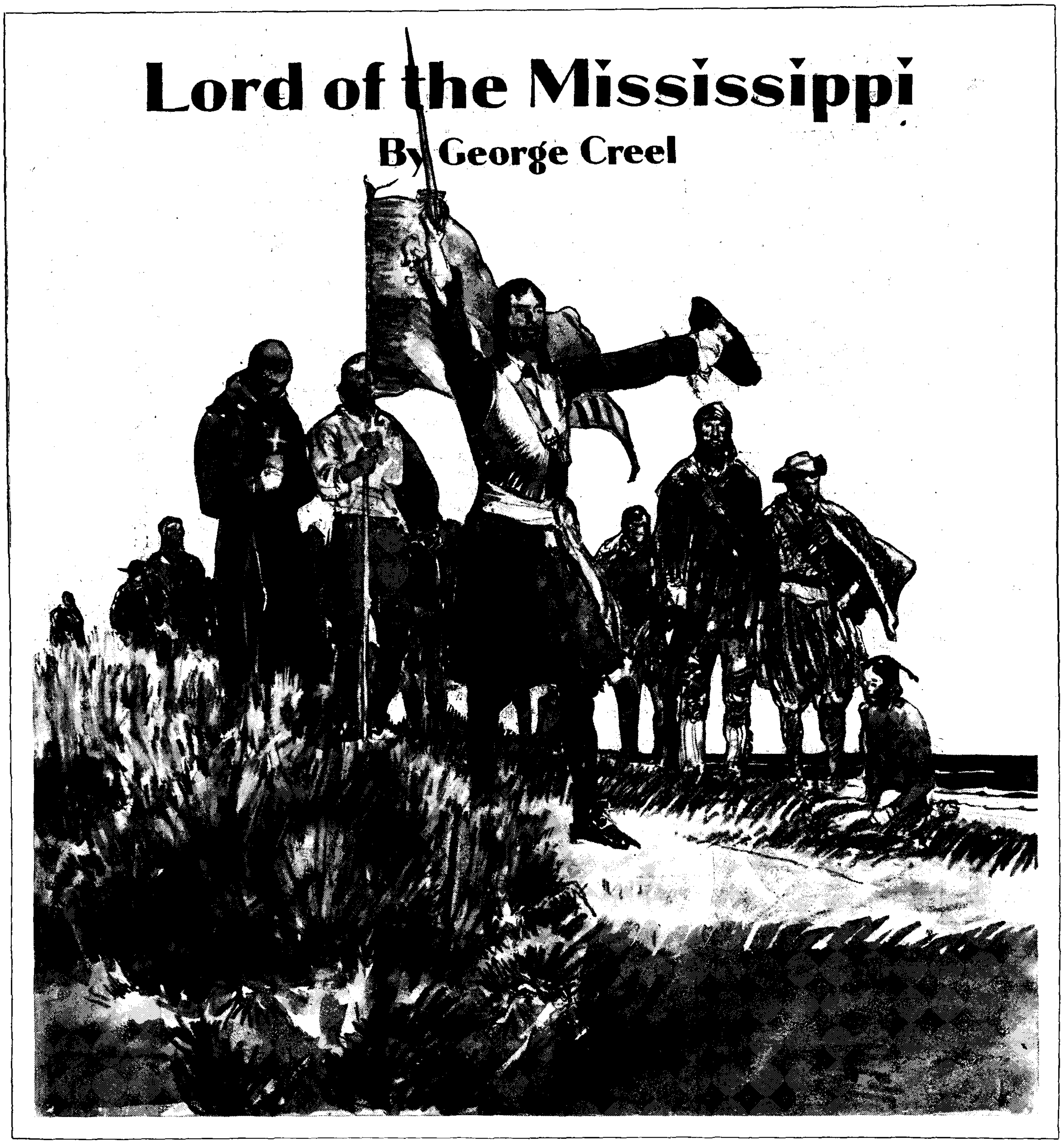
IN CANADA . . $2.65

SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

ARROW SHIRTS

Lord of the Mississippi

By George Creel



At the mouth of the mighty Mississippi he took possession of all in the name of Louis the Grand, King of France

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Rebellious henchmen, half-hostile savages and the rigorous climate of a strange country merely made detours in La Salle's indomitable exploration of the Mississippi. Ignoring a peaceful home life of honors and riches he started an adventure which was ended twenty years later by a traitor's bullet

SHARPER than a wolf's tooth bit the Canadian winter as the little band of adventurers left the shelter of Fort Frontenac. Even gigantic Father Hennepin shivered in his beaver skins, and Tonty, the Italian soldier of fortune, sighed miserably for the sun of his native land. Only the Sieur de la Salle braved the icy blast with bold and joyous front, his hawk face nearer to smiling than men had ever seen it.

What did it matter that he was leaving his profitable seigniory for hardships and peril, risking wealth and position in a gamble with death? It was his fate to be called by the unknown, and not all the riches of the world could hold him. He had left the ease of France in 1666—a youth of twenty-three—drawn by the lure of savage Canada, and twice in twelve years had put aside preferment to do battle with the wilderness.

Once his exploration reached as far as the falls of the Ohio, and again he had sailed the stormy waters of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, followed the windings of strange rivers and looked upon the majesty of the Mississippi.

Terrible journeys, both brought to naught by ill fortune, cowardice and desertion, but now at last, in this winter of 1678, La Salle felt himself armed against adversity. By mortgaging all that he owned, by borrowing from family and friends, he was possessed of men and supplies, and this time there would be no humiliating return with confession of defeat.

Straight to the Mississippi he meant to thrust his way, then down the Father of Waters to the Gulf of Mexico, taking possession of all in the name of France and giving Louis the Grand an empire more vast than that brought to Spain by either Cortez or Pizarro.

Out into the floating ice of the lake the indomitable leader pushed his frail craft, and on across to where the Niagara River joined Ontario and Erie; a drudging portage, and at a point above the falls he pitched his camp and set to work on the building of a ship.

As was ever to be the case with La Salle, so gallant and so doomed, a curse of incompetence darkened his hopes when they were brightest. Fools wrecked his supply boat, losing everything, and back to Canada he toiled on foot—two hundred and fifty miles of snow and ice—his proud heart sick at thought of new begging.

Again his will prevailed, but it was not until August that the Griffin was ready for the water. As they sailed triumphantly from lake to lake—Erie, St. Clair and Huron—fair winds behind and a blue sky overhead, all felt that disaster had been shaken off, but brief indeed was fortune's smile.

Passing through the straits, with only a short stop at Michilimackinac, a great trading station, La Salle gathered a rich store of furs on the Wisconsin shores of Lake Michigan and made the unfortunate decision to send the pelts back to Fort Frontenac for the appeasement of his creditors.

The Griffin sailed for home on September 18th—never to be seen again—and it was in frail canoes that the adventurers now set forth for the land of the Illinois. Storms beat upon them, and day after day the priests were forced to call upon St. Anthony of Padua; when they camped at night the Indians attacked, and hunger joined with cold to chill their courage. Not until the first days of November did the wanderers reach the mouth of the St. Joseph river, where La Salle threw up a stockaded building that he called Fort Miami.

Vainly the men begged to winter here, but their iron-framed captain felt delay like a wound. On December 3d he pushed off in his eight canoes, facing the dangers of the unknown as though he led an army instead of thirty-three sullen rebels.

Week after week they drudged at the oars or portaged across frozen marshes; twice the tormented men plotted La Salle's assassination, but his fierce eye quelled their angers, and the buffalo country was reached in time to avert starvation. Down the Illinois River they toiled, and in January, 1680, came to where the Indians were massed on the shores of Lake Peoria.

There was that in La Salle which seemed to divine the nature of the savage, for even when alone and unarmed he was ever able to enter an Indian village and compel adoration and allegiance. So it was with the Illinois. Master of many tongues, and greatly skilled in camp-fire oratory, he won the chieftains with his words no less than with his imperial air. Hailing him as Brother to the Sun, they begged that he would stay with them forever as their king. Even so, terrible anxieties weighed upon the leader's heart.

Where was the Griffin? Why had it not returned with the necessary supplies? Moreover, only the courageous priests and the gallant Tonty gave him loyalty. The others, sick of toilsome journeys and terrified at thought of what lay beyond, were openly mutinous, and already La Salle had found poison in his food.

Clearly enough he saw the necessity of a return to Fort Frontenac. The decision made, he drove his rebels to the building of a fort that he called Crèvecœur, and intrusted Tonty with the high task of holding it until his return.

On March 1st, accompanied by four Frenchmen and his Indian guide, La Salle set forth on a journey that is without parallel in the annals of human struggle. Spring rains turned the prairies into vast swamps, and day after day the wretched *voyageurs* waded to their armpits in the icy waters or cut their way through thickets that tore like knives.

Prowling Indians robbed them of rest and sleep; savages attacked as they made rafts with which to cross swollen streams, and always they starved. When Fort Frontenac was reached on May 6th—one thousand miles in sixty-six days—men could scarcely believe that the staggering skeleton was the dashing Sieur de la Salle.

More Misfortune

Evil indeed was the news that met him. Fools had lost the Griffin with its load of furs; lost, too, was a ship from France, laden with supplies, and creditors had seized his remaining properties. Not by an inch was the proud crest lowered, but even as he arranged new loans a gasping courier came from Tonty, bearing word of treachery. Before La Salle's back was well turned the men had risen, destroyed Fort Crèvecœur and fled into the wilderness with all of the arms and supplies.

Hard on the heels of the first came another runner from Michilimackinac, bringing word that the deserters were on the way to Fort Frontenac, boasting of their intent to kill La Salle. Well deserved was the fate that befell these wretches. As they came sweeping up the shores of Lake Ontario, lawless and drunken, La Salle and nine men shot out from a sheltered cove, and such as did not meet death in battle were taken to Fort Frontenac for hanging.

On August 10th the undaunted leader was ready to start again, having managed to buy a small vessel and hire twenty-five men, but black indeed were his secret fears. What of Tonty and the priests? Were the Illinois still friendly, or had the rebellion at Fort Crèvecœur turned them into enemies?

Tormented by doubts, he set out from Michilimackinac with twelve of his swiftest men, leaving the others to follow; from Fort Miami, found in ruins, he pushed on with seven, nor halted until he reached the land of the Illinois. Where he had left noisy villages, however, with hunters swarming river and prairie, now all was desolation.

Down from the north had swept the fierce Iroquois, leaving death and horror behind them. Neither at Fort Crèvecœur nor far beyond was unhappy La Salle able to find any trace of Tonty or the fathers, and the villages that he passed were graveyards. Back up the river he rowed, his heart broken, and coming to Fort Miami, where his followers awaited, he went into winter quarters and sat down to ponder his next move.

Since the Illinois country commanded the approach to the Mississippi, peace was essential, and peace could not be won as long as the Iroquois menaced. At once his bold mind leaped to the formation of a great Indian confederacy, strong enough to beat back the northern invaders, and off he plunged into the winter woods and storm-whipped prairies.

From village to village he journeyed, tireless, indomitable and, speaking to each tribe in its own tongue, soon won them to his will. The Mohegans and Abenakis—fugitives from the New England wars—the Miamis, the Illinois and the Shawnees all shouted their approval of his plan, and laid aside ancient enmities.

Now was another journey to Canada made necessary, and in May, through the fresh loveliness of spring, he set out on his long march. For a moment joy came to him, for at Michilimackinac he found Tonty and Father Membre, and took them to his embrace as friends back from the grave.

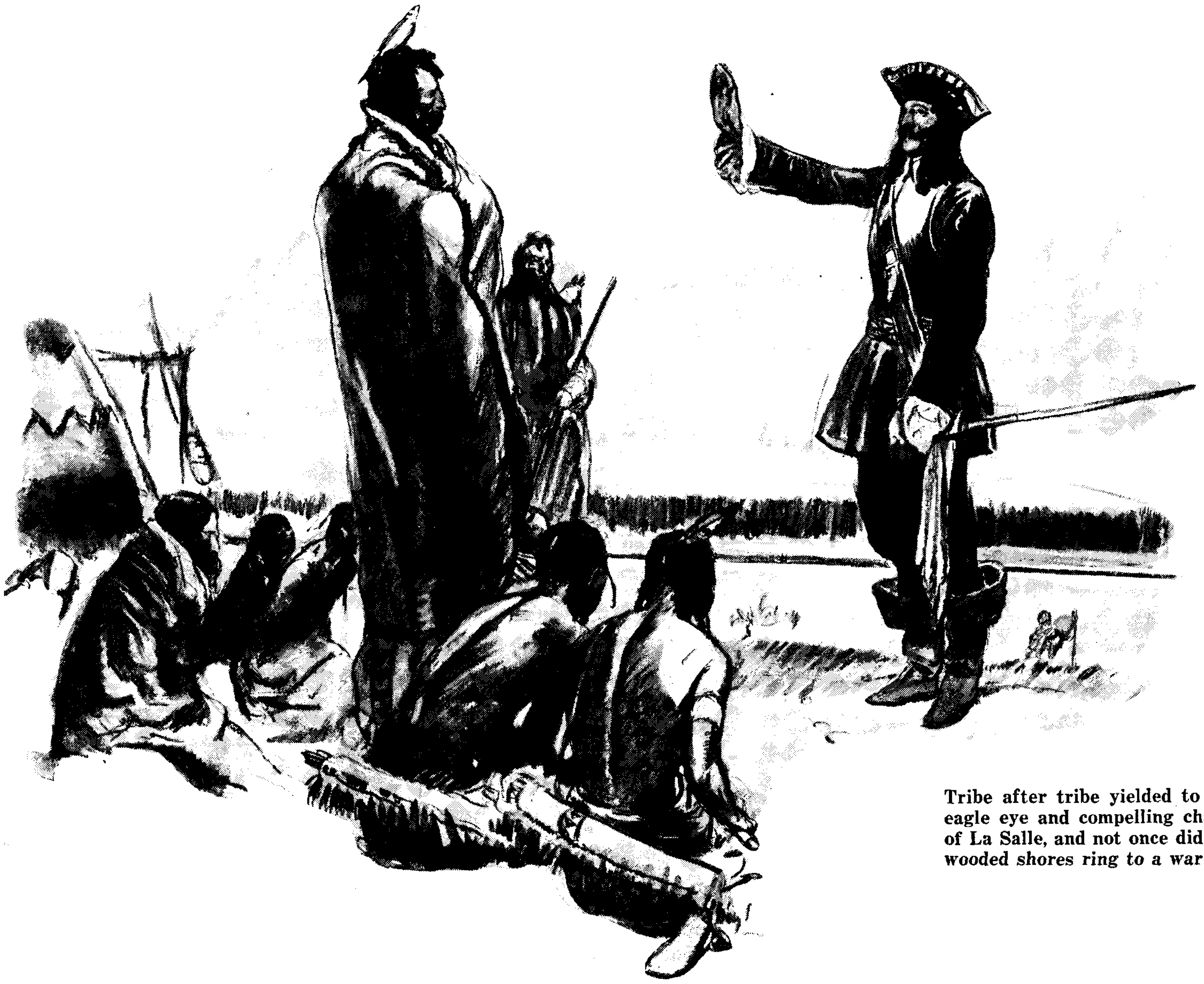
Success or Death

Terrible was the story that they told of the Iroquois invasion, of hairbreadth escapes and perilous wanderings, and many were the scars they showed. As they rowed the summer lakes—three friends rejoined—it was perhaps the nearest that ill-fated La Salle ever came to complete happiness.

Fiery Count Frontenac, always La Salle's champion, came to his aid again; the demands of creditors were met in some degree, and thirty volunteers assembled for a return to the land of the Illinois. Fort Miami was the rendezvous, and on December 21st La Salle left its walls, leading twenty-three Frenchmen and twenty-eight Indians, resolved upon success or death. Winter held the country in an iron grip—sledges had to be made for dragging the canoes along the frozen streams—and it was not until Lake Peoria that they reached open water.

At ruined Fort Crèvecœur was the half-finished hull of a boat that had been started the year before, but La Salle would not wait. All of his vessels had borne a curse, and deciding to trust to his canoes he gave the order to move forward. It was February when the little expedition rowed out upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi, and as they gave themselves to the current,

(*Continued on page 66*)



Tribe after tribe yielded to the eagle eye and compelling charm of La Salle, and not once did the wooded shores ring to a war cry

"Oil magnets?" Yes!

The important thing for you to know about oil is not what crude it was made from, but that it was correctly made to fit your engine.

You wouldn't expect to hear that there was such a thing as an "oil magnet." Yet when you see these vacuum towers rising 80 feet into the air at the Mobiloil plant, you learn with surprise that they actually *are* "oil magnets."

With utmost precision, these giant vacuum towers draw out the choicest lubricating stock from the selected crudes used in the making of Mobiloil.

Mobiloil quality is the result of just such modern methods as this.

Oil made from selected crudes by these towers is vastly different from the oil you would get out of the bottom of an old-fashioned still.

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930		1929		1928		1927	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Black Hawk	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
De Soto	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E.
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash-Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

In heat resistance alone, oil from the Mobiloil vacuum towers shows an improvement of 20° to 30° over an oil made the old-fashioned way. That's why Mobiloil lasts longer. That's why it shows less tendency to gum and to form hard carbon in your cylinders. That's why it has richer lubricating quality — which keeps down wear in your engine.

These vacuum towers enter into the making of every grade of Mobiloil.

No one crude in the world contains all the properties, in correct proportion, to make a perfect lubricant for all types of engines. Mobiloil is made from the world's choicest crudes. *But a modern lubricant can be made to fit modern engines only by modern processes.*

Motor oil is made — not found.

Consult the Mobiloil Chart on this page. It will quickly tell you the type of Mobiloil made to fit your engine.

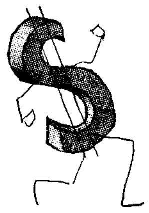
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Motor Oil is MADE . . . not FOUND!

Mobiloil

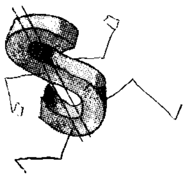
Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

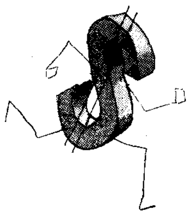
The Woman Spends



It's the man who brings home the bacon, but the woman settles with the grocer. Her job is to see to it that there are a hundred cents to every dollar spent. And so important is it that in Dayton, Ohio, a training school has actually been established for that purpose

By Betty Thornley Stuart





A butcher demonstrating the various cuts of meat to a class of Dayton housewives

Buying, designing and construction of clothing are taught in the dressmaking class

FERDIE JONES and Mary Elizabeth Sinclair were married on the tenth of last September, and the wedding was quite a grand affair. The presents were numerous and costly, with fewer duplications than usual. Uncle Edward crashed through with a check for a thousand dollars, mentally washing his financial hands of his good-looking nephew. The Sinclair clan spaced out the silver with similar crisp tokens of affection, and the new ménage was launched with every evidence of prosperity.

Last week Ferdie and Mary Elizabeth saw the piano depart because they couldn't manage any more installments, and they're telling people they've loaned the car to a sick relative. If they could dispose of the big apartment, they'd take one smaller, but they've got the darn' thing on lease. Mary Elizabeth has taken a job in a doctor's office at the other end of the city, hoping none of her friends need a nose and throat man, and Ferdie is wondering what there is in married life anyhow. The rise and fall of the Joneses seems to have been conditioned by the fact that both were brought up to run lavish charge accounts for which their families are no longer responsible—and Ferdie makes just $350 a month. Even yet they haven't worked out the details of the debacle or made plans for the future; they're too numb.

At the other end of the country Fred Trotter and Irene Ross were married on the same day. The social page took no notice of the fact, because the couple lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Checks were not included in the event since the families of the contracting parties had enough to do to settle their own affairs with the grocer and the milkman. Yet a grand time was had by all, and the girls at the store hoped Irene wouldn't go haughty on them now that she'd bought that ten-dollar hat. To a young woman who'd been making twelve a week selling underwear Fred's $200 a month looked beyond the dreams of avarice, and she started a bit of real spending for the first time in her life.

Last week she tried to get her old job back and couldn't. The management didn't know there was a baby on the way, but they said they had more people applying these days than they knew what to do with. So the living-room rug went back and so did the radio—and they've stopped repairing the second-hand car. Irene finds her kind of cooking harder to sell her husband than she found seventy-nine-cent pink silk bloomers to the firm's basement clientele. Fred doesn't relish wondering whether he can afford the street car or say he's walking for his health. The rise and fall of the Trotters would seem to have been conditioned on the chance that the factory is working a three-day week.

Mary Elizabeth and Irene will never meet, except in Collier's. Ferdie and Fred have no more in common than their bewilderment. Yet both families are exhibits to illustrate what President Morgan of Antioch College so pregnantly states in one of his bulletins, "Personal finance is so very often mismanaged that one wonders that any parent allows his child to enter his teens without giving him instruction and experience in keeping his outgo under his income. A properly trained financial sense brings freedom from strain and prevents one of the chief causes of marital unhappiness later on."

The trouble with most dollars in America isn't that there aren't enough of them, but that they seem to melt. They look to be quite a nice little army when they tumble out of the pay envelope or sit up proudly on the check that expresses the firm's appreciation of our services. But halfway through the time before the next contingent comes through they've done a disappearing act. Lots of us who consider ourselves pretty clever people live in a state of continual wonderment as to where they went and what they did when we let them off leash.

While there are exceptions to the general rule, this business of keeping an eye on the dollar, putting it through its paces and never letting go of it till we've got a hundred cents' worth in return isn't up to Ferdie and Fred. It's the job allotted to Mary Elizabeth and Irene. The man earns, the woman spends—for the family, for herself and, much more frequently than most business executives seem to think, for her husband as well. Yet nothing in her formal education has ever prepared the blushing bride to make those wily little bits of green paper jump through the hoops of married life. Which is one reason—perhaps the biggest and gravest—why the hoops get smashed, up to and including the little hoop of gold or platinum that adorns the fourth finger.

Big business is beginning to realize this as part of its organization problem rather than as a purely personal and pathetic affair. The man who sails up to his daily job from safe anchorage of stabilized home conditions is the man to depend on. The man with domestic worries is only half there. He may take his difficulties out and drown them, only to find that they breed all the better in the wet. He may work overtime until he cracks, trying to make two dollars grow where one is the logical crop. He may just plug along with the idea that if baby needs new shoes again he must be a centipede, but it's up to Dad to keep him as well shod as the kid next door. In many cases he doesn't realize his wife's responsibility for the impasse they've reached. Even if he did, he wouldn't know what to do about it. He's too close to the problem. He's as ignorant as she is. He'd just make her mad. Which is the reason why certain far-sighted employers are planning to take over what the educational system should have done years ago, and teach the family spender how to deal with what the family earner brings home. This doesn't come under the head of benevolent paternalism; it's merely sound business policy to keep the man-power of the office and the factory

(*Continued on page 46*)

Down comes the price

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

now 25¢ a tube

Millions of men with tough beards and tender skins have paid 50¢ a tube for this wonderful shaving cream. To increase users tenfold, we have cut the price in two, confident that tremendous sales will reduce production costs.

At 25¢, Listerine Shaving Cream is the biggest tube of quality cream at anything near its price. Your first shave will prove how bland and soothing it is, how rich in lather, how thrifty in price.

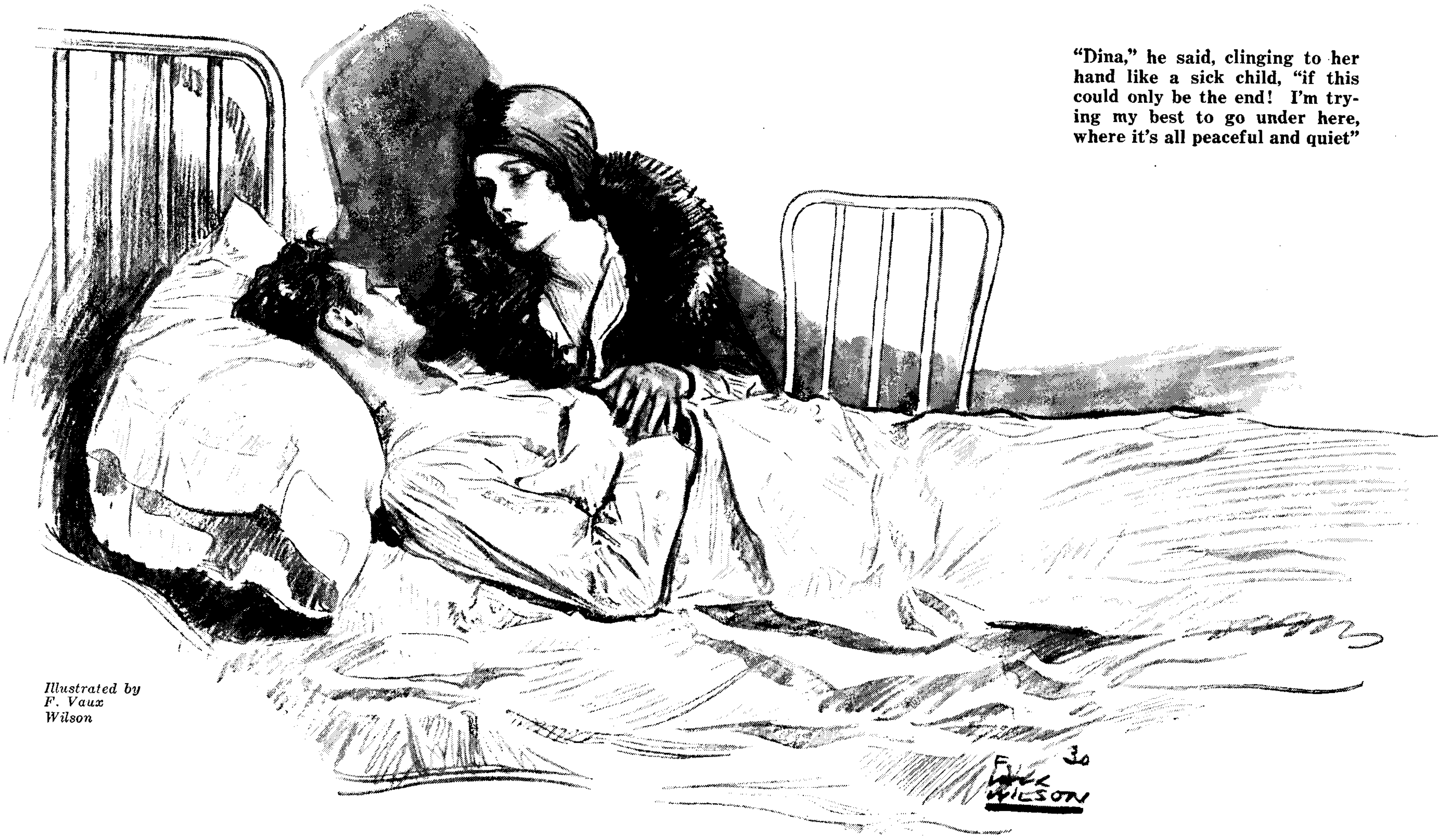
It takes up water like a new sponge. And *stays* moist like an old one. At the base of the beard it deposits a microscopic film of glycerine on which the razor slides.

Thus friction is reduced. There is no scrape or pull. No heat or harshness. Your skin feels cool and contented, pleasantly protected by this lubricating cream.

Buy a tube today and save a quarter. We promise you a product in every way worthy of the name, made to highest Listerine standards of purity. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

The 50¢ quality is now 25¢
LISTERINE
SHAVING
CREAM
MBERT
AL COMPANY
MO. U.S.A.

Photograph shows actual size of tube



"Dina," he said, clinging to her hand like a sick child, "if this could only be the end! I'm trying my best to go under here, where it's all peaceful and quiet"

Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson

Lovers' Lane

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1930, by Kathleen Norris

The Story Thus Far:

ALTHOUGH Mont Brett and Dina Mallet are almost penniless, they run away from a small California town and are married in San Francisco. Dina gets a job in a cheap restaurant, and Mont becomes a model for Perry Hickson, an artist.

Almost immediately Mont becomes deeply interested in Hickson's wife—Sonia France, a beautiful actress. Sonia goes to Hollywood; and Mont, infatuated, follows her. Learning of the girl's predicament, Elliot Lampson, a wealthy dilettante, offers to marry her if she will divorce her husband. But Dina gently rejects the proposal. She adores Mont. She does not care to marry another.

One day, seated in her little room below Hickson's studio, she hears a shot. A few minutes later Mont slips in. Deeply agitated he tells Dina that Hickson has accused him of "raising" a check. To avoid being arrested he must clear out at once.

Dina gives him some money; and, after telling her he loves her, he goes away. Quite by chance Dina enters Hickson's studio. The air is permeated with a strange fragrance, and lying on the floor is Perry Hickson—dead. Someone has murdered the artist with his own gun!

The police go into action. Mont is trailed and caught. In jail Dina visits him. He vows he is innocent. Then comes the trial. The jury cannot agree on a verdict. That evening Dina awakens in Elliot's apartment (where she has been staying since the tragedy). She looks for Elliot and finds him with Mont's lawyer. Then—

"Someone has been here," she says.

"How do you know?" asks Elliot.

"I know," whispers the girl, "because whoever it was has left the same fragrance I found in Perry's studio. Whoever it was knows who committed the murder!"

IX

"CAREFUL, Dina," Elliot said, in the long silence. "Sit down."

"Ha!" William Polk ejaculated, *glancing at the other man.*

"I know it; I don't care who it was!" Dina said, trembling, taking her favorite chair at the foot of Elliot's couch. "I don't care who it was, I know that smell. You've been smoking, I know that, and Hong's making cake, I know that. But there's that other smell too, like violets a little, and incense, and wood smoke, and a little like fur, skunk fur."

"My God!" William Polk said, under his breath.

"It was Sonia, Dina," Elliot said, after a long silence. "She came to give me the studio keys. She's going back to Hollywood this afternoon—"

"*Maybe*—" the lawyer supplied dryly.

They looked at each other, the men as pale as Dina was.

"I *have* that double sense, I *do* smell things," Dina said in a whisper then.

"She's told me that a hundred times; I could swear to it, Billy," Elliot said quickly. He looked almost as frightened as Dina.

"She had a Los Angeles alibi, didn't she?" said William Polk slowly.

"Hickson might have had some of her perfume," Elliot, following his own line of thought, suggested.

"Perry hated scent," Dina said. "He was always asking Sonia not to use it."

"She'd been gone a month, Lampson," Billy said. "It wouldn't last that long!"

"This is a funny break!" Elliot presently muttered inadequately.

"What makes you think you recognize that smell?" the other man asked Dina, going back to first principles.

"It wasn't just the one smell; it was the feel," Dina said, with a shudder. "It was like going back to Perry's room, just now—it was like that afternoon *when Mont had frightened me so and* it was so dark, and when I was nervous anyway about Mont. Smelling it again today made me feel as if I were back in that room."

"If it had been anyone else, except Miss France, what would you have thought?" Elliot asked the attorney.

"That she knew what she was talking about," Polk said, with a shrug. "The furs and the violets and the scent—"

"Is it worth looking into, Bill?"

"It's just this much worth looking into that I think we will hold Miss France here for a few days and that I'll go down to Los Angeles tomorrow night. I never," William Polk said thoughtfully, "I never *did* quite like that *alibi*. A fancy dress dance. Nobody knows who goes to a fancy dress dance, anyway! It was all too pat."

"She was there the next morning," Elliot mused.

"SHE was 'located,' as the newspapers had it, at about noon, out in Santa Monica, where she had been spending the week-end with a friend. Wait a minute, let me think. Yes," said the attorney, pursing his lips. "She could have done it."

"Could have done what?"

"She could have driven to Los Angeles after the—row. If she had any such reason as we think she had to want to be there on Sunday morning, she *would* have. It was Saturday night, lots of travel, lots of other cars on the road, no one to wonder about a woman getting gas or a cup of coffee." William Polk glanced at the girl. "Sonia could drive, Dina?"

"She's a marvelous driver. She boasts about making the Los Angeles run in *one night.*"

"Five hundred miles, starting at six—she'd average fifty, Elliot. She was driving for her life; she wouldn't stop. And when she went into the fancy dress party at sunrise, if I know anything about 'em, they weren't in any condition to criticize who came or who went.

"By heaven!" Billy went on, warming. "Circumstances certainly pulled for her if it was anything like that."

"It might have been—" Elliot said, musing.

"You don't think Sonia did it?" Dina whispered, as the full purport of the talk came to her.

"I don't know. That's what I'm going to find out."

Elliot began to rub his hands together in a sort of sinister anticipation.

"Did anything in Mrs. Hickson's—in Sonia's—talk, this afternoon, strike you as funny, Bill?"

The other man shot him a quick glance.

"I was thinking of that."

"She was acting kind of queer, Dina."

"Sonia was?"

"We *thought* so. She said—"

"Remember what she said about it's being the business of the law?" William Polk began as Elliot paused.

"That was darned funny, Bill, when you come to think of it. She said—what did she say?"

"She said that—let's see, she said that she felt terribly for Montgomery Brett, that he had always been her husband's friend, was under deep obligations to him. And she said—wait a minute! She said that it was the business of the law to settle who was guilty, and that the worst he could get was life."

"And she said that she was a nervous wreck over the whole thing, and was going to Europe."

"Elliot, you don't suppose we've stumbled on something here?"

"I don't know," Elliot said.

"You understand that you've got to keep your mouth shut on this, Dina. Not a hint, not even to Mont!"

"Oh, yes—" Dina whispered.

"Let anything leak out now, let them suspect anything, before I get hold of that woman she was visiting—"

"How can you hold her here, Bill?"

"I'll see the judge. I'll tell him we've run something down."

"Oh, it couldn't be like that!" Dina breathed, in the silence.

"If I get hold of her friend, before she gets a tip, I'll have the whole thing out of her," Polk said.

Dina leaned back in her chair and pressed one hand tight over her eyes.

(*Continued on page 75*)

Stokowski CREATES NEW BROADCASTING METHOD FOR PHILCO CONCERTS BY Philadelphia Orchestra

"Since our Radio Concerts last year I have been working to develop a method of broadcasting the modern orchestra without distortion of tone values. For example, recently, I heard some broadcast music in which the clarinet was producing in the concert hall about 40 degrees of tone, and the violins about 20—yet the values were reversed when heard by Radio—with the result that the music was distorted. Through the courtesy of Mr. Aylesworth, President of National Broadcasting Company, and in conjunction with Mr. Hanson—chief engineer—a new form of equipment has been designed, which I hope will be a step forward in making the broadcasting of an orchestra what it eventually will be—not only equal, but musically more eloquent than concert hall music."

October 12th ~ ~ ~ ~ November 16th ~ ~ ~ ~ Christmas Day ~ ~ ~ ~ Easter Sunday

FROM 5 TO 6 P. M. EASTERN STANDARD TIME

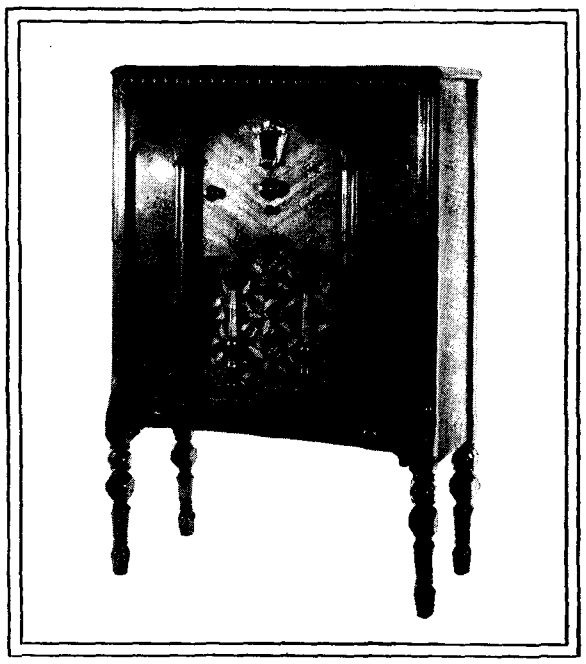
For 16 years Leopold Stokowski has led The Philadelphia Orchestra; welding its 110 artists with the fire of his amazing genius; creating a symphonic art that both Europe and America have for years recognized as the finest of all time.

Last year, when radio reception took vast leaps forward and Philco led the way with its balanced units to produce true, clear, *undistorted* tone, the Philadelphia director felt that the most subtle tone colors of the great orchestra could be faithfully reproduced and Stokowski "went on the air" for the first time for Philco. Now, Philco again is his exclusive sponsor in four radio concerts.

Enjoy fully these superb concerts on a Philco Screen Grid-Plus—The Super Set

Philco 9-tube Screen Grid-Plus is so sensitive and powerful a receiver that its super-performance is more than the average listener needs. However, the remarkable results it has given; the way it *holds* programs at a constant level of tone without fading because of its Automatic Volume Control, and the gorgeous, true, undistorted tone produced by Philco balanced units, have created an enormous demand.

As a result, Screen Grid-Plus is available at prices which bring it within the reach of the average family. For it must be clearly understood that radios now being offered at far *higher* prices, cannot attempt to match this performance.



PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Philco Tone-Control is already famous as the outstanding improvement of the year. This knob on the front of Philco sets now gives you control of station tone so you can bring in programs YOUR way with any one of four tone qualities—"Brilliant"—"Bright"—"Mellow"—"Deep."

The new Philcos have a Station Recording Dial on which you *permanently* log favorite stations. The complete line of Radios and Radio-Phonographs is priced from $49.50 (Baby Grand) to $198 (Radio-Phonograph). Concert Grand, greatest of all receivers, $350.

All prices less tubes. Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC, and in a Battery Set.

Ask your nearest Philco dealer for a free demonstration of a Philco today. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is obtainable through all authorized Philco dealers.

SCREEN GRID-PLUS LOWBOY

An exquisite cabinet of American black walnut, figured butt walnut and Oriental wood with American Gobelin tapestry over speaker $127.50

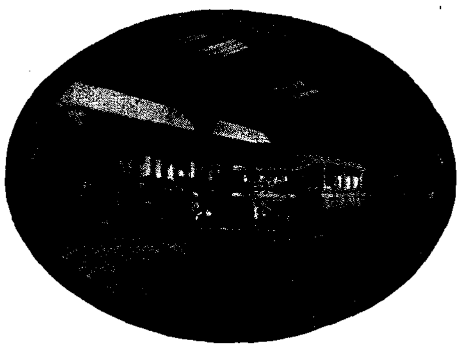
Available also in a beautiful Highboy of matched and figured American butt walnut $145.00

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Philco Radios, Diamond Grid Batteries for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motor Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.

Every B & O traveler

to New York may see this inspiring sight



The B & O Motor Coach takes you directly from the trainside to any one of these four stations: ... 122 East 42d Street ... 15 Columbus Circle ... 35 West 33d Street ... 191 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn. Or you may, if you choose, get off at any of nine other points, at or near principal hotels. Each station offers complete ticket and Pullman office facilities, as well as waiting-room, checking, and porter service.

HAVE you entered or left New York by our open-air route? Apparently we have substituted a pleasant experience for what once was a somewhat tedious part of the journey.

When your Baltimore & Ohio train reaches Jersey City, comfortable Motor Coaches are waiting right alongside the track to receive you.

Swift ferries carry your Coach across the Hudson River, and you have the opportunity to view New York's famed skyline—a moving sight, even for people who have spent all their lives in the city. You pass right by huge transatlantic liners lying at their piers.

You relax, with no concern for the city crowds or traffic. You are sped through interesting old sections to one of our three Motor Coach stations in the hotel, theatre, or residential districts, or to a fourth in Brooklyn. If you prefer to get off at a hotel on the way, there are nine intermediate route stops.

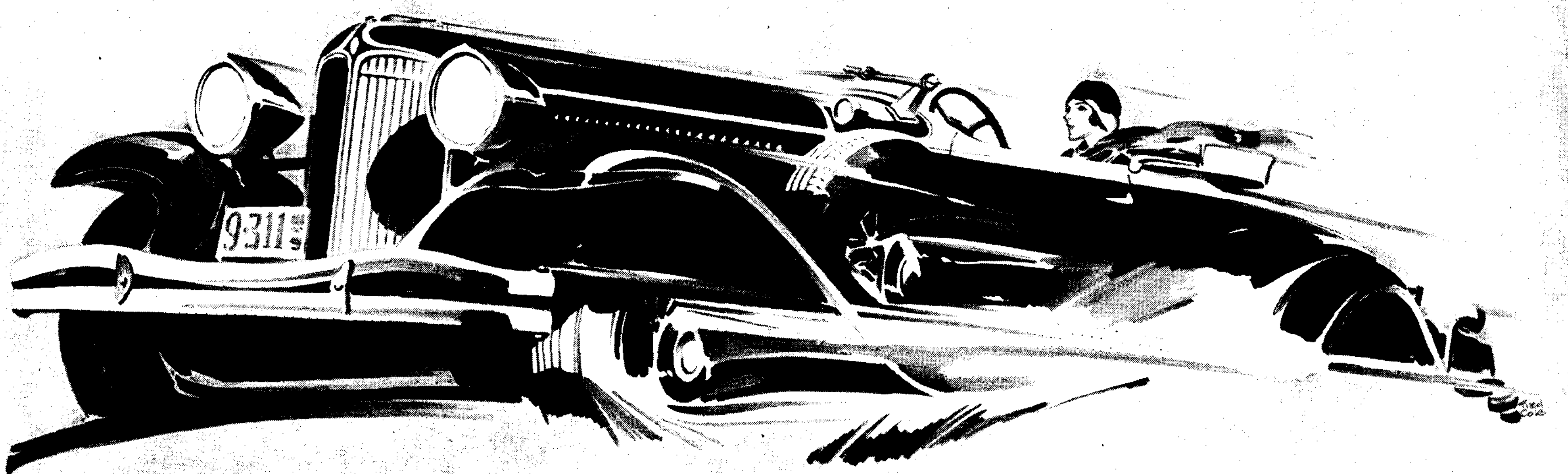
You have no taxicab expense or bother. No walking, or climbing stairs. You do not even have to worry over hand baggage: checked on the train, it is turned over to you when you leave the Coach.

Travelers seem to like this interesting way of entering and leaving New York. Many thousand more men and women ride into New York with us now than when we had only one terminal in the city.

BALTIMORE & OHIO

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD

CHRYSLER
NEW STRAIGHT
EIGHTS



NEW CHRYSLER EIGHT ROADSTER, $1495
{wire wheels extra}

STYLE — PARIS FOR GOWNS; CHRYSLER FOR CARS

Again the country is Chrysler-wild. Chrysler, with its two new Straight Eights, again has captivated all America with a new style as distinctive and as charming among cars as the newest creations of Paquin or Worth are among Paris gowns.

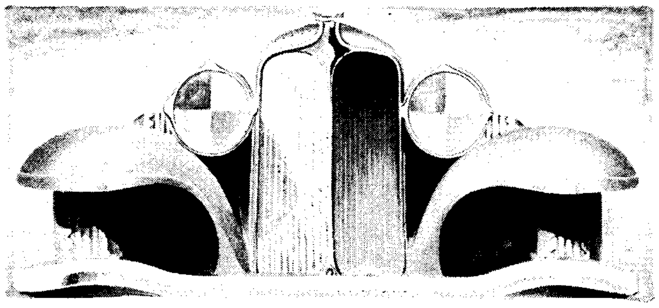
Never before has Chrysler, always famous for beauty and smartness, created anything so pleasing and refreshing as the new Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight.

In these magnificent new cars Chrysler combines the very latest in eight-cylinder design and practice with striking new lines—enhanced by an extremely low center of gravity that not only produces ultra-smart appearance, but contributes immeasurably to riding ease and safety.

So low-swung are the bodies of these new Eights that all sidesway is eliminated and you can round curves safely at high speeds.

With Chrysler's greatest beauty is linked Chrysler's greatest performance. Both Eights are equipped with the Chrysler 4-speed Multi-Range transmission which gives you a quick, quiet gear shift and dual high gears—one gear for city traffic or hill climbing and the other for the open road.

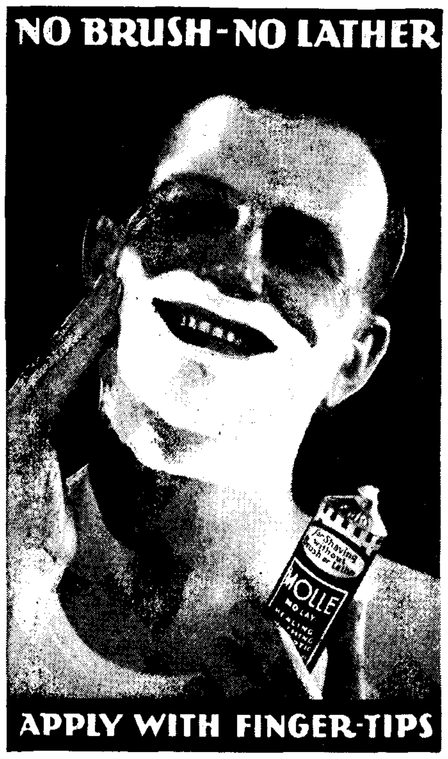
With this remarkable transmission of exclusive Chrysler design joined to an eight-cylinder engine as Chrysler engineers and builds it, these beautiful new Chrysler Eights achieve a smooth alertness and fleetness so easy to handle that to drive a Chrysler Eight is motoring's most fascinating, most thrilling sensation.



CHRYSLER EIGHT — Standard Models — Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525—Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595. All prices f. o. b. factory.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—Five-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895. All prices f. o. b. factory. All Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, fender wells, trunk rack, bumpers and specially-painted fenders.

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.



The Best Shave in all your life or Your Money Back

To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave in all your life, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this:

(1) *Wash your face—leave it wet*

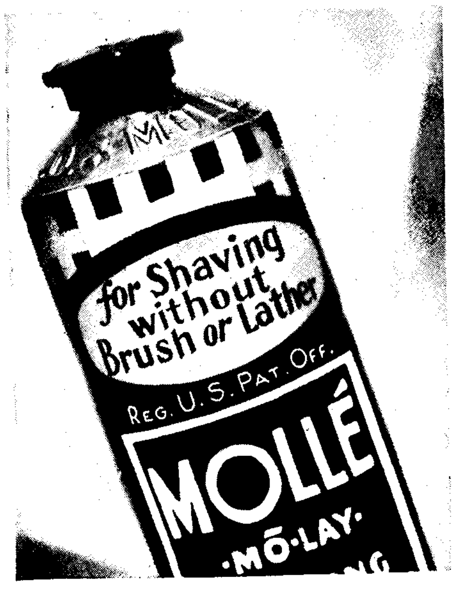
(2) *Apply* MOLLÉ *with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream*

(3) *Shave with your favorite razor*

More than a million shavers now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and, best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio



The Arrest of Prince Basil

Continued from page 12

"cell brothers, so to speak." He shook my hand warmly. "You must advise me what to pack. It is good you are here. My manservant is away today, but together we will manage. You will direct me. The girls will play and sing, and the rest of the gentlemen will watch us. Be seated, gentlemen. Be seated."

"But we have no time," repeated the head militiaman.

"Excuse me, I am Prince Basil. It is you who have the warrant for my arrest?"

"Yes."

"And I have the honor to meet—?"

"Gregory. My name is Gregory. I used to work in the locomotive yard."

"Good, my friend." The girls glanced at each other. "The thing is simple, but can you tell me how long I am to remain in prison?"

"That nobody knows," said Gregory. "You will be tried by a court."

"Well, then, if you do not know how long I am to be away, then why should you try to hurry us? We obey you promptly. You see I offer no resistance, but haste is always a mistake. Think it over for yourself, my friend. Who is quick? The liar has a quick tongue. The pickpocket has quick fingers. The thief has fast legs. The rogue has quick eyes, but we, gentlemen . . . Please be seated. And, girls, I beg of you to begin at once and without ceremony."

WE ALL made ourselves comfortable in the large easy chairs and on the sofas. The girls began. Gregory scratched his head and looked at his crew, but they all smiled—a smile which seemed to say: "Let him enjoy himself another moment, for his time is up."

While they were playing, the prince whispered to Gregory and two of his men: "Come, help me get my suitcases from the next room. You should not let me go out of your sight, and I am the last man in the world to ask you to break a rule."

They went out and soon returned with two empty suitcases, which the prince began to pack. He brought out riding breeches and a hunting coat. He packed his dinner jacket, his patent-leather shoes, his house slippers, his silk dressing gown, his morocco writing case, a long leather cigar case, several soft hats carefully rolled, and many other things that seemed quite ridiculous. All this went on while the girls were singing and playing.

"Quiet, everybody," called the prince. "What are we doing? I am leaving behind . . . Come girls, quick. Bring out the champagne, and there is a jar of caviar in the ice-box. We might as well finish it. The boys will help us."

Now things grew livelier. The girls ran to the kitchen and began singing gypsy songs. The prince was there also, opening the wine and setting glasses on a large silver tray. They whispered to each other.

"Before you drink, gentlemen," the prince said, "I want you to know that this is one of the happiest moments in my life. For years I have lived a useless life and now I am to pay for my sins. I lived with women, with song and wine. I lived for myself and I am tired of it all. Jail will teach me brotherhood and the companionship of the greater humanity. Therefore, I ask you to drink a toast to my new life."

"To the prince," someone called. "He's a good fellow." And we all drank. The caviar sandwiches were quite salty and required to be washed down by several glasses of wine.

And when everyone was jolly, the prince said to the girls: "Give us a little gypsy dance, for soon we must part."

The girls danced, the men marked time with their large calloused hands, their eyes watching the lower edge of the swirling skirts.

While they were dancing someone remarked: "The prince has two girls. One is not enough for him. One of those would do for me all right."

I think the prince must have overheard, for as soon as the dancing was over he passed around some more cigarettes and said sadly:

"The porter will come and clean up after us. He will help himself to what remains in the kitchen and he will take care of the apartment, but who will take care of my Anna and my Melita? Such sweet girls, gentlemen, you have never known, and now I must abandon them. You have heard them sing and you have seen them dance; but, gentlemen, they have other charms, and I fear they may fall into evil hands. One or two of you should look after them. Darlings, give the gentlemen your addresses, write it on a card, and as a last favor please kiss each as a token of friendship before we part—who knows, it may be forever."

The girls gave Gregory their address written on a card from the prince's desk, and kissed each and every one of us. One of them even sat on Gregory's lap.

"Now," said the prince, locking the cases, "give me a good hug and a sweet kiss."

First Anna went up to him and looked deep into his eyes.

"I cannot bear it," she said. "And now it must all end. Life is only a dream. The whole world is only a dream. Everyone dreams. Some dream with caviar and wine, and the others dream without. Good-by, darling."

Melita was quite different. She smiled. "Forgive me for laughing, but it is truly impossible. I picture you, dear, dressed in prison clothes, with your velvet smoking jacket and, oh, so helpless. And who will fix your hair for you and who will pet you? And who will bring you your glass of sherry? And at night how lonely you will be? And why? All because you are a prince and a real darling. And what rough companions you will have and the terrible language you will hear! But keep yourself pure, dear, and we will ever be close to your heart." She kissed him.

"NOW let me see," said the prince, brushing a tear from his eye. "There are five with rifles and the prisoner"—pointing to me—"and myself, that makes seven. Seven is a lucky number. Please ask the porter to call us a taxi. A large one to hold seven. The cases are heavy and to make up for lost time we might as well ride. With your permission, Gregory."

Gregory bowed low in consent.

"Please also tell the porter to come up for my bags. It is not the duty of these gentlemen to carry luggage."

The girls left by the front door and soon the porter came up for the bags and carried them down the back stair. "I will call you, sir, when the cab arrives."

"I will just write a line of instructions," said the prince, as he sat at the desk. "Help yourselves, gentlemen, to cigarettes, there is no use leaving anything behind us."

He wrote a note. It took a little while, and carefully folding it he placed it in an envelope. Then he searched the drawers of the desk.

"Excuse me," he said, "I must seal this. My man has hidden the sealing wax." He went into the next room.

While we waited for him to return someone finished the wine; another emptied the whole box of cigarettes into his pocket, another fellow copied the addresses of the girls from the card, and still another quickly gobbled up the remaining sandwiches.

"This is a nice apartment," said one.

"And the prince is a real fellow," added one.

"Those were some fine girls."

"I bet the pictures on the walls are hand painted."

"I never saw a piano with such crooked legs before."

And so on the conversation continued until the porter came in through the kitchen door with a letter in his hand.

"The prince sends his regrets," he said, "and also this letter."

THE letter was addressed to Gregory. He tore it open and read: "Friends: You have now tasted the life of a prince. It is really a bad life and you must forgive me if I leave you to go my own way."

"But the prince! Where is he?"

"He left in the big automobile that I got for him. You saw me take his bags down, didn't you?"

They ran to the windows, but there was no trace of the prince left.

"The devil!" cried Gregory.

"The devil yourself," said I. "And did you expect the girls were kissing you all for nothing?"

"We will get hold of the girls; they helped him."

"The girls, sir," said the porter politely, "are in the cab with the prince. He never goes anywhere without them."

"No wonder they kissed you," I said. "And did you expect champagne and caviar free of charge? And music and dancing? Did you really hope to get out without paying, just because you have guns at your sides and paper warrants in your pocket?"

"Shut up, you. Who are you anyway?"

"Your prisoner. And I demand that you take me to prison at once. I must write an account of what has happened."

"You will not be permitted."

"Then I will tell it to the jailer, to the warden, to the prisoners and to everyone who visits the prison, so that we can all laugh."

"And what can you tell?"

"I can tell how the prince let you kiss his girls and drink his wine and just what he said and how you even helped him pack his dinner coat and get away. And it will be published in all the papers. I will find a way of getting it to them."

My conversation was directed mainly to Gregory. He stood with a companion by the piano, and when I turned around the other three were gone.

"See here," said Gregory. "You are only a trouble-maker. All you newspaper fellows are only trouble-makers. What will you gain by it?"

"The same thing that you gain by arresting me. Nothing."

"Here," he said. "I make you a present of your warrant." By mistake he gave me both warrants, the one written out for Prince Basil as well as the one with my name. And when he did this he departed. And I had to go home and unload my pockets, which were stuffed with all the useful things I hoped to take with me when I entered my prison life.

MILLIONS of years ago in the Devonian Age—while the world rocked with earthquakes and mighty, armored fish swam the seas—Nature stowed away in the Bradford-Allegany District of the Pennsylvania field her most valuable crude oil.

Most crudes refined for motor oils today are millions of years younger than Bradford-Allegany crude. A few are older. *But among them all this Bradford-Allegany crude was formed at a time when earth conditions were 100% favorable—so favorable that a hundred million years of filtering and mellowing have brought this crude to the highest known point of lubricating quality!*

That is why Sinclair has built at Wellsville, N. Y., the largest single refinery devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Pennsylvania grade motor oil. Here, under the careful supervision of laboratory experts, Sinclair refines Bradford-Allegany crude into Sinclair Mobiline.

Ask for Sinclair Mobiline today—use the grade recommended by Sinclair dealers according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication. At draining time notice how the used Mobiline comes out of your crankcase still rich and oily—positive, visible proof of protection for the last mile as well as the first!

Send us your name and address and a list of states where you intend touring and we will send you road maps and the Sinclair Law of Lubrication booklet, free. SINCLAIR REFINING CO., Inc., 45 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

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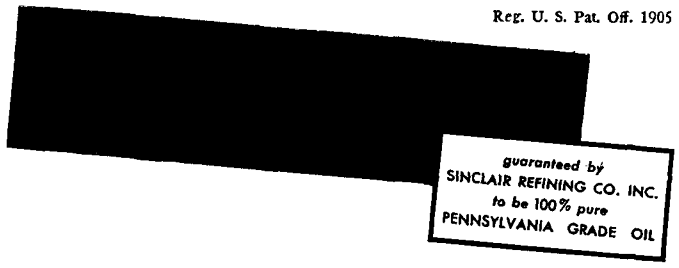
Pennsylvania MOTOR OIL



35¢ *per quart*

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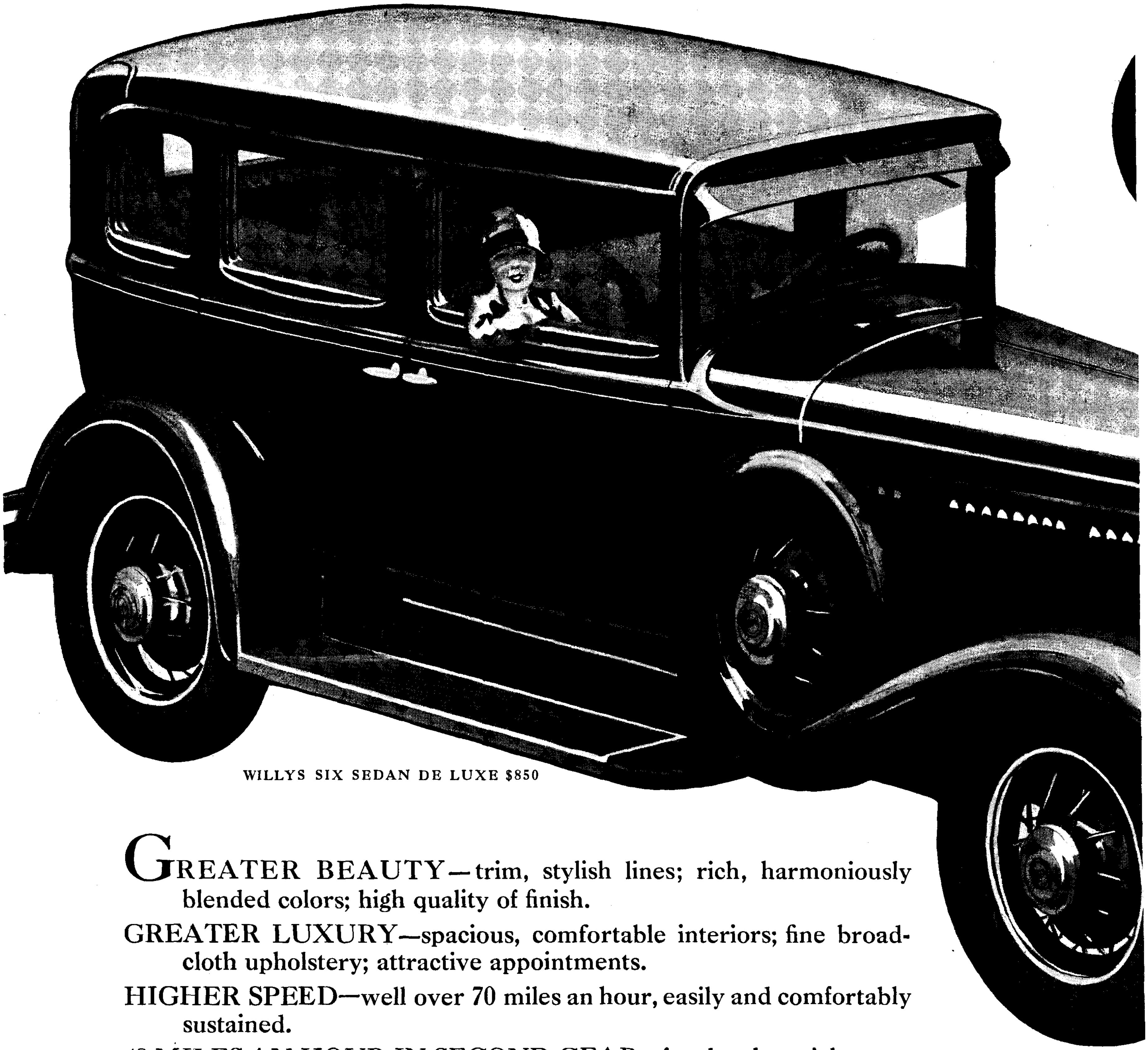

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HIGHER SPEED—well over 70 miles an hour, easily and comfortably sustained.

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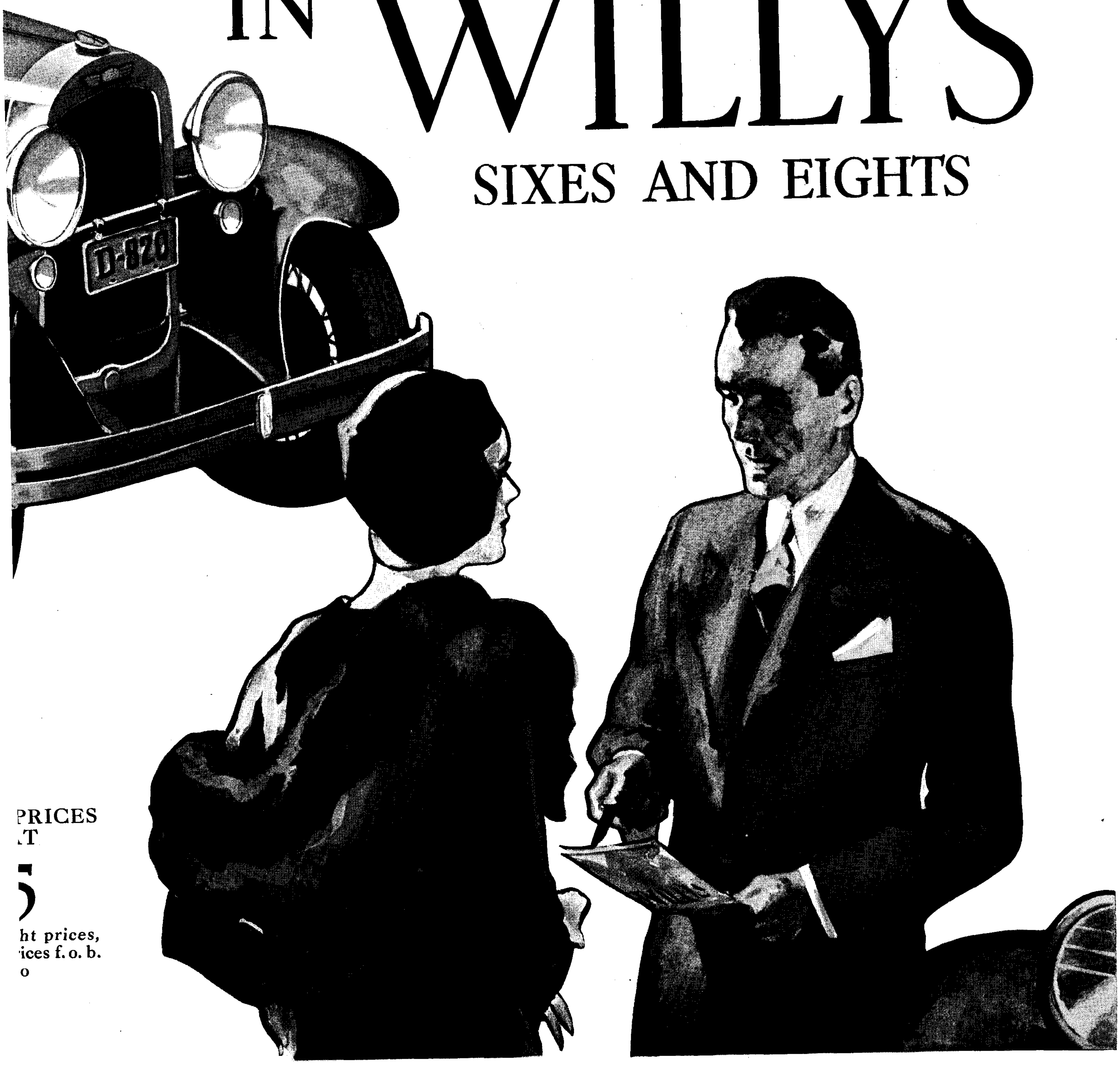

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Your safety insured at no extra charge when your brakes are lined with Rusco

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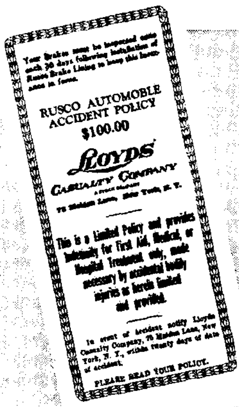
You will notice a difference when your brakes are lined with Rusco. Smooth, quick-stop brake action. Positive gripping power in wet weather as well as in dry. To further assure maximum brake efficiency, Rusco Linings are made in four types: Rusco, Rusco-Ace, Durak and Benlock. The Rusco brake expert will tell you which type is best suited for your car.

Have a Rusco Brake Service Station look over your brakes today. There you will find skilled mechanics who use modern mechanical equipment to test, adjust and reline your brakes with scientific precision. Who offer you *insured* brake service.

If you do not know the name of the nearest Rusco shop, clip the coupon below and we shall gladly send you their name. The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Conn. In Canada, St. Johns, P. Q.

This $100.00 Accident Policy, underwritten by Lloyds Casualty Co., with passenger car installations of Rusco Brake Linings.


Your brakes must be inspected once each 30 days following installation of Rusco Brake Lining to keep this insurance in force.

RUSCO AUTOMOBILE
ACCIDENT POLICY
$100.00

LLOYDS
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This is a Limited Policy and provides Indemnity for First Aid, Medical, or Hospital Treatment only, made necessary by accidental bodily injuries as herein limited and provided.

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PLEASE READ YOUR POLICY.

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(In Canada: St. Johns, P. Q.)
Please send me the name of the nearest Rusco Brake Service Station offering insured brake service.
NAME ....
STREET .... CITY and STATE ....
Dealers interested in providing Rusco Insured Brake Service, check here, and we shall send full information. ☐

RUSCO BRAKE LININGS

On the Southern Circuit

Continued from page 36

"between Benton and Rankin, I was overtaken by a good-looking man on an elegant horse, elegantly rigged out. And as the rider's apparel was also of the gayest and his watch chain and other jewelry of the richest kind, I was of course anxious to know if he intended to travel through to the Nation. I soon managed to learn. He said he had been down to the low country with a drove of Negroes and was returning to Kentucky. We rode along, got very intimate for strangers and agreed to travel together. We were two fine-looking men and to hear us talk we were both very rich. I felt him out on the subject of bandits but he cursed them all and said he was in a bad condition to fall into the hands of any such villains, as he had with him the money that twenty Negroes had sold for.

"Who Steals my Purse—"

"I then concluded that he was a noble prize and longed to begin counting his cash. At length we came to a stretch of road where there was no house for twenty miles and I, becoming suddenly thirsty, insisted on turning down into a steep gully to look for water. The young man followed, I passed, he passed on ahead of me and of course then it was only a minute or two until I began to search for his wallet. I found it, and it was stuffed so full that I thought it was a treasure indeed. But, oh! the contents of that pocketbook! It was richly filled with love notes, love songs and some of the young man's own poetic compositions—but no cash. In his pockets I found $4.50 in change but no more. He was a puff for true and I thought all such fools ought to die as soon as possible. I took his horse and swapped it off to an Indian for four ponies, which I sold on my way home."

Home, however, no longer held any attractions for Dr. Murrell. He had seen too much of the world and the wicked gayeties thereof to remain long in the hills of Tennessee. Besides, he was a man with a mission, and so after a short period of relaxation he was off again on another revival tour. This time it was to be an extended one, planned to take in almost every state in the South, and as the good man was by now pretty well fixed it was but right and proper that he take with him a corps of assistants. He did. There were several white men, and one black, and it will take but a few brief paragraphs to show that, regardless of race, color or condition of servitude, every member of this sanctified organization was well trained in the technique of serving the Master.

Take the activities of the white brothers first. There were generally three of these fellows, two of whom would travel along incognito and attend all revivals, while the third would appear as a close companion and confidential friend of the evangelist. The congregation would begin to assemble for a meeting, and as the good people drove or rode up, possibly having come many miles to attend the preachin', the Rev. Dr. Murrell, accompanied by his personal deacon, would mingle with the crowd, shake hands with as many as he could and as he did so would indicate his choice in horseflesh to his assistant in the following fashion:

"Ah, Brother Jones," he would say, "that's a fine mare you have," or "Glad to meet you, Brother Perkins, and see you riding such a good horse. Lots of bottom in that animal. I wish I owned one as good." Thus he would greet his customers for salvation; thus he would select maybe half a dozen of their best horses, and then, after he had mounted the pulpit, called the sinners to the mercy seat and was industriously scrubbing their souls to make them whiter than snow, he was, at the same time, watching carefully out of the corner of his eye to see that his two anonymous retainers, to whom the word had been passed by the deacon, were on the job and were detaching the right horses from the hitch racks.

The evangelist's colored retainer, Sam, who traveled with him as his personal body-servant, and with whom he would trust his right eye, was also an active and profitable asset. Sam liked his work too, but what romantic darky wouldn't when all he was called upon to do was to fall in love with the best-looking colored girl belonging to the richest planter in every neighborhood where they held a meeting, report his predicament to his good master and let the master handle it? The master knew how. Rather than destroy love's young dream by tearing Sam away from the only girl the boy had ever loved, the good man allowed himself to be persuaded to part with the lad eighteen times. After the purchase price had passed, the demands of business outweighed those of sentiment, and therefore, after Sam had lived in bliss for a few days, he was ruthlessly stolen again, right out of the arms of his fair one, and carried on to the next station.

But poor Sam. He allowed himself to be led once too often to the altar. After he had formed his seventeenth alliance he should have insisted on sticking to that woman and not have permitted his manager to drag him on to where he met the charming wench belonging to the rich Mrs. Higginbotham. Not that the wench wasn't all right. She probably was, but something else was wrong. The revival which was being conducted in the Higginbotham neighborhood was the last one the Rev. Dr. Murrell planned to hold before his return to Tennessee, and therefore, although Sam didn't know it, his usefulness as a perpetually repeating bridegroom was at end. The last sale, however, was made as all the others had been. Because Sam was such a good boy, having been raised in the odor of sanctity, and because he was so much in love with one of her women, Mrs. Higginbotham wanted to buy him.

Sam's Last Sale

She did so, for $800 cash in hand paid to Dr. Murrell, who accepted the money under protest, but three days later made no bones whatever about stealing the boy back, conducting him across the river and, because he was afraid he might talk if he was turned loose, pledging him to eternal secrecy by filling him full of buckshot.

This pious deed done, and the memory of it cast into the swamp where "the frogs for many a long day have sung for the repose of the skeleton," Dr. Murrell went on back to Tennessee, where in almost no time at all he found himself in the middle of a lot of trouble. Three darkies belonging to a man named Long, together with several copies of the circular advertising them as runaway niggers, were found in Dr. Murrell's possession, and as he was not a prophet in his own section of Tennessee, but on the contrary was looked upon as a rather undesirable citizen, he was at once arrested and put on trial for theft of the trio of colored men. The doctor, however, hadn't devoted his previous three years in the pen to the study of criminal law for nothing. He argued his own case; set up the defense that as he hadn't been caught stealing the darkies, but had only been found in possession of them, he couldn't be accused of theft. All he had done, he said, was to give three Negroes who were trying to escape from the lashings of a cruel master a good Christian home, and therefore all the court could do, if anything, was to bring in a money judgment against him in favor of Long for the value of the labor of the darkies for the time they had been in his possession.

The court saw the point, and brought in a verdict as requested, but, the judge said, "In case, Dr. Murrell, you fail to pay the amount at once, you yourself will be bound to Long as his slave until you work it out." Murrell grinned; appealed the case to a higher court—even though he had gotten the verdict he asked for—gave bail pending a final decision, and immediately moved down to Madison County, where he began operations by stealing a pair of slaves from a fellow worker in the vineyard by the name of Parson Henning.

These darkies were sent on to Arkansas for sale and resale as usual under the chaperonage of a confederate, and a day or two later Murrell set out to follow them and collect the proceeds. It was cold weather; it was a long, lonely ride, and so when our man passed through the little town of Denmark he was glad to fall in with a young fellow who was riding in the same direction looking for stolen horses.

A Promising Recruit

By adroit questioning Murrell finally succeeded in drawing from this man that he was literally honing for a chance to make money. He didn't care how he made it, so long as it didn't involve work, and hearing this our hero, who had temporarily abandoned his disguise as a preacher, launched out into a glorious description of the gaudy joys of a criminal life.

The stranger listened; he was spellbound by Murrell's eloquence, and the upshot of it was that the two men formed an alliance, went to Arkansas together, made sales for future delivery, to many planters, of many slaves yet to be stolen, and finally after several weeks of intimate relationship they returned to Tennessee to begin active operations. Before doing so, though, as they both had some private matters to attend to, they separated at almost the exact spot where they had first met, and that night the young stranger, having attended to *his* private business in a good deal of a hurry, John T. Murrell was arrested by a large posse on charges covering every crime in the calendar.

Securely locked up in jail the good man raved and prayed but what could he do about it? During his wanderings with the young man, who had said his name was Hues, but who was really Virgil A. Stewart, the eminent divine had bared his soul. He had told the youth all about the crimes he had ever committed, of which but a few have been mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, and, as a fatal and final blunder, he had taken the stranger into his confidence and imparted to him the details of his perfected arrangements for carrying out the most widespread and diabolical plot in the history of America.

(Continued on page 44)

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IT'S as foolish to spend your money for radio batteries you don't know anything about as it is to bet on a horse that's never run before . . . you may win, but the chances are against you!

Tests conducted in accordance with U.S.Government standards *prove* the superiority of Ray-O-Vac Radio Batteries—*prove* longer life, longer service.

And as for tubes—you can't buy any better tubes than Ray-O-Vac Licensed Radio Tubes . . . they *make good programs better.* Your dealer carries them . . . ask him to show you!

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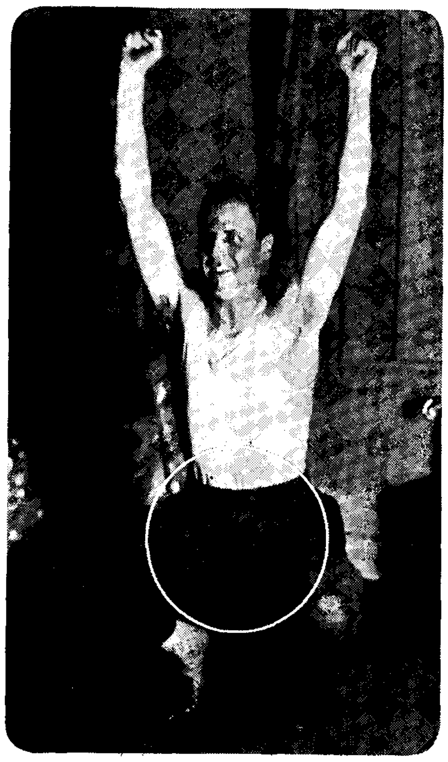

"Keeping fit" you can keep safe

In no major school or college sport would a student be allowed to compete... or even practice... without an athletic supporter. In your own casual exercise or play... either in youth or after-life... how much more urgent the protection which trained athletes require!

Whatever physical activity keeps you fit... bowling, handball, swimming, skating, squash, "gym" work or "daily dozen"... you can depend on *Pal* to keep you safe. It adds to your ease, poise, confidence by guarding the less-used muscles and delicate cords of abdomen, back and groin against painful wrenches and sudden, awkward strains.

Pal's light, porous-knit pouch is reinforced by stout ribs of live rubber, giving super-support and super-comfort. A dollar buys it... and it will outwear two or three average supporters. (In Canada, $1.25 and up.)

Bike is a sturdy one-piece, all-elastic supporter used and approved by athletes, coaches and trainers for 55 years. It costs as little as 50 cents at druggists and sporting goods dealers. (In Canada, 60 cents upward.)

Pal and BIKE

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What every man should know *about the need and functions of a supporter is concisely presented in our new treatise "Guard the Vital Zone." Address Bauer & Black, 2530 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, for free copy.*

(*Continued from page 43*)

In brief it was this: During all the time the Rev. Dr. Murrell had been evangelizing in the South, which was a period covering several years, he had been busy at something much more comprehensive than the stealing of an occasional darky, the murder, every now and then, of a passing traveler and the conversion of the wayward sinners. Everywhere he went, as was shown by his tale, as he told it to Virgil Stewart, he had consorted with a certain class of renegade whites, to the end that he had formed an organization, with numerous representatives in every Southern state, the object of which was to cause the ignorant Negroes to rise up in rebellion, slaughter all the white people, except those who led them, seize the plantations, loot the towns, rob the banks and after that, of course, Murrell and his conspirators would sail away from the country carrying shiploads of treasure with them.

In fact, just before this great liberator separated from his companion to whom he had so liberally opened his heart, he gave him the names of about 200 men who were implicated in the scheme with him and said: "Hues, I want you to be with me in New Orleans on the night the Negroes commence their ravages. I intend to head the company that attacks that town myself. I feel an ambition to demolish the city which was defended from the British by the great General Jackson."

The night spoken of by Murrell as the one when the ravages would begin was already set. The slaughter was to start on December 25, 1835, and as it was already late in March of that year when Hues, or Stewart as we will call him from now on, caused Murrell's arrest there was no time to be lost if the South was to be adequately warned of what was in store for it. But in a country where there were no railroads, no radios, no telegraph or telephone, no mails to speak of, and hardly any newspapers, how was that to be done? Nobody knew.

The people in Madison County, where Murrell was in prison, were either too stunned by the enormity of the plot, or too much afraid of Murrell's gang, to take any action at all. But Stewart was not. At Murrell's trial he testified to all the prisoner had told him, but as only one of the crimes recounted, that of the theft of Parson Henning's two Negroes, had been committed in Madison County the court could only convict the ex-preacher on that one offense. It did that, however, with praiseworthy promptness, sentencing Murrell to ten years in the pen; and at once life for Virgil A. Stewart, who asserted that he was going to publish the whole thing to the world, became extremely interesting.

Stewart Escapes

In the notes which Stewart had carefully taken he had the names of more than 200 men throughout the South given to him by Murrell as members of the association, and of course every one of these individuals, when he was apprised of Stewart's intention of publishing the list, literally lusted for that young man's gore. On several occasions they almost got him. His landlady tried three times to poison him; his "best friend," who was in reality one of the Murrell gang, endeavored to deliver him into the hands of his enemies, and finally Madison County became so infested with gentlemen who were openly out to kill him that, assuming a disguise and picking a dark night for the purpose, he endeavored to make his get-away. In this effort, though, he was not exactly one hundred per cent successful, because in a battle he was forced into with three men who trailed him, and in which he killed one man and wounded both the others, he acquired a slug in his own leg which almost caused him to die by the roadside. But he didn't. Some passing strangers picked him up, and in the end, more dead than alive though, he finally reached Cincinnati, where he put his notes into shape, had the whole story of Murrell's devilment and plans printed in the form of a pamphlet, and thereafter as soon as he was able he took the road himself to see that they were distributed all over the South.

The Plot Fails

These pamphlets were of course an eye-opener in every community in which they were circulated. Sister Higginbotham and many others like her who had lost live stock and darkies, but had failed to note that their losses were coincidental with Dr. Murrell's preaching, felt their faith shrink within them, while, on the other hand, and because Stewart's pamphlet contained the names and addresses of the members of the "organization," many men whose names in their respective neighborhoods were Jones, Brown and Green moved hurriedly into other locations, where they introduced themselves as Smith, White and Gray.

But the thing didn't end there. Murrell's plans had been too well laid and he had enlisted too many cutthroats under his banner for his plot not to bear at least one crop of fruit. It did, and it was a bloody one.

One day about the middle of June, 1835, a lady living at Beattie's Bluff, Madison County, Mississippi, overheard a conversation between a "field hand" and one of the colored girls who worked in the house, in which the "field hand" asserted that it was going to be perfectly all right for them to kill all the white babies as they (the babies) would all go straight to heaven, which they wouldn't do if they grew up.

This conversation naturally aroused the lady's curiosity; she reported it to her husband and an investigation followed, in which it was shown that: "A fragment of the most daring of Murrell's followers had conspired to carry out the plans of their chieftain on July 4th instead of December 25th, thus anticipating the vigilance of the communities. But, being deprived of the management of their archdemon, who had successfully directed the conspiracy over thirteen states for eight years, this plot miscarried."

It more than miscarried. It bounced back. In the investigation conducted by the Committee of Safety of Madison County, Mississippi, which began with the examination of a number of darkies, three of whom were hanged, it developed that the plot to slaughter all the whites was widespread and that the moving spirits back of it were white men. A number of these whites were arrested, and as the testimony of the Negroes indicated that a certain Dr. Joshua Cotton was the ringleader of the group he was placed on trial first. The evidence against Dr. Cotton was so strong that he made a written confession, a part of which follows:

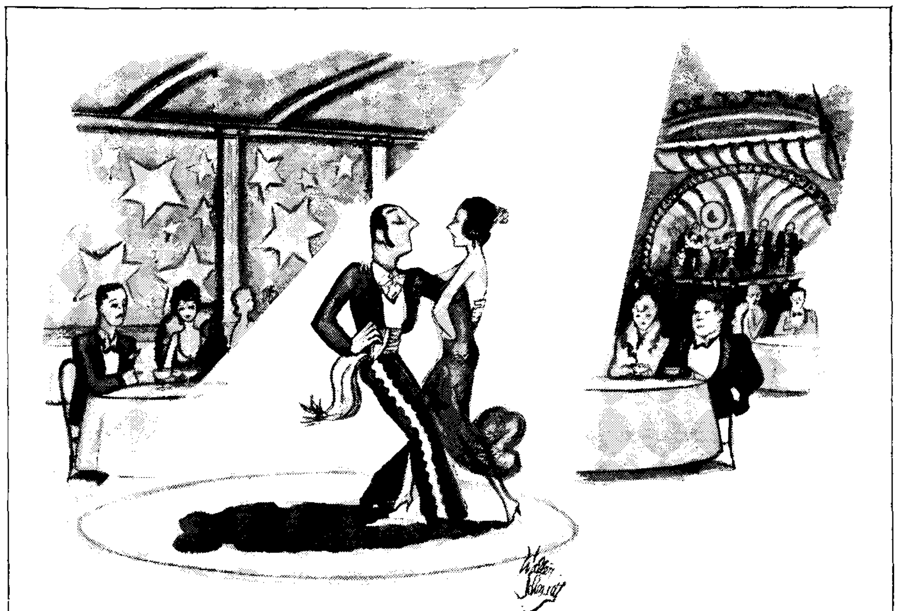
"I acknowledge my guilt, and I was one of the principal men in bringing about the conspiracy. I am one of the Murrell clan, a member of what we called the grand council. I counseled with them twice. Our object in inciting the Negroes to rebellion was not to liberate them, but for plunder. I was trying to carry into effect the plan of Murrell as laid down in Stewart's pamphlet."

In the balance of his confession Dr. Cotton implicated other white men, who were immediately brought before the committee, with the result that on July 4th there was a double hanging at which Dr. Joshua Cotton and William Saunders were the guests of honor, while on July 8th there was another one with Albe Dean and A. L. Donoval wearing the black caps.

Posthumous Justice

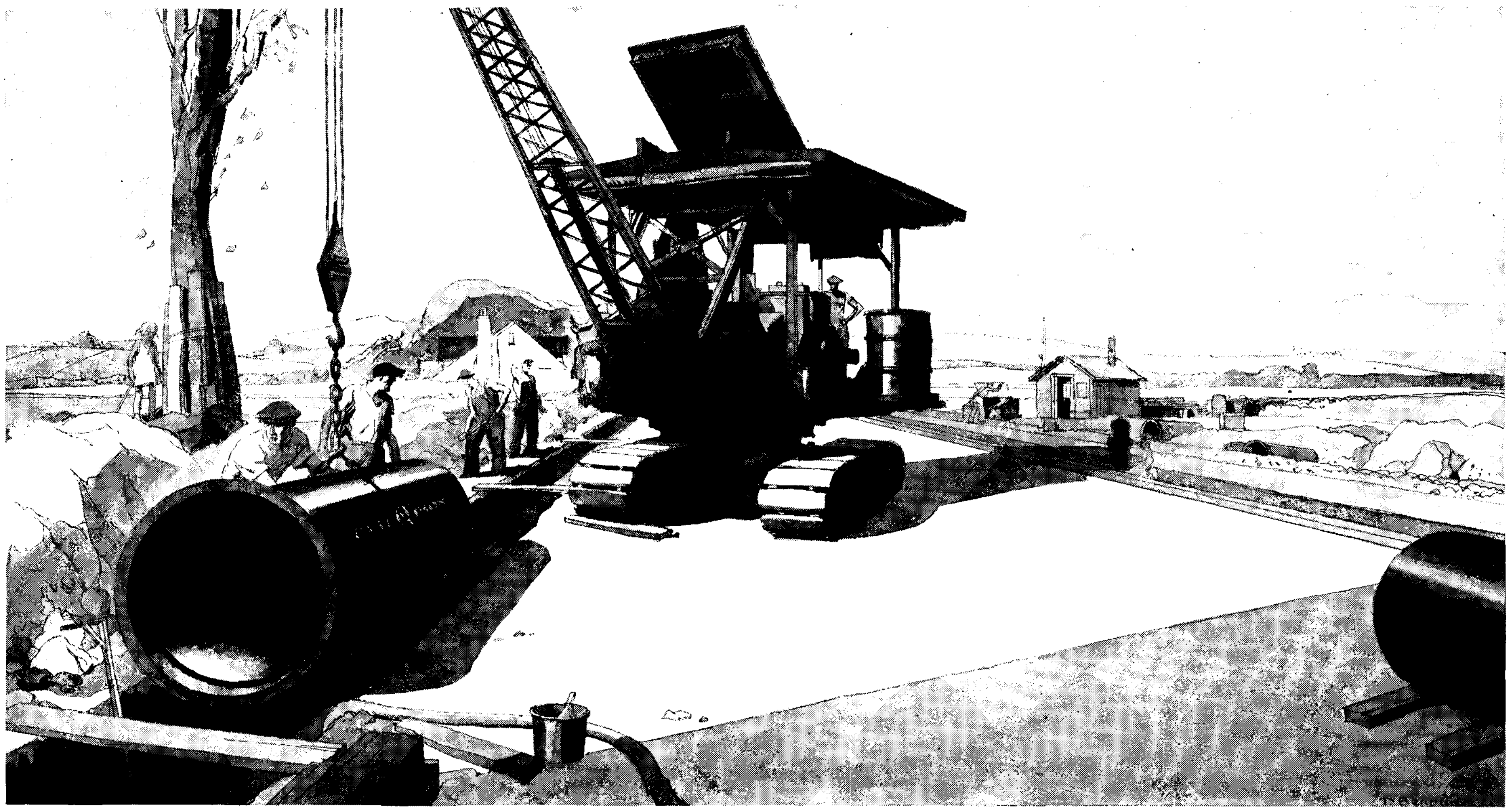
This hanging of seven men, four whites and three blacks, in Mississippi, news of which was spread over the South as rapidly as possible, effectually destroyed the infernal structure which it had taken Rev. Dr. Murrell eight years to erect. But what of Murrell himself? Well, he almost, but not quite, dropped out of the story when he was locked up in the penitentiary. He served out his term of ten years, and after that, much broken in health, he went up in the Cumberland Mountains, where he lived for several months with a man named Billingley, a few miles north of Pikesville. Then he died and was buried in the Billingley graveyard.

This should have ended his career. But it didn't. During his lifetime John T. Murrell had posed before many congregations as a living example of what it means to be righteous, and, remembering this, certain citizens of the South determined that in his death he be exhibited to the world as an example of what it meant to be wicked. They therefore repaired to the Billingley plot, disinterred Dr. Murrell, who of course took no interest in the proceedings, and hung him to a tree by the roadside.



"The milkman is kicking about you not washing out the bottles!"

Are your taxes buying the pipe that lasts a century?



WHAT kind of pipe are your taxes paying for . . . short-lived pipe that will soon have to be replaced at great cost and inconvenience, or cast iron pipe which serves a century?

Some part of your tax money, or of the bills you pay for water or gas, must go toward paying for underground pipe lines. How city funds are budgeted few citizens attempt to understand. But whether your city puts down pipe that will have to be paid for once, or several times over, is a question in which you can and should take an active interest. And, it has a simple and conclusive answer—the use of long-lived pipe.

Cast iron mains are laid only once and paid for only once in any man's lifetime. When they're down, they're down for a century or more. No tearing up of costly streets to replace short-lived mains. In Philadelphia, in St. Louis, in Richmond, cast iron mains are still serving after 100 years.

The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practical for underground mains, for rust will not destroy it.

You can identify cast iron pipe by the "Q-check" symbol stenciled on every length. It is your assurance that this pipe will never have to be paid for twice in your lifetime.

CAST IRON PIPE

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CAST Q IRON

Look for the "Q-check" symbol as shown above. It is the registered trade mark of the Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

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Now.. I've gone scientific!

"JIM, we both win," he wrote me, "Mennen made good on your *guarantee, but it made* better *on my skin! Those 2 more shaves aren't the most important thing about Mennen. They are just proof that every Mennen shave is a better shave. Now, how does Mennen do it, and why?"*

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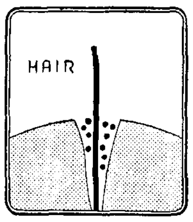
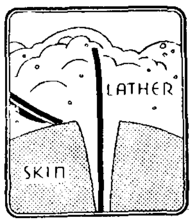
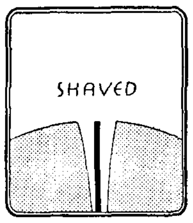
Well, here's how:



A magnified hair follicle and a whisker *before* you apply Mennen lather. The dots are the dirt particles that can cause infections, blackheads and blemishes.



Mennen lather is applied. The razor is ready to cut. Notice how Mennen lather dives down after those dirt dots. It clings to the whisker and soaks all the toughness out. Less work for the razor. No yanking. No wear and tear on the skin. Longer blade life.



After the Mennen shave. The whisker cut clean and close. *All* the dirt gone—no chance for infection, blackheads, blemishes. The skin refreshed . . . toned up, good to look at!

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Now... isn't it easy to understand why this Mennen action means *at least* two more good shaves from every blade.

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Bustin' Through

Continued from page 19

his eyebrows lifted and came apart, and he said with a fatherly smile: "It's no strange thing for a man to be growin' short-tempered in trainin'. It's a sign in some men that they're gettin' into grand condition for racin'. But you give in to your temper and the ship's name is gone. Out oars and give way, and we'll hit up a fifty-to-a-minute stroke and keep it till we're back to ship. Put your backs to it now."

A slim sapling of a man he was, but the master of that boat. They put their backs to it and Joel for one had no other wish for the rest of that practice than that that hard-boiled old coxswain would look his way and smile at him.

JOEL used to think in the early days that Folleran wasn't taking any notice of him, until one day down between decks he heard Mr. Hall say—they both being hid from him on the other side of a bulkhead: "How's that hill-billy in the waist of the boat making out, Folleran?"

And Folleran said: "He's got guts. I think he'll make out, sir." That was back in San Pedro Harbor when Joel had only been in the boat a week.

Joel did not like the hill-billy part, which was all right coming from folks back home in his county town—they being hill-billies themselves, the most of them, before they moved into town. But he couldn't say Mr. Hall's voice wasn't friendly, and to be hearing a word of anything like praise from Folleran was so surprising as to be upsetting almost.

The date of the fleet championship race was posted on the ship's bulletin board. Joel was down for a midwatch, a four-hours watch, the night before. He was wishing he didn't have to stand it, and his race coming off the next day; but there it was to be stood, and he turned in after taps to get what sleep he could, telling the boson's mate of the watch where he was slinging his hammock so he could be called.

He wasn't called. He slept until reveille. Somebody had stood his watch for him.

He rolled out of his hammock, got himself a cup of coffee from the ship's galley, assembled with the rest of the race crew at the port gangway. They saluted the officer of the deck, filed down the ladder to their boat, and paddled toward the starting line, a mile and a half away. A motor barge flying a little red pennant with two white stars steamed up to them. An officer that somebody whispered was their division admiral came out of her cabin. It was Joel's first peek at an admiral at close quarters. Barring the extra gold braid, and his being older, he looked like most any other officer. They lay on their oars while the admiral looked them over.

"You've a likely looking race crew there, coxon," he said by and by.

Captain or admiral talking to him never jarred Folleran. "Their looks don't belie 'em, sir," answered Folleran, with a grin.

"Then I guess they won't disgrace the division," said the admiral.

"Not these lads, sir."

The admiral smiled and the barge steamed off, and Folleran said: "He's a good old scout at that, rollin' out of his bunk in the early mornin' to be lookin' a race crew over. Give way!"

Ship's motor boats—gigs and whale boats and sailers—were scooting every which way across the bay on the business of the fleet. And some of the ships had sent out cheering parties to follow their race boats over the course. The Missacala's big motor sailer was there with bluejackets sitting on plank seats rigged fore and aft above the thwarts. She looked like a section of baseball bleachers somewhere ashore, and her gunnels were just out of water.

The starting officer came along then and the race boat coxswains all answered to their ships' names and took their places near the starting line. The crews rested on their oars while the officer gave out instructions. Joel paid no attention to the instructions—Folleran had told them not to. He'd get all the necessary instructions. All he wanted them to remember was to row when the time came.

"Back water!" It was Folleran talking now, and the starting officer waving his hand to whoever wasn't in line. "Easy, easy—way enough. We'll get the gun soon now. Ste-a-dy!"

They hung there, oars ready to catch the water, for a foolishly long time it seemed to Joel—and then came the starting gun and Folleran's shouted order: "Dig in! Dig in an' get her runnin'! Dig in! Dig in! That's it—now she's swingin'. Take your stroke from me, Morelli"—Morelli was the stroke oar—"and close your eyes to any other boat—I'm watchin' the other boats!"

Forward and backward the coxswain swayed from his waist, and forward and backward they swayed with him. He was steering the boat with the tiller held between his thighs, which left his hands and arms free to be pushed out in front of him and drawn back with his swaying body. With only the least turn of his head, he was watching the boats abreast and on his quarter. He would lift his chin now and then, but that was to see over their heads and lay a straight course to the finish boats far down the battleship line.

The race crew wore short bathing trunks, and sneakers on their feet, and nothing else; all except the man sitting beside Joel, who had a handkerchief of many colors around his head. But he was some kind of a foreigner—a Pole or an Eye-tal-ian, or something—and those foreigners had to do things different of course. Folleran was in his C. P. O. uniform, except he had left his blouse aboard the ship. His white shirt was freshly laundered, his black bow neatly tied, his shoes were shined and the peak of his cap pulled down over his eyes to shade them from the low tropic sun.

TWO boats were leading them, and another was abreast. Joel couldn't see the boats ahead, but the sound of their oars told him they couldn't be far ahead. He was peeking from the outboard corner of one eye at the one abreast, when he heard:

"Never mind any other boats—keep your eyes on me!" Folleran, of course. If a fellow only winked to himself he'd notice it. "If you're bound to look at something, look at me. There's the mile mark under our stern. Keep her swingin' now. That's it. That's the stroke. Pretty, pretty! Soon now I'll call for ten fast ones. Now! One, two, three . . . eight, nine, ten! Good work!"

The boat abreast of them had dropped back—Joel could see her now without rolling his eyes sideways.

"Another ten!" said Folleran. He would bawl them out in practice, but never in a race. All praise and cheerful talk he was now, with a voice loud enough to carry to the bow oar and no farther. "Now then!" he said softly. "One, two . . . nine, ten. Fine work! Two miles gone, and soon now we'll be laying this loafer on our port bow under our quarter. Ten fast ones now. One, two, three . . . Good! You're rowing like a bunch o' heroes. And now twenty to overhaul this baby on our starb'd bow. One, two, three, four—that's it—six, seven—they're hearin' and seein' the white water singing under our bow now—eleven, twelve—they'll be hearin' it boil out from under our stern before long—fifteen, sixteen—that's showin' 'em something—eighteen—you're rowin' like your twelve oars were one . . . nineteen, twenty. Steady again."

With that second fast ten Joel thought he would pass out. Before the second twenty was over he was sure he would. How the others ever stood it he couldn't understand. But there they were—fast tens and fast twenties—there they were, still putting their backs into it. If they weren't, be sure they'd be hearing from Folleran. But there they were, still plugging away, and if they could stand it he reckoned he could too.

A boat on their port quarter was crawling up on them. Without having to turn his head Joel could see her. With a roll of his eyes Folleran could see her. "Here's the baby we got to beat! Here she comes, the great Missacala. And here we go to show her the road home. Give her ten!" They gave her ten. "Ten more for the benefit of the favorite." They gave her ten; and then ten more. But she was a stubborn one. "Give her twenty!" called the merciless Folleran. "Now then—one, two—you can do it—four, five—you think you can't maybe, but I know you can—eight, nine—I know you better than you know yourselves—twelve, thirteen . . ."

JOEL thought he had been weary before, but he knew now that he had never been weary in all his life before. He could hear a faint roar, which he knew for a great roar when his brain would let him think. Cheering crews on battleship decks that roar was, his own ship's crew among them.

Ships' bands were playing too.

"Three miles gone." Folleran again.

Three miles gone and four miles was the race. Twenty-four, more like. Folleran had a towel in his hand now. His slits of eyes glinted from one to the other of them. He bent over the gunnel, soaked the towel in the water, flicked it with a clever twisting motion and Joel could feel the cool drops falling on his hot chest and face. Folleran wet the towel again, continued to wet it and to flick it here and there from bow to stern of the boat.

Joel was hearing no more from cheering decks or playing bands; and what he was seeing was through a haze. He could hear Folleran though: "Not far now, not far now, boys," he was saying. "We're most there, most there. I may have to call on you for one last twenty and when I do put everything you got in it. Everything. Now! One, two—I said everything you got—five, six, seven . . ."

Joel could see Folleran's swaying body, and nothing else in all the bay. He swayed with him, pulled through his oar, reached forward, pulled through his oar, reached forward to that swaying body.

Folleran's body ceased swaying. He held up a flat palm and shouted something. "Way enough," was it? Folleran straightened up, slipped his thighs

(*Continued on page 51*)

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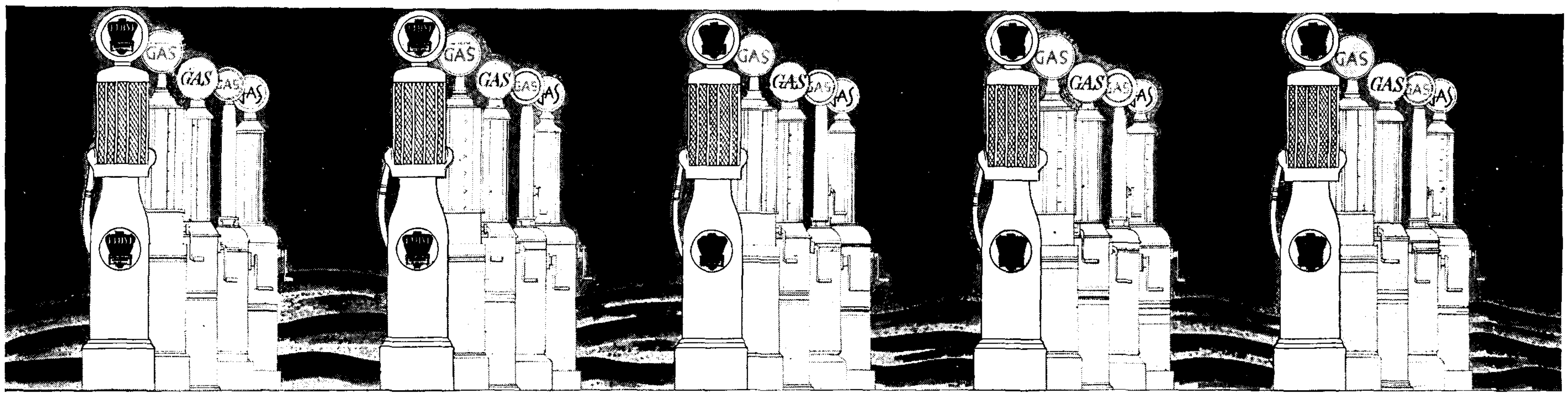

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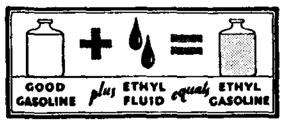

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The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

Bustin' Through

Continued from page 48

clear of the tiller, took off his cap, wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his thumb.

When Joel had strength enough to look around there was the Missacala's boat side by side with their own.

"They done licked us," moaned Joel.

"A quarter len'th I'd call it," said Folleran. "A good quarter len'th. Not a great beatin', but enough. Yes, there it is!" He was looking toward the judges' boat. "There it goes, our signal number." Not till then did Joel know they had won.

"You rowed a fine race," said Folleran. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes and a box of matches from a hip pocket, passed cigarettes and matches to the stroke oar, saying: "Pass 'em along, boy. And for'ard there! There's a gallon vacuum bottle of ice water in the bow. Help yourselves for'ard and pass it along aft." For himself, he pulled out tobacco and his old black pipe from his other hip pocket and prepared to smoke up.

FOLLERAN whoofed smoke upward from his thrust-out lower lip, cast an oblique glance over his left shoulder: "I don't mind the Missacala gang—they've a good race crew and rate a little braggin'—but the coxon of that boat that's passin' the line now—he tried to tell me at the smoker aboard the New York only three nights ago that he'd beat our heads off today. Well, he was only twenty len'ths out the way."

For two minutes or more the racing boats continued to come along, every last one of them living up to the Navy tradition of not slacking the stroke until the line was crossed and the coxswain called out: "Way enough!"

The Missacala's race boat had drifted close to them. "A good crew you got there, Folleran," hailed her coxswain.

"They're a good crew," admitted Folleran. "You've a pretty good crew yourself."

"Pretty good? Another ship's len'th to go an' we'd overhauled yuh."

"Overhauled us? Why, man, we had three or four boat len'ths in reserve if you'd pushed us."

"Three or four? That all? That must 'a' been why you were wet-nursin' 'em with a towel that last mile. An' maybe that's why half 'em still got their heads hangin' down between their knees?"

"Yes? Notice any of 'em, did you, with their heads between their knees while the race was on? What damn' fools they'd be to be sittin' up like a row of wooden soldiers and the race over and won! But you're all right at that. And it's all right your wantin' to get in a few words of explanation after losin' a hard-rowed race, but pipe down now, boy, pipe down and shove off."

It was a barge with stars on her bow that Folleran meant—a brass-bound barge she was, and their division admiral was hailing his congratulations and returning Folleran's salute.

Joel's seat mate had unwound his bright bandage from around his head and was soaking it in sea water. He swabbed his face and neck with it. He soaked the cloth again, was about to repeat the swabbing process, when his side glance encountered Joel's. He faced more squarely around and bashfully proffered the wet cloth to Joel.

They had been sitting together only three days, and the pair had only nodded to each other thus far. The driving Folleran left his crew little time for idle chatter during practice rows. Aboard ship the two saw each other rarely, Joel being in the deck division and the other an engine man somewhere below. Koskowski was the other's name—Joel remembered it now. He remembered also what Folleran had said to him aboard ship the night before.

The race boat crew had assembled in the C. P. O.'s messroom, where Mr. Hall made them a little speech, saying among other things that they had it in them to win the race next day, that they would win it if everybody in the boat forgot everything else except to row the boat the best he knew how.

Leaving the messroom, Folleran had dropped his arm on Joel's shoulder, saying: "That's a great lad I put sittin' alongside you a couple o' days ago, Hatfield. I matched him up with you in the waist of the boat because you're alike as two belaying pins in build. You're alike in other ways too."

"We-uns alike?" Joel had said. "A furriner, ain't he, a Pole or Eye-tal-ian o' some kind."

"Koskowski a foreigner? No, no, boy, not him. His people before him were foreign-born, if that's what you mean, but he's American all the way—the kind that don't talk about bein' American, but go out and be one. He had two older brothers in the Big War. One of 'em got bumped off with the 26th Division at Verdun. He's a great lad, a friendly soul, and he don't know how to quit any more than you do. He's got a queer idea you'd rather be sittin' alongside somebody else. I told him he's crazy to be thinkin' that. A great lad, boy. You'll find him pulling his full share alongside you tomorrow."

He had sure pulled his full share—his lean, muscular body was still heaving with his effort. Joel was well blown too; and when now for the first time since sitting in the boat they looked fairly at each other, they did so drawing labored breaths. Koskowski gazed at Joel, suddenly his timid gesture gave way to firmer action. "Good for you," he said, squeezing the cloth over Joel's head, swabbing his face and neck vigorously. "Cool you off. That better? Feel good, huh?"

"Hit do feel coolin'," admitted Joel. "Wuz you-uns aweary in the race?"

"Was I weary? That last mile I could feel my insides meltin' like a lump of tallow on a hot bearin'. Another half mile and all you'd seen of me on my side of this thwart would 'a' been a grease spot in the sun. Weary? Weary is a weak word, boy, to describe how I felt."

Joel nodded his understanding. He seized the handkerchief, wet it, swabbed Koskowski's face and neck, saying: "Ef hit's good fer me, hit's good fer you-uns too."

THE ship's No. 2 motor boat steamed up and standing in the cabin companionway was Mr. Hall. He was smiling widely.

"Guess the boys rowed a pretty good race, didn't they, Folleran?"

"They rowed a damn' good race."

"Pretty tough, was it?"

"It was tough, sir. It was"—he shot a glance around and, no competing crew being within hearing, went on: "It was as tough a race to win as ever I turned a tiller in. The Missacala, sir, she's got a race crew. A gang of hard, tough babies is what they are! An' that crew from the Scouting Fleet that finished third—it's from no Girl Scouts camp they come. Pleased aboard the ship, were they?"

"You betcher! Mr. Jelley had the deck, and I didn't even have to ask him for a boat to tow the race boat back to the ship. He volunteered a boat without me even hinting it. How's that?"

Folleran and Mr. Hall exchanged grins. "We must have rowed a great race, sir," said Folleran, and a gurgle rippled from stern to bow of the race boat. The Old Man himself, with guests in the cabin and his own gig away, would hesitate to ask Mr. Jelley for a boat to put the guests ashore.

The motor boat took them in tow; and her coxswain steered such a course to their ship as afforded other ships a chance to look a real race crew over. Joel and Koskowski exchanged confidences on the run down the line. Joel told how he came to enlist.

Shipmates crowded the rails to cheer them as they came alongside their own ship. The ship's band played them up over the side; and the frugal Mr. Jelley spared smiles for them as they passed him on the ladder grating.

In the showers Joel heard a voice say:

"How'd the hill-billy do, coxon?"

And the answer came:

"Lay off that hill-billy stuff. He did all right. He's a great lad. He rowed himself out. I thought he'd flop as we crossed the line. He's a game boy."

"You bet your old shoes he's game." Koskowski that was. "And a great guy too, when yuh come to know him."

THE race crew sat in to breakfast together; and later sought the deck to take their ease in the sun and air; and fellows came up to Joel—not from his own division alone, and not fellows he'd already come to know around deck, but fellows he'd never remembered seeing before—they came up, slapping him on the back, one saying: "You pulled a great oar, boy." Another: "I was watchin' the race boat passin' the ship, and you and Kosky, you two were cert'inly a pair of whalebone stays for the waist of that race boat." And so on.

Folleran and Koskowski came on deck with a large-sized group photograph of the race crew. Koskowski spied Joel. "Come here, Hat, will yuh? Remember you tellin' me about the speech made by that—what was his name—that congressman the day you enlisted?"

"He warn't no congressman. He jest ud like to be a one."

"A candidate?" That was from Folleran. "They're sometimes worse. They're the lads to feed a crowd what they think they'd like to hear. An' they cert'inly feed them a mess o' goo sometimes. But what d' y' say, boy, to sending him one of these photos?"

"Ter Lawyer Lester? What fer?"

"So he can read the muster roll of one American battleship race crew. A good race crew. Listen to it, boy—it sounds like the line-up of a big league ball team or one of those college elevens—a good eleven. Listen, boy—Morelli, Archer, Murphy, Hoffman, Koskowski, Hatfield . . . what d' y' say to sendin' him—"

"Ter Lawyer Lester? No, suh. I wouldn't spile nary a one on him. But thar's Jedge Branscombe. He done tol' me right. 'Son,' the jedge said, 'you-uns'll find most folks is good folks when you-uns comes to know them.' I'll send the jedge a one."

"You're bustin' through now, boy!" Folleran slapped him terrifically on the back; and over his shoulder, as he walked off, he said again, "You're cert'inly bustin' through, boy."

Joel wasn't just sure what he meant, but Folleran was a great shipmate, and Kosky was a great shipmate. They were all great shipmates.

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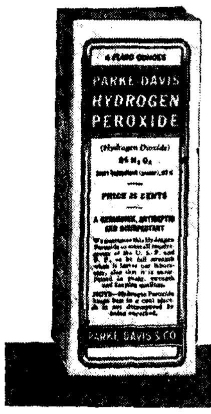
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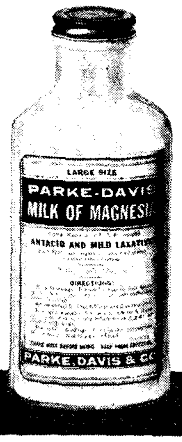
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SHAVING
CREAM
PARKE DAVIS & COMPANY
TRIAL SIZE
PARKE-DAVIS
Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE
A SCIENTIFIC DENTIFRICE
TRIAL SIZE
FRAICHELLE
CLEANSING
CREAM
NEKO
THE GENUINE GERMICIDAL SOAP
THE ORIGINAL PRODUCT
PARKE, DAVIS & CO

Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Michigan, *or* Walkerville, Ontario.

Gentlemen: Please send me, free, trial packages of Parke-Davis products I have checked.

- ☐ Euthymol Tooth Paste
- ☐ Parke-Davis Shaving Cream
- ☐ Neko—*the Original Germicidal Soap*
- ☐ Fraichelle Cleansing Cream

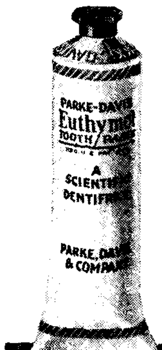
Name______________________________

Address____________________________

Your druggist sells Parke-Davis Products

Rise and shine!

Singing in the shower. A brisk rub-down. Then, to top off your preparations for the day, a friendly session with Euthymol Tooth Paste (pronounced u-THI'-mol). You'll start your breakfast and your day *with new zest.* And you'll have the comforting thought that not only is Euthymol pleasant and refreshing but it is scientifically compounded by the largest and most experienced makers of medicines in the world. So, of course, it does its work well. It cleans your teeth thoroughly and polishes them till they gleam. Ask your druggist for Euthymol—or mail the coupon on this page for a free trial tube.


PARKE-DAVIS
Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE
A SCIENTIFIC DENTIFRICE
PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

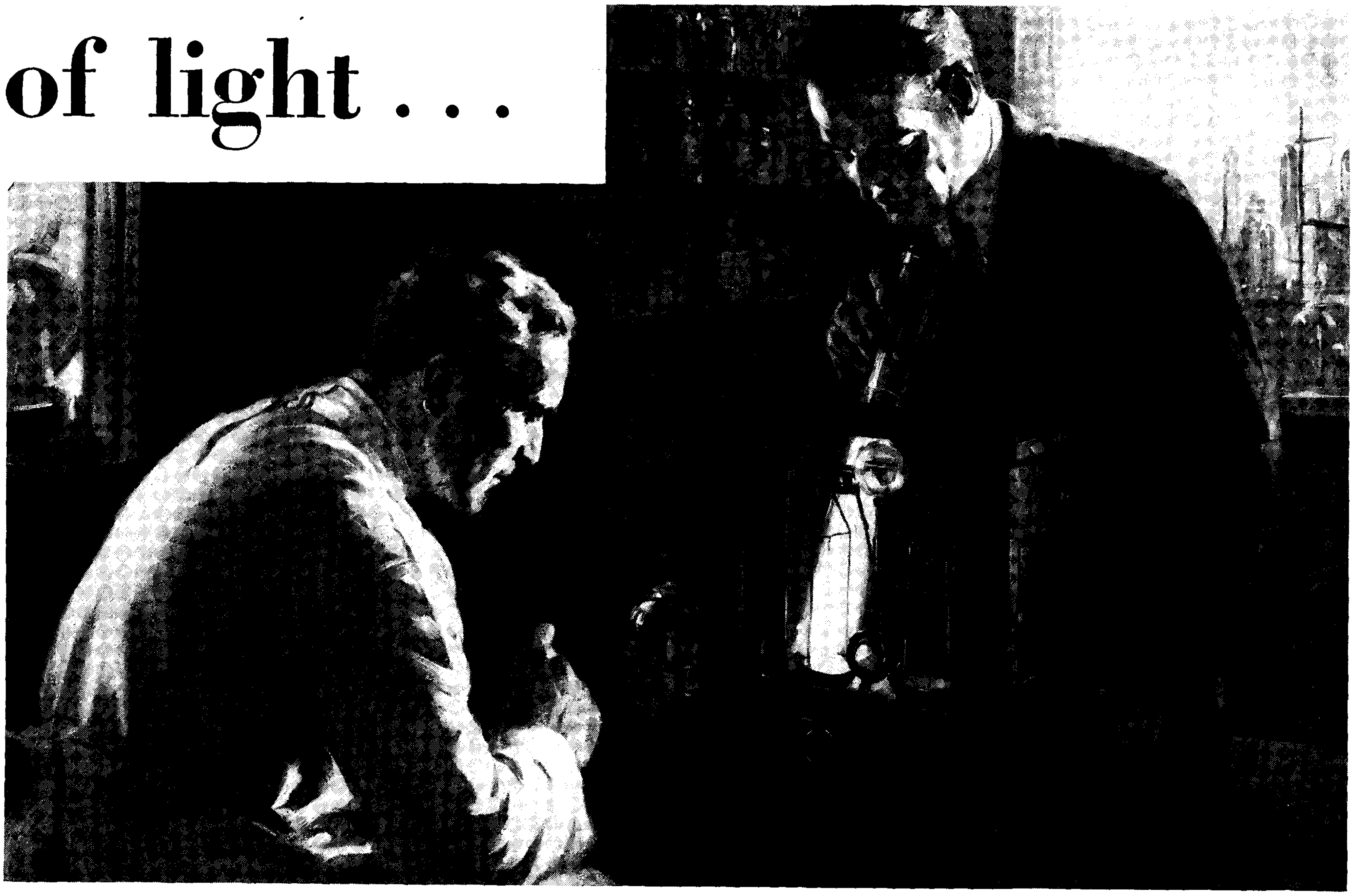
News that interrupted a party

One spade . . . two diamonds . . . two spades . . . three clubs—and then Junior, aged 4, burst in upon the afternoon bridge party. The conversation veered to children, foods, cod-liver oil. Then one mother learned for the first time that there is a world of difference in cod-liver oils. How much of the needed vitamins had her baby been getting? There is an easy way of being certain of the vitamin content of cod-liver oil. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. One teaspoonful contains as much of the resistance-building Vitamin A as 11 pints of whole milk or 9 eggs, and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 2 pounds of butter or 7½ eggs. In 4- and 16-oz. bottles, and in *soft,* easy-to-take capsules.

PARKE-DAVIS
STANDARDIZED
COD-LIVER OIL
PARKE, DAVIS & CO

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

# of light . . .



. . . swings the scale

Accuracy! In the Parke-Davis laboratories you can see a balance so sensitive that it is affected by the infinitesimal energy from a beam of light—a balance which can measure weight-differences as small as one twenty-eight-*millionth* of an ounce.

Only super-sensitive instruments can provide the infinite precision required by Parke-Davis standards of accuracy for research work on certain highly scientific medicines used by your physician.

Throughout the great Parke-Davis manufacturing laboratories—in the United States, Canada, Europe, South America and Australia—accuracy is a veritable religion. In no other organization in the world is there a more exacting system of safeguards and counter-checks against possible error.

This system of accuracy embraces the manufacture, not only of Parke-Davis medicines, but also of the preparations listed on these pages for your daily home use.

Perhaps you have not realized, for example, that, before Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is bottled and labeled with the Parke-Davis name, its quality and vitamin content are definitely measured by an elaborate set of standardization tests. These tests must show that the oil will correct rickets and promote growth of bone and tissue in animals at a definite rate, within certain definite time-limits.

Physicians and druggists all over the world put their professional faith in the Parke-Davis label as a symbol of high quality and accuracy. You can do the same every day, whether you are purchasing toilet accessories like tooth paste and shaving cream or such preparations as cod-liver oil, milk of magnesia and hydrogen peroxide.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN · WALKERVILLE, ONT.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

It may strike you as strange

to think of coffee and sleep at the same time. But it is a fact that you can now drink one of the world's finest coffees—any time, day or night—without disturbing your sleep or nerves.

It is Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee—free from all caffeine effect. Made for the millions of coffee lovers who are denied their favorite drink because of the caffeine. You can drink all the Kaffee Hag Coffee you want—with never a worry. It can't keep you awake or affect your nerves.

And what wonderful coffee it is! A magnificent new coffee plant, one of the most modern in the world, has been built in Battle Creek. Here Kaffee Hag is roasted from the finest blends of coffee from which the caffeine is removed. Sealed fresh in vacuum cans so as to reach you with all its delicious flavor and aroma unharmed. Try it. Note how good it is—and then see how soundly and pleasantly you'll sleep!

Kellogg's
KAFFEE HAG COFFEE
the coffee that lets you sleep

A RADIO FEATURE

Every Sunday evening over the Blue network, Kellogg's *Kaffee Hag Coffee presents* to you the popular Slumber Music, a distinctive program of the sweetest music ever written. Tune in and enjoy it—from 11:00 to 11:30 in the East, 10:00 to 10:30 Central time, and 9:00 to 9:30 Mountain time. Stations—WJZ, WBZA, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WLW, WCFL, KWK, WREN. Also KFI, KOMO, from 10:00 to 10:30; and KOA, 10:30 to 11:00.

Eye of the Beholder

Continued from page 9

out. I'm worrying about her, Art."

"I'm not worried about Edie Lou," I said, "I'm worried about you."

He stared at me. His hair was rumpled and his eyes didn't look as if he'd had much sleep.

"How so, Artie?" he said.

I told him he was taking it too seriously. I asked him what if Edie Lou didn't fall in love with him. It was as near as I could get to what was going to happen.

Barry thought that over a minute.

"Art," he said, "you don't love a girl because you *think* she's going to love you."

Trouble started the next week.

Katrinka and I went to a dinner dance at the Hunt Club. Edie Lou was there with Mort Cowden. I was sitting across the table from her, and I saw her proceed to get neatly squiffed in about twenty minutes.

Try to figure that out.

WELL, Barry came with the stags around ten o'clock. I nailed him on the lawn. I knew I ought to let him march right in and see Edie Lou, giggly drunk, carrying on with Mort and the gang. But somehow I couldn't face it.

"This party's a wash-out," I told him. "I'll get Katrinka and we'll push on to the Coronado. What say?"

His face fell.

"Oh, isn't Edie Lou here?"

"No. I think she went to some shindig at the Cowden place, instead."

I almost got away with it. You always almost do.

Edie Lou and Mort decided to get some fresh air just as I started in to find Katrinka.

Barry saw her on the steps. I'll say this for her: She had the decency to turn away and try to get back inside the club.

"Edie Lou . . . just a moment, please. You don't mind, do you, Mort? I just—"

Then he saw Edie Lou wobble.

"Why, Edie Lou—you're sick—here—"

I thought I'd better duck. Didn't want to look. Got sick from the silence. Then Mort Cowden giggled.

"She's not sick, Barry," he said. "Ha, ha, ha. She lapped up too much cham—"

Barry slapped him across the mouth. Mort staggered back. "Take Edie Lou inside—somebody," Barry said. He grabbed Mort and pulled him down the steps. Then they went at it.

Edie Lou butted in while gentle hands were lifting Mort off the greensward.

"You big bully!" she yelled at Barry. "It wasn't his fault. I'm not sick. I'm c-cock-eyed dr—"

Barry drowned out her voice, saying loudly to me: "Edie Lou's all upset. You and Katrinka take her home, will you? I've got to go and wash up."

Katrinka and I took Edie Lou home. She was perfectly sober by this time. None of us said a word all the way. When we got to the portico of the Mabry's marble shack Edie Lou climbed out and thanked us as if nothing had happened. Then, all of a sudden, she burst into tears; said: "Tell Barry I'm sorry, will you, Art?" and ran into the house.

Try to figure that out.

When I told Barry what Edie Lou had said he came back with: "Sorry? What has she done to be sorry for? Getting sick doesn't require apologies, does it?" I looked at him right hard but he never batted an eye. Barry could make himself believe anything.

The next blow-off happened this way—Katrinka decided that maybe Edie Lou wasn't such a hard-boiled little scamp after all. Katrinka got all sentimental about Barry and Edie Lou. I tried to laugh her out of it but she argued that a love like Barry's was bound to have some effect on Edie Lou. She didn't go so far as to say Barry would reform Edie Lou. She just made up her mind she'd play Miss Cupid for a while. So she threw a bridge session at her house and invited Edie Lou for Barry.

I never have been able to dope out exactly why Edie Lou behaved as she *did* at that party. Maybe she wanted to cure Barry once and for all. Maybe she knew we'd all be watching for changes in her and was too proud to admit she'd been wild and needed a little reforming.

Anyway, she gave us the works. She drank too much, she smoked too much, she told several naughty stories, she wanted to raise the stakes from a tenth of a cent to a nickel a point—we were playing contract, too—and she climaxed a large evening by trying to sit on Pete Breck's lap when they happened to be dummy together. Pete stood up and walked out of the room. I guess he remembered what had happened to Mort Cowden.

Perhaps you're wondering how Barry took it?

He took it hard, but he didn't say or do a thing to check Edie Lou. He just got white, and rumpled his hair a good deal, and played rotten bridge.

When the party broke up, Barry and Edie Lou were the first to leave. She was nervous and jumpy. He was very polite to everybody. As they started across the yard to Barry's old flivver, Katrinka discovered that Edie Lou had left her bag on a chair. She gave it to me and I ran after Barry and Edie Lou.

I ran right into a scene. They were facing each other by the car:

"*Now*, are you convinced? *Now*, are you willing to call quits and leave me alone?"

"No. I love you, Edie Lou."

"You don't love me. You love some impossible stick of a girl who never existed."

"I love you. The real you. Not the girl you were trying to be tonight."

"Oh—I'm sick of arguing with you! I'm through. Do you understand that? I'm through. I'm not even going to ride home with you. I'm going with Dick and Mabel."

SHE whirled and started off. I coughed, but they didn't hear me. Barry went after her, caught her by the arm, and said: "Edie Lou—look at me." She jerked her arm away and said:

"You leave me alone. I don't want to see you again. You big—you big mush-headed sap!"

I turned right around and walked back to the house. I didn't want to face Barry, and if I'd got close enough to Edie Lou to hand her the bag I might have reached for her neck.

Finee?

I thought so. The next morning I called the brokerage office where Barry worked. They told me he had left town on a business trip up-state. I said to myself: "He's gone away to forget the darn' little mutt. When he gets back it'll be all over and I'll have a golf and tennis partner again."

But some fellows are hounds for punishment.

Four or five days after Katrinka's party, I had a caller. It was none other than Barry's Aunt Nell. Yep. The old girl herself. A very glad rag, a well-padded bone and a hank of gorgeous hennaed hair.

"Artie," she said, after I'd dived into the far corner of the sofa where the perfume didn't seem so thick, "you're Barry's best friend, and I've come to you because I got no one else to turn to."

She shed a few tears and during the course of a five-minute ramble I gathered that Barry's Uncle Jim had been drinking again; that he had accused Barry's Aunt Nell of shameful conduct with certain of her gentlemen friends; that these accusations were false; and that it was a hard world for a lady who was struggling to do the best she knowed how.

But it was Barry she wanted to discuss.

"We *got* to save him, Artie!" she said. "He's been dazzled by a worthless, empty-headed society girl. The poor innocent lamb. You know yourself how innocent he is, Artie. When I think of what that girl has put him up to I could go and lay her out! Killing's too good for her—the little rip!"

"I thought that was all over," I said.

Aunt Nell's eyes blazed.

"Over? She was on the telephone this morning calling him the very minute he got back from his trip! She talked him into having lunch with her downtown—the baggage. He come home all excited and dug out them riding pants he ain't used for years. You know how he acts when he's gonna do some outlandish story-book foolishness? Oh, Artie, we got to save him—the poor innocent lamb!"

She began to cry again. I questioned her like one of these third-degree experts. But the most I could find out was that Barry was planning to ride some horse in what Aunt Nell called a "*jumping race*."

I WENT to the door with Aunt Nell, talking fast to get rid of her. A bald-headed, watery-eyed duck was on the walk trying to make conversation with our yardman. He raised his derby hat when he saw Aunt Nell and handed her into a little sedan. Evidently one of her gentlemen friends.

I knew Aunt Nell too well to be shocked or worried. I had Barry on my mind, anyway.

Katrinka gave me the low-down.

Edie Lou had a horse named Satan. She'd entered him in a point-to-point race the Hunt Club was going to pull off Saturday afternoon. But her folks balked and wouldn't let her ride Satan. It seemed the horse was a bad actor: a tough-mouthed rascal that always went loony in a race and ran away. Edie Lou had a pash on the horse, though, and had set her heart on his winning the race. When her folks grounded her, she tried to get some of the horsy lads like Tup Mercer and Joey McKain to ride Satan. They all had horses of their own to ride—good excuse.

That left—guess who? You win. Not content with breaking Barry's heart, she wanted to break his neck, too.

I had a few sad last words with the darn' fool out at the Hunt Club Saturday morning.

"Thought she'd given you the air, old fellow," I said. "But she's too modern for that, eh? She decided to send you for a ride, instead."

Barry was fiddling with some silk ribbons. Edie Lou's colors.

"She doesn't want me to do it," he said. "I had to shame her into it by

(*Continued on page 59*)

15¢ and a pipeful lasts longer

DILL'S BEST
SMOKING TOBACCO
RUBBED
RICHMOND, VA., U.S.A.
NO STEMS IN DILL'S—ONLY THE FLAVOR-FULL BLADES OF THE LEAF ARE USED

Dill's Best (rubbed or sliced) is sold in 15-cent tins, and in half-pound and full-pound sizes. In vacuum-pack tins, the smoker has a choice of rubbed or flaked slice, pounds or half-pounds.

The more you study the surer the answer . . . . .

Many men believe in using their heads as well as their mouths in smoking. They weigh the different tobacco claims. And check up!

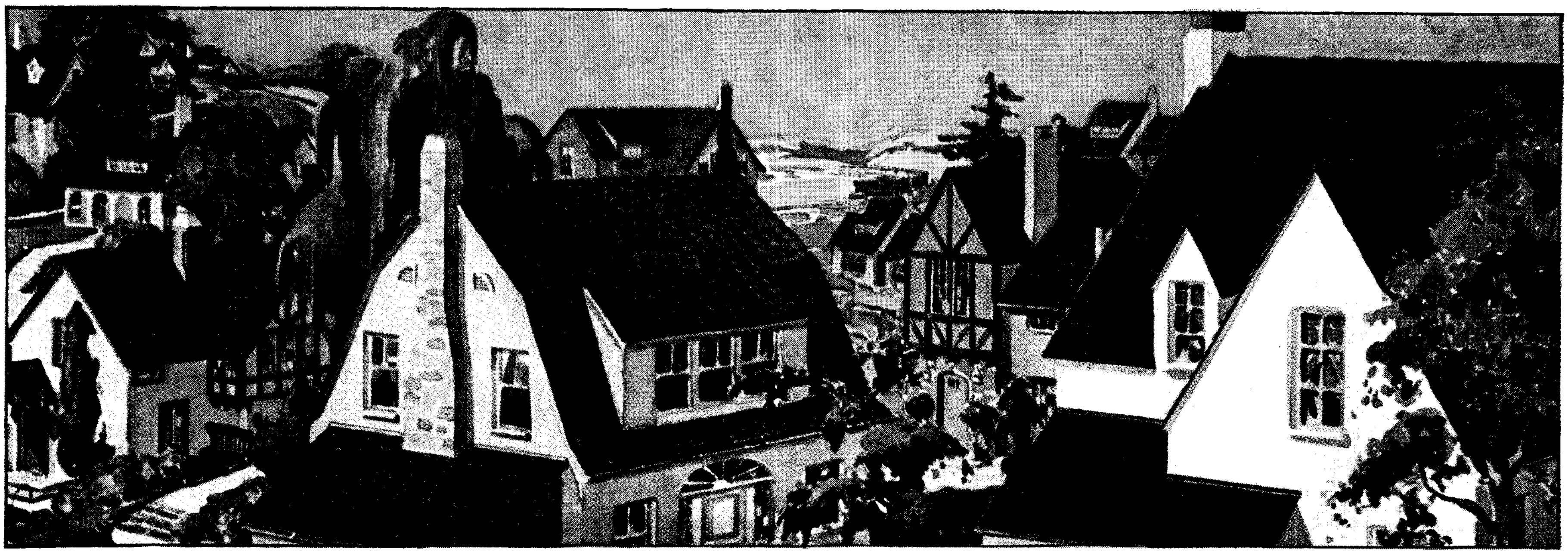
Check up on Dill's Best. You'll find a story as honest as the wholesome natural-tobacco taste of Dill's Best.

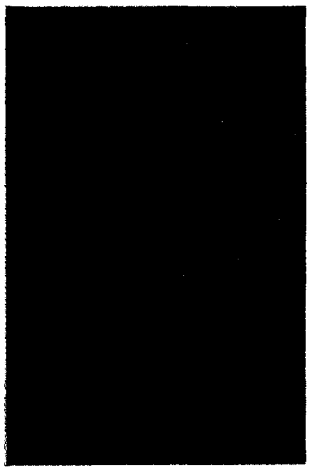
There are *no stems* in Dill's—crushed or otherwise disguised. Nothing but the tender, flavor-full blades of choice tobacco leaf.

And no dust or powdery particles to clog your pipe. For 82 years, Dill's has stood out against stems and every other ingredient that spoils natural-tobacco flavor. For 82 years, more smokers have said each year:—"Dill's Best is America's Best." J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

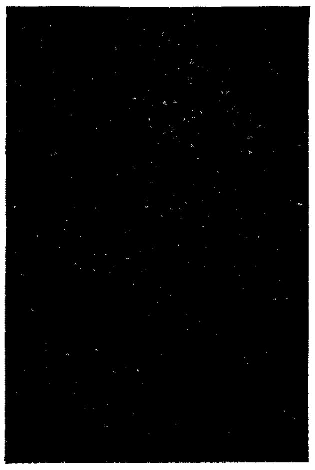
Dill's Best is America's Best . .

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND . . . ESTABLISHED 1848

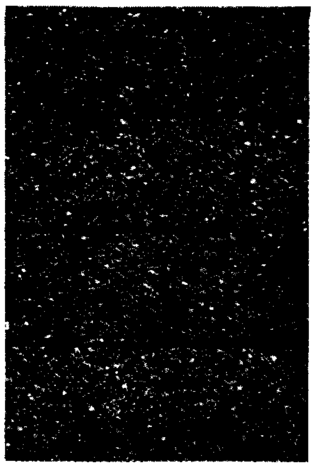




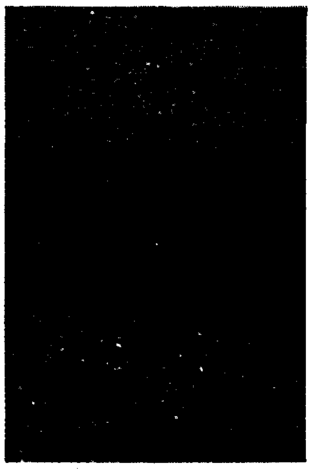
Tile Red—*reproducing the rich colors of old earthen building tiles—this is always a popular roof choice.*



Blue-Black—*a standard color, always in good taste, giving fine contrast to white walls or light shades.*



Brittany Blend—*another combination of four shades, but with a trend towards soft, warm, brown tones.*



Blended Romany Reds—*give a warm toned roof which will provide pleasing and colorful variations.*

Blended Normandy Greens—*four shades which combine to produce a distinctive and modern type of roof.*

RE-ROOF
» » YOUR HOME WITH THESE SAFE, COLORFUL J-M ASPHALT SHINGLES » » THEY ARE PRICED FOR ANY POCKETBOOK

YOUR roof will soon meet its severest test of the year. If it is worn, if any leaks, however small, have appeared, winter storms are almost certain to do costly damage. As a result, before next Spring, plaster, interior finish—even furniture may require expensive repairs.

You can prevent such loss. You can bar rain or snow for years to come, conveniently and at small outlay. Now, before severe weather begins, have your old roofing covered with J-M Asphalt Shingles. Every one of these sturdy shingles is made to withstand the storms of many winters, and the sun of many summers.

In making these J-M Shingles so serviceable, we have not overlooked the color which always greatly improves the appearance of a house, and which will beautify your own home. And do not forget that to improve its appearance is to increase its value.

Never before has such wealth of color been offered you as in these new, economically priced J-M Asphalt Shingles. Look at these color photographs made direct from actual sections of J-M Asphalt Shingles. These pictures will tell you better than words of the fresh, modern colors now available for your roof. This variety of color is offered you only in Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles.

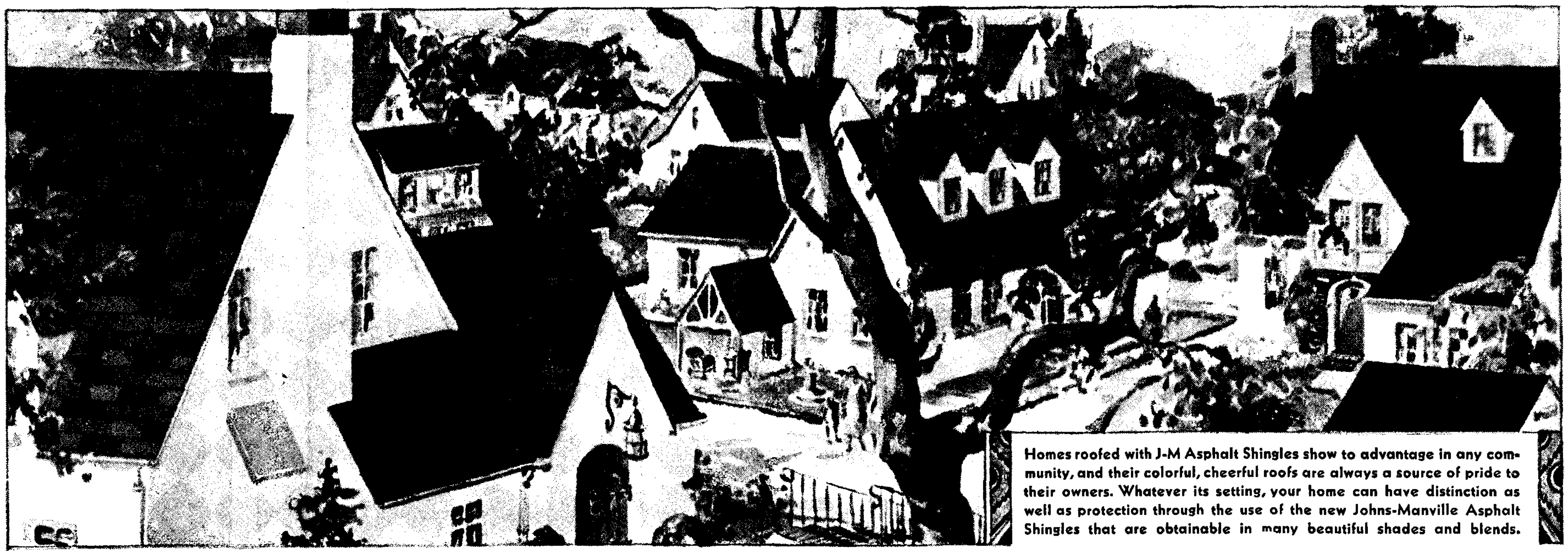
The cost is low

It is inexpensive to modernize your house with the colors, and to enjoy the protection offered by J-M Asphalt Shingles. The shingles themselves are low in cost. Labor expense is low, because they can be laid directly over your old roofing. There is no need to incur the expense required to rip off the old roof. You also avoid the possible damage to shrubbery, and the litter created by ripping off old roofing material. Instead, the old roof can be used as a foundation for new J-M Asphalt Shingles, a roof that will protect the investment in your property—and, by its beauty, increase the value of that investment.

Many of these colors are especially suit-

This trade-mark is famous on many products used by industry and by home owners. It assures quality in Asbestos Shingles, air-packed Home Insulation, Insulating Board, Brake Lining, Built-up Roofing, Heat and Cold Insulations for industrial use, Packings, Refractory Cements and Sound-absorbing Materials.

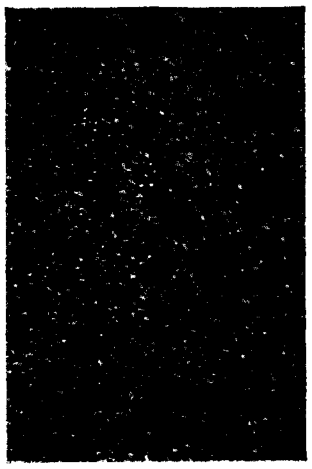
Johns-Manville



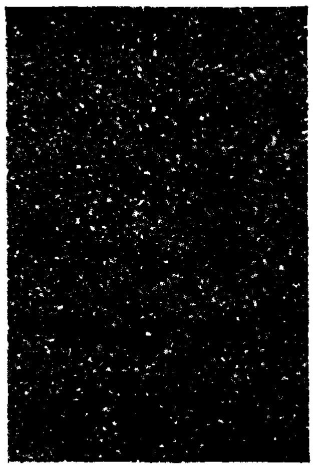
Homes roofed with J-M Asphalt Shingles show to advantage in any community, and their colorful, cheerful roofs are always a source of pride to their owners. Whatever its setting, your home can have distinction as well as protection through the use of the new Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles that are obtainable in many beautiful shades and blends.

Picardy Duo-blend—*autumnal brown with lighter shade mottling which lends variation and interest.*

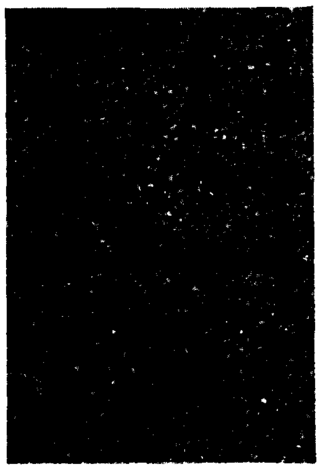
Burgundy Duo-blend—*the dark background mottled with green, harmonizes with stained shingle walls.*



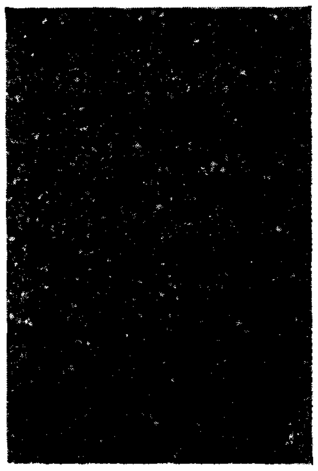
Chateau Green—*this bright, cheerful green gives character to the most modest homes, as well as larger houses.*



Gascony Duo-blend—*a shingle made up of several green tones, particularly adaptable to Colonial homes.*



Fieldstone—*a color reminiscent of moss on old stone walls, restrained, while colorful enough to be modern.*



able for re-siding when chosen to contrast harmoniously with the roof. In this way you can beautify your home and at the same time save expense of repairs and repainting.

The new colors of J-M Asphalt Shingles allow you to obtain any effect you may wish. There is a wide range of individual colors. Then there are groups of three or four shades, which when laid in random arrangement, produce blends that are almost unlimited in variety. By the use of two or more of the single colors further variation is possible. In short, with J-M Asphalt Shingles there is a color pattern suitable to any house, in any location.

Thus it is now possible for you to attain for your home that individuality you have always wanted, and which is characteristic of all better houses. Yet this distinction costs no more than ordinary roofing.

A Modern Roof is an Investment

A truly modern roof, such as you can so easily and economically have by the use of J-M Asphalt Shingles, is an investment in more ways than one. Roofed with these shingles, your home will gain in attractiveness to such a degree that you will take new pride in it. Insist on "J-M" Shingles. For advice on new roofs or re-roofing consult the building material or lumber dealer in your town. You can rely upon his recommendations and assistance. He will be glad to help you choose the proper color combination for your home.

Johns-Manville experts are also ready to offer you advice on the selection of the right roofing for your house. Send us photographs of your home, together with a brief description of its surroundings. You will receive definite suggestions from our Architectural Service Department as to the J-M Asphalt Shingle most suitable for you to use. And let us send you free of cost our descriptive folder, "Durable Roofs of Colorful Beauty," which will tell you about J-M Asphalt and Asbestos Shingles. You will find this book useful and interesting.

Asphalt Shingles

In every home there are uses for J-M Insulating Board. Use it to enclose unused space and to widen the comfort zone of livable space in your house. A new home sheathed and sided with J-M Insulating Board will be warmer in winter and cooler in the summer.

Beautify your home
-inexpensively

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Please send me a copy of "Beautify Your Home".
☐ I am interested in re-roofing my present home ☐ in a roof for a new home.

Name..
RF-16-10
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New RCA RADIOLA

SUPER-HETERODYNE

sensational new instrument now priced within reach of all

Set Illustrated: *Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Model 80—screen-grid—9 tuned circuits—magnified, illuminated tuning dial accurately calibrated in kilocycles—improved volume control—local-distance switch—push-pull amplification—improved electro-dynamic speaker—handsome walnut veneer cabinet—$142.50, less Radiotrons. Also De Luxe Model and Radiola with electric phonograph, equipped with remote control, if you wish.*

RADIO engineers, artists, musicians and dealers are marvelling at the thrilling tone and power of the new RCA Radiola Super-Heterodyne.

Seven years ago, RCA recognized the superiority of the Super-Heterodyne principle, and has invested $15,000,000 in its development for home entertainment. These new models, the climax of seven years research by the world's most brilliant radio engineers, are four times more sensitive than recent models in bringing you the finest programs . . . . three times more selective in getting the one station you want without interference from others.

New features—remarkable low price!

Only four years ago, a Radiola Super-Heterodyne console cost $570. Today, one of the three exquisite new models, vastly superior in every way, can be yours for as little as $142.50, less Radiotrons.

You can also have this new Radiola Super-Heterodyne in combination with the newest electric phonograph and enjoy all the pleasure of choosing your own musical programs. You may have the fun of home-recording . . . . of making actual "talkie" records of your own voice . . . . also remote control . . . . so you can change stations without leaving your favorite chair . . . . and tone color control which enables you to emphasize either bass or treble to suit your own taste.

Now the best costs no more. Your Radiola dealer will explain how easy it is to own the finest in radio. See him today. He's a dependable merchant selling the world's most dependable instrument—the Radiola!

◆ ◆ ◆

TUNE IN—The RCA Hour, every Thursday night, over a coast-to-coast network of the N.B.C.

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Radiola Division,
RCA Victor Company, Inc.*

RCA Radiola SUPER-HETERODYNE

Eye of the Beholder

Continued from page 54

panning Satan." He tucked the colors gently into the breast pocket of his shirt over the heart. "She loves that horse, Art. She loves him so much she doesn't care about the personal glory of riding him to victory. That never did mean anything to her. All she wants is for Satan to win."

"You haven't jumped a horse since you were in prep school," I remarked. I wasn't reproving him or warning him. I was just sadly reminiscing.

Barry stood up. The old Sir Galahad stuff, see?

"Take a tip from me, kid," he said, grinning, "and put your shirt on Satan."

I was in a box with Edie Lou and Katrinka when Barry took Satan over the last jump 'steen lengths ahead of the field. Satan stumbled in the recovery and Barry did a somersault, got up, piled back on Satan and finished the straightaway to the tape before the second horse was over the brush.

Edie Lou ran out and hugged Satan's black head. Wasn't that a sweet way to reward Barry for risking his neck? Then she turned to Barry and said a funny thing:

"You know what you've done by winning this race? You've put me on the water wagon for a year. I—uh—made a bet."

And Barry looked as happy as if she'd kissed him.

DON'T try to figure that one out. Katrinka and I darn' near had a fight arguing about it. Katrinka said Edie Lou hadn't made any bet at all; that she'd decided to reform for Barry's sake and used the race as an excuse so nobody would guess the real reason. I said Edie Lou was lying; she never had any intention of going on the wagon. I said it was just another stall to string Barry along. I said Edie Lou had discovered the world's prize fall guy and had made up her mind to use him for her own purposes.

"Edie Lou is going to come through for Barry," said Katrinka.

"She wouldn't marry Barry in a million years," said I.

Well, folks, the argument got settled that night.

Barry invited Katrinka and me to have dinner with him and Edie Lou at the old Blair home in Van Zandt Place. He said we had to celebrate Satan's winning the point-to-point. It was really Edie Lou's cue to give the dinner, but her folks had cut Barry dead since the night he socked Mort Cowden.

We were all sitting in the musty high-ceilinged parlor, and Barry was spouting historical stuff about the bric-à-brac. Katrinka and I watched Edie Lou. No drinks had been passed; she wasn't smoking; and she wasn't putting on any epigrams. I had to admit to myself that she'd changed a lot. Maybe it was the dim lights, but she looked darn' sweet and human. Katrinka kept giving me that "I-told-you-so" glance.

But I noticed that Barry's Uncle Jim and Aunt Nell hadn't put in an appearance. Thinking about them made this thing pretty darn' tragic. Even if Edie Lou was on the level, one evening of Aunt Nell would ruin any girl's bright young dreams.

I was just going to be polite and ask Barry about his aunt and uncle when the phone rang. The old darky Barry had inherited from his folks motioned from the doorway. Barry excused himself. When he came back his face was red.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but could you excuse me for about five minutes? A—uh—very important business matter has come up and I'll have to—"

We said sure, that was all right.

Barry had been gone more than five minutes when the doorbell rang. In walked Aunt Nell and the bald-headed gentleman friend who drove the sedan. We heard Aunt Nell talking to the darky in the hall. She said: "We'll be in the sitting-room upstairs," and mumbled something else I didn't catch.

They walked right past the open door of the parlor without taking notice of us.

Something was wrong. Katrinka covered up for Barry by saying to Edie Lou: "That's Barry's aunt. She's awfully eccentric." Edie Lou nodded. "I've met her," she said. I didn't know that.

Aunt Nell and the gentleman friend had hardly got upstairs when a key turned in the latch of the front door and Barry's Uncle Jim stepped in. He was drunk and holding his hands in the pockets of his seersucker suit. He looked straight ahead. I don't think he even saw us as he went by the door.

I tried to kid myself into thinking that nothing was going to happen. I started talking about the race. Both Edie Lou and Katrinka were worried. Uncle Jim climbed the stairs—clump-clump-clump—

That shot sounded like a '75 going off.

Edie Lou was the first one to her feet. "Stay here and stop Barry if he comes!" she said to me. "Stop him if you have to lock him out!"

She ran up the stairs. Katrinka ran after her.

I don't know what Edie Lou said to those three old fools upstairs. Katrinka, who was there, said she was too busy helping the darky and the cook with Aunt Nell's gentleman friend to remember. I lost my head completely. I ran up the stairs and back down ten times, and all I could think of was Edie Lou's order: "Stop Barry when he comes."

Neighbors and police came before Barry did. Edie Lou did all the talking.

I remember this, though, very clearly: Barry came stumbling into the hall, out of breath. I nailed him. He shook me and said: "Artie, what's happened? Is Uncle Jim here? Did Uncle Jim come here?"

Then, before I could answer, Edie Lou walked down the stairs. The old queen stuff, see?

"Little accident, Barry," she said. "Uncle Jim was showing us that old gun he used in the Spanish-American War. It went off and shot poor Mr. Warren in the shoulder." She looked hard at me. "Katrinka and I have explained it to the officers."

Barry stood there staring at Edie Lou. His eyes filled with tears.

"Uncle Jim," he said, gulping, "is very careless with guns. I've warned him lots of times—to make sure they aren't loaded."

KATRINKA and I were talking about Edie Lou and Barry just the other night. We were wondering if Edie Lou's folks would forgive her for eloping. The subject made me feel pretty darn' romantic. So I said: "Well, Gretta Garbo, what have *you* learned since I kissed you last?"

And what do you think? Katrinka got sore. She whirled on me and said: "If *that's* all you can see in love, Artie Bentrup, you'll never find out what I've learned." So I cribbed a speech from Barry Blair.

It went over swell.

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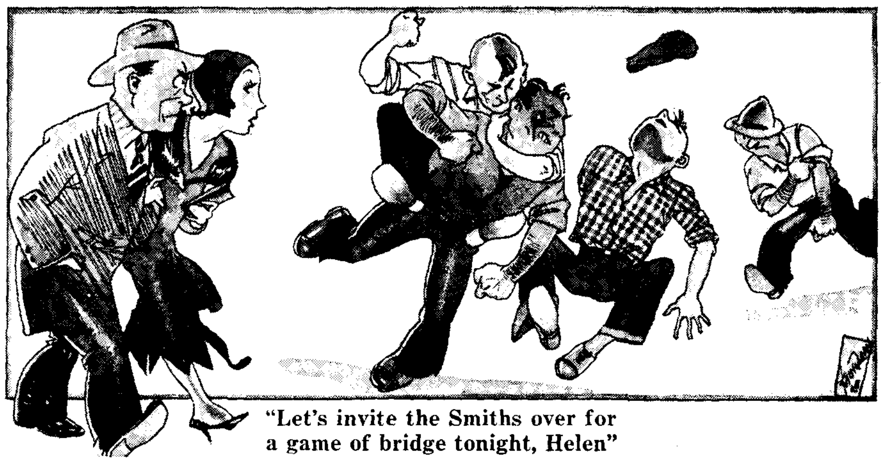


"Let's invite the Smiths over for a game of bridge tonight, Helen"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 10
H. K-10-6-3
D. K-Q-10-8-3
C. 10-9-8

West
S. Q-J-7-4-2
H. 9-7-4
D. 9-6-5-2
C. 6

East
S. K-9-8-6
H. 8-5-2
D. 7-4
C. K-7-5-3

South
S. A-5-3
H. A-Q-J
D. A-J
C. A-Q-J-4-2

THE above Contract hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, was played by two well-known Eastern experts. South (the dealer) bid three No Trumps; he had a count of 23 including four Aces, and every suit stopped. Two of the suits lacked second stoppers (an unusual feature of a three-No-Trump hand), but he did not let that deter him from the bid, the general make-up of the hand being eminently satisfactory. West passed; and North, with a count of 8 for slam-jumping purposes but of 12 for other purposes, decided that on this occasion it would pay to reckon four Tens, a four-card suit headed by King and a five-card suit headed by King-Queen as slam-going assets. In order to show the King and Queen of Diamonds, North bid four Diamonds instead of four No Trumps; but the bid had the same slam significance as if four No Trumps had been named. It did not necessarily show long Diamonds; merely the King and Queen. North knew that South must have the Diamond Ace and that consequently the four-Diamond bid would show the King and Queen.

After East's pass, South technically should have passed, as 24 is the minimum count which justifies a jump to five No Trumps. Emboldened, however, by strength shown by North in South's shortest suit and by his four Aces, South took a little liberty with the conservative ratings for slam bidding, and went on with the slamming; but he approached the goal by slow degrees to give North a chance to show Spade strength if he had it. South bid four Hearts. As it happens North did not have Spade strength but South's Heart bid suggested a way to show the character of his hand, and he bid five Hearts. This banished whatever conservatism South may have had, and he bid six No Trumps, which ended the contracting.

It was a case, such as we are very apt to see, of both partners pushing it a little bit when indulging in slam bidding. At Auction Bridge South's one No Trump would have been the only bid.

In the unusually interesting play West's opening lead of the fourth best Spade drew dummy's only Spade and East's King; South played his Ace, as holding up under the circumstances would have been the height of folly.

Declarer naturally determined to go after the two long suits in dummy. Upon the chance that the Diamonds might break badly, the Ace and Jack were led first and permitted to win. Then the Hearts were led, as the third Heart certainly could be overtaken without complicating the situation. Tricks 2 and 3 consisted of Diamonds; tricks 4, 5 and 6 of Hearts; and on trick 6 the King in dummy overtook South's Jack, the Ten being left good in the dummy hand.

Dummy now had four good cards and proceeded to make hay while the sun shone by leading the thirteenth Heart and the three established Diamonds. South made a bluff discard of the Deuce of Clubs and then his two losing Spades on the first three of dummy's leads; East, to protect the Clubs, discarded three Spades, and West discarded one Spade. When North came to lead to trick 10, he had the good Diamond, Ten-Nine-Eight of Clubs; East had four Clubs headed by the King; South had the Ace-Queen-Jack-Four of Clubs, and West had the Six of Clubs; and it was on this trick that the Declarer made a clever play. Instead of discarding the Four of Clubs and thereby forcing his closed hand into the lead on the next trick, he kept the Four and discarded the Jack. West had discarded the Seven of Spades, trying to disguise his Club weakness.

Then came the Ten of Clubs from dummy, the Five of Clubs from second hand, and the almighty guess from the closed hand. West might have a singleton King of Clubs and make three tricks for his side; but if East had nothing but Clubs, probably the King was one of them. So it seemed to be the best gamble for South to play his Four of Clubs, and of course the Ten won. Then it was all over; a second Club finesse finished the proceedings and gave Declarer one more trick than he had bid. It was a case of nervy play and good luck combining to do more than make up for some venturesome bidding by both North and South.

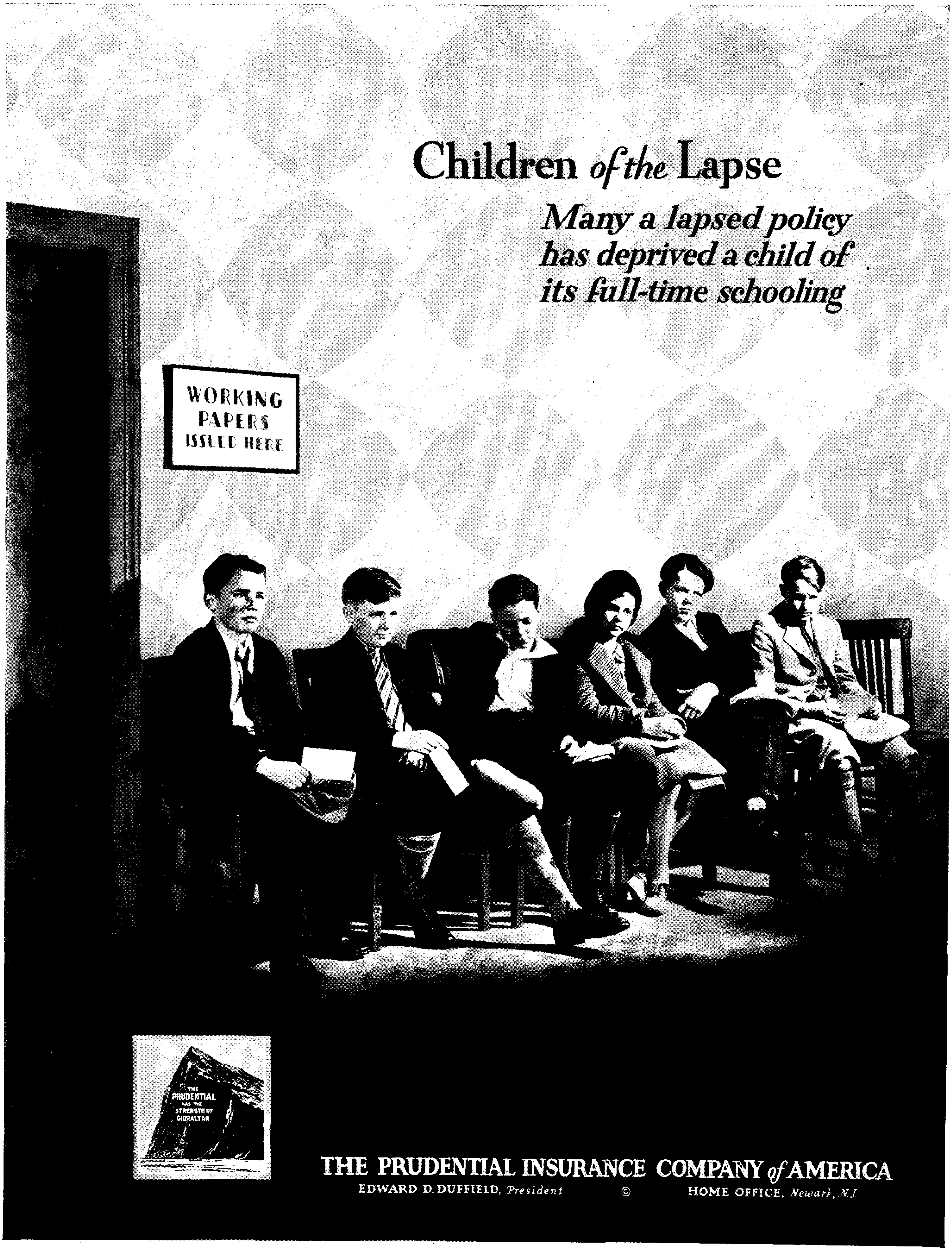
Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-9-8-3
H. 9-8-7-4
D. 6
C. Q-10-4-2

East
S. Q-J-10-7-2
H. Q
D. 10-5-2
C. J-9-6-3

West
S. 4
H. A-K-J-10-6-3-2
D. J-7-3
C. 8-7

South
S. K-6-5
H. 5
D. A-K-Q-9-8-4
C. A-K-5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THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* © HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

Big Money

Continued from page 17

In staring at Ann Margaret, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Moon of New York City, Berry Conway had no doubt been guilty of a breach of decorum. But it was a breach of which many, many young men had been guilty before him. Ann Moon was the sort of girl at whom young men in restaurants have to summon all their iron will to keep from staring.

We have seen what the knowledgeable editor of the Mangusset Courier-Intelligencer thought of Ann, and it may be stated now officially that his description erred, if at all, on the side of restraint and understatement. Possibly through pressure of space, he had omitted one or two points on which he might well have touched and on which, to present the perfect portrait, he should have touched. The dimple in her chin, for instance, and the funny way in which that chin wiggled when she laughed. Still, in the matter of the wondrous fascination and the remarkable attractiveness and the disposition as sweet as the odor of flowers, he was absolutely right. Berry had noticed these at once.

Lord Hoddesdon had noticed them, too, and once again there crossed his mind a feeling of dazed astonishment that a girl like this, even under the influence of Edgeling Court in the gloaming, could ever have accepted that son of his who was now sitting two tables away crouched behind his zareba of beard.

However, the main thing on which he was concentrating his mind at the moment was the problem of how to keep Ann's share of the luncheon down to a reasonable sum. If he could only head her off any girlish excesses in the way of drinks and coffee, the exchequer, as he figured it out, would just run to a cigar and liqueur, for both of which he had a strong man's silent yearning.

"Something to drink, my dear?" he said, as the waiter approached and hovered.

Ann withdrew her gaze from the middle distance.

"No, thanks. Nothing."

"Nothing," said Lord Hoddesdon to the waiter, trying not to sing the word.

"Vichy?" said the waiter.

"Nothing, nothing."

"St. Galmier? Tonic water? Evian?"

"No, thank you. Nothing."

"Lemonade?" said the waiter, who was one of those men who never know when to stop.

"Yes, I think I would like a lemonade," said Ann.

"I wouldn't," advised Lord Hoddesdon earnestly. "I wouldn't, honestly. Bad stuff. Full of acidity."

"All right," said Ann. "Just some plain water, then."

"Just," said Lord Hoddesdon, looking the waiter dangerously in the eye, "just some plain water."

HE BESTOWED upon his future daughter-in-law the affectionate smile of a man who is two shillings ahead of the game. Charming, he felt, to find a girl nowadays who did not ruin her complexion and digestion with cocktails and wines and what not.

The smile was wasted on Ann. She did not observe it. She was looking out across the room again. The noise of music and chattering came to her as from a distance. Her father-in-law-to-be on the other side of the table seemed very far away. Once more she had become occupied with the train of thought which this discussion of beverages had interrupted. Ever since she had read in her paper that morning the plain, blunt statement that she was engaged to be married she had been feeling oddly pensive.

There is about the printed word a peculiar quality which often causes it to exercise a rather disquieting effect on the human mind. It chills. It was only after seeing that announcement set forth in cold type that Ann had come to a full realization of the extreme importance of the step she was about to take and the extreme slightness of her acquaintance with the man with whom she was going to take it.

A sudden thirst for information seized her. She leaned toward her host.

"Tell me about Godfrey," she said abruptly.

"Eh?" said Lord Hoddesdon, blinking. He, too, had been busy with his thoughts. He had been speculating as to the odds on and against the girl's wanting coffee and wondering how a well-judged word about it being bad for the nerves would go. "What about him?"

IT WAS a question which Ann found difficult to answer. "What sort of man is he?" she would have liked to say. But when you have agreed to marry a man, it seems silly to ask what sort of a man he is.

"Well, what was he like as a little boy?" she said, feeling that that was safe. Indeed, the words had a rather pleasantly naïve and fiancée-like ring.

Lord Hoddesdon endeavored to waft his memory over scenes which he had always preferred to forget.

"Oh, the usual grubby little brute," he said. "I mean, of course," he added hastily, "very charming and lively and—er—boyish."

He perceived that he had been within an ace of allowing his heart to rule his head.

"Boyish and vivacious," he proceeded. "Full of spirits. But always," he said impressively, "good."

"Good?" said Ann with a slight shiver.

"Always the soul of honor," said Lord Hoddesdon solemnly.

Ann shivered again. Clarence Dumphry had been the soul of honor. She had often caught him at it.

"Neither during his boyhood nor since," went on Lord Hoddesdon, warming to his work and finding the going less sticky as he got into his stride, "has he ever given me a moment's anxiety." He glanced over his shoulder with a sudden nervous movement, as if expecting to see the Recording Angel standing there with pen and notebook. Relieved at discovering only a waiter, he resumed. "He was never one of those young men who go about dancing half the night with chorus girls and so forth," he said. "I don't think he ever gambled, either."

"You don't know that," said Ann, refusing to abandon hope.

"Yes, I do," replied Lord Hoddesdon glibly. "Now I come to think of it, I asked him once, and he told me he didn't. If he had been in the habit of gambling, he would have said 'Yes, Dad.' That has always been his way—frank and manly. Whatever I asked him, it would be 'Yes, Dad' or 'No, Dad,' looking me straight in the face. I remember once," said Lord Hoddesdon, going off the rails a little, "he smeared jam all over my chair in the library."

"He did?" said Ann, brightening.

"Yes," said Lord Hoddesdon. "But," he went on, recovering himself, "he came straight to me and looked me in the face and said 'Dad, it was I who put that jam on your chair in the library. I'm sorry. I felt I had to tell you because otherwise somebody else might have been suspected.'"

"How old was he then?"

"About ten."

"And he really said that?"

"He really did."

"And he's like that now?"

"Just like that," said Lord Hoddesdon doggedly. "A real, true-blue English gentleman, honorable to the core."

Ann winced slightly and returned to her reflections. She was thinking now about Edgeling Court and not too cordially.

In attributing to the glamour of the family's ancestral seat his fiancée's acceptance of his proposal of marriage, Lord Biskerton had shown penetration. Edgeling Court had had quite a good deal to do with it. Its Old World charm, Ann was thinking, had undoubtedly weakened that cool, clear judgment on which she had always prided herself—that heaven-sent gift of level-headed criticism which enables girls to pass unscathed among the Clarence Dumphrys of this world. Those bees and doves and rooks, she realized, had conspired together to sap her defenses, and here she was engaged to be married to a true-blue English gentleman.

Ann pulled herself together. She told herself that she must not believe everything she heard. Quite likely Lord Biskerton had never really been a true-blue English gentleman. She had only his father's word for it. And, if he had been, it was quite possible that he had got over it. She liked him, she assured herself. He amused her. He made her laugh. They would be very happy together—very, very, very happy.

ALL the same she wished that he was not quite such a total stranger. She felt doubtful and disturbed—rather like a young author who has just put his signature to a theatrical manager's contract and is wondering if all is quite well concerning that clause about the motion-picture rights.

"You're very quiet, my dear," said Lord Hoddesdon.

Ann started.

"I'm so sorry. I was thinking."

Lord Hoddesdon wavered on the brink of something about lovers' reveries, but decided not to risk it.

"This chicken's good," he said, choosing a safer subject.

"Yes," said Ann.

"You will have a sweet after this?"

"Yes, please."

"And about coffee," said Lord Hoddesdon. A grave look came into his clean-cut face. "I don't know how you feel about coffee, but I always maintain that, containing, as it does, an appreciable quantity of the drug caffeine, it is a thing best avoided. Bad for the nerves. All the doctors say so."

"I don't think I will have any coffee. As a matter of fact, I would like to go directly I have finished the sweet. If you don't mind my leaving you?"

"My dear girl, of course not. Not at all. I will just sit here and listen to the music. I may possibly have a cigar and a liqueur. Got some shopping to do?"

"No—but it's such a lovely day I rather wanted to go for a run in my car. I've got it outside. I thought I would go down to the river somewhere."

"Streatley is a charming spot. Or Sonning."

(*Continued on page 64*)

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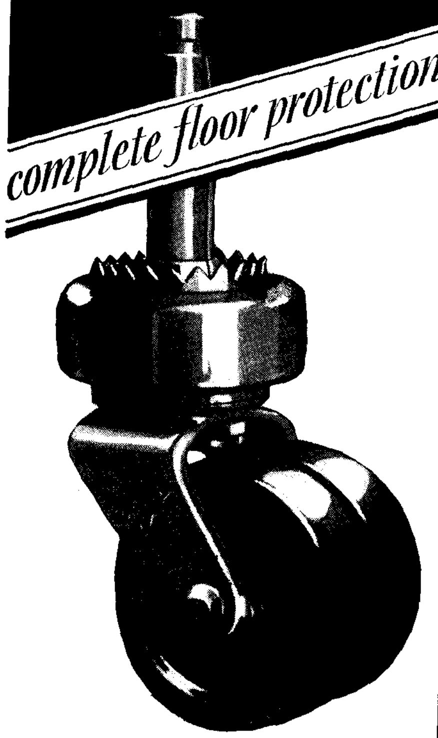

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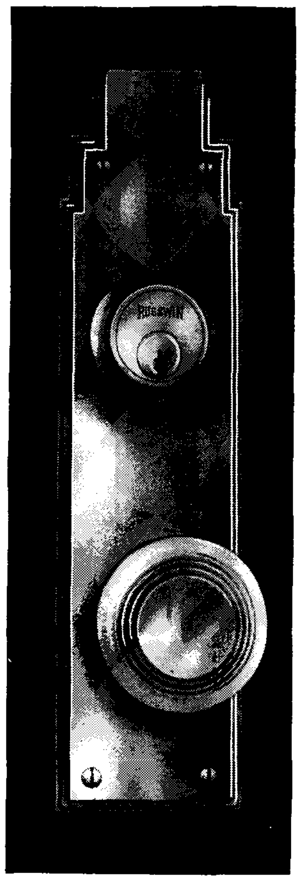

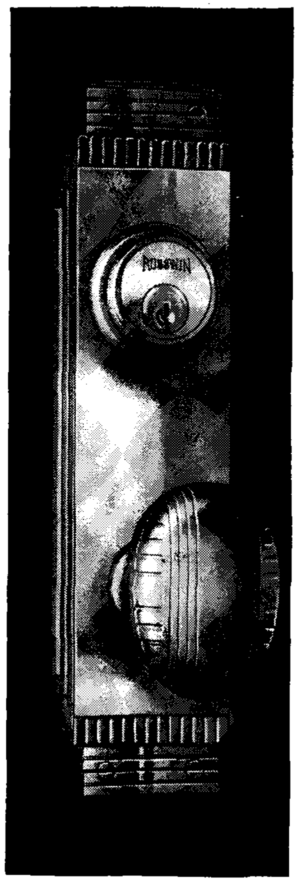

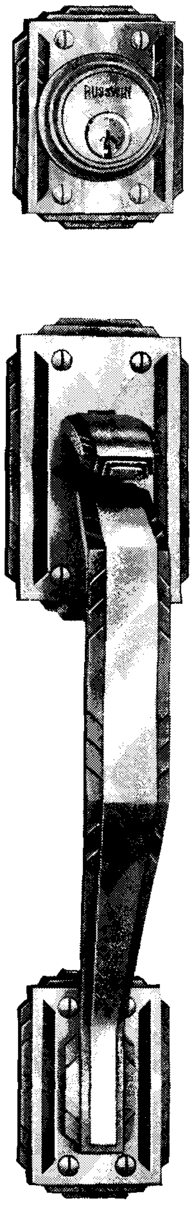

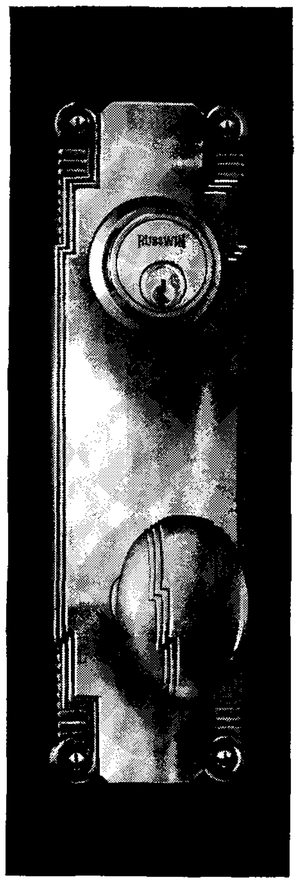

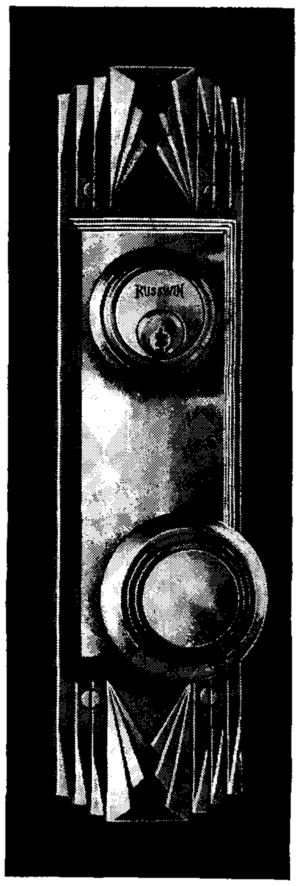

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SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM
RELIABILITY
PURITY
EFFICACY

Big Money

Continued from page 62

"I somehow feel as if I want to get away and think today."

"I understand," said Lord Hoddesdon paternally. "Naturally. Well, don't you bother about me. I'll just sit. I like sitting."

Ann smiled, and looking out across the room again immediately found her eye colliding with that of the young man in brown at the table by the wall—the seventh time this had happened since her arrival.

There were two reasons why Ann Moon, sitting where she did, should have caught Berry Conway's eye so frequently. One was that when she looked up she had to look in his direction, because in the only other possible direction there was seated a bearded man of such sinister and revolting aspect that, whenever her gaze met his, she recoiled as if she had touched something hot. And he was not only most unpleasant to look at, but in an odd way he reminded her the tiniest little bit of her betrothed, Lord Biskerton, and she found this disturbing.

THE other reason was that, rebuke herself for the weakness though she might, she liked catching Berry's eye. The process definitely gave her pleasure. His eye seemed to her an interesting eye. It had, she noted, a kind of odd, smoldering, hungry sort of gleam in it—a gleam that might have been described as yearning. It was novel to her. None of the men she had met had ever had yearning gleams in their eyes. Clarence Dumphry, the well-known stiff, hadn't. Nor had the Burwash boy. Nor, for that matter, had Lord Biskerton. And it was a gleam she liked.

He intrigued her, this lean, slim young man with his keen face and fine shoulders. He had the air, she thought, of one who did things. He somehow suggested brave adventures. She could picture herself, for instance, trapped in a burning house and this young man leaping gallantly to the rescue. She could see herself assailed by thugs and this young man felling them with a series of single blows. That was the sort of man he seemed to her.

She wished she knew him.

Berry, at his table, was wishing even more heartily that he knew her. If his eye gleamed yearningly, it had every reason to do so. He was regretting passionately that Fate, having planned that he should feel about a girl the extraordinary flood of mixed emotions which were now making him dizzy, had not arranged that he should feel them about some girl with whom he might conceivably at some time become acquainted.

It was quite evident to him by now that he had happened upon the one member of the opposite sex who might have been constructed from his own specifications. If all the arrangements had been in his personal charge, there was not the smallest alteration which he would have made. Those eyes; that small, provocative nose; those teeth; that hair; those hands. . . . They were all exactly right.

And for all the chance he had of ever getting to know her they might be on different planets.

Ships that pass in the night . . .

She was leaving now. So, as a matter of fact, was the bearded man. But Berry had ceased to waste thought on him. The bearded man had been eliminated by the pressure of competition. By this time he was to Berry just a bearded man, if that.

It seemed to Berry that he might as well be leaving, too. He called for his bill, and tried not to wince at the sight of it.

OUT in the sunshine Ann walked pensively toward her two-seater. She had parked it up near the Square. The bearded man had parked his somewhere up there, too, it appeared, for he now passed her, giving her, as he went, a swift, strange, sinister look. The resemblance to Lord Biskerton was even more striking than it had been at a distance in the restaurant. Seen close to, he might have been Lord Biskerton's brother who had gone to the bad and taken to growing beards.

The sight of him gave Ann a guilty feeling. In thought, she realized, she had not been altogether true to her Godfrey. She found, examining her soul, that she had been comparing him to his disadvantage with that strong, romantic-looking young man in brown, whose eye had seemed so yearning and who now, as she settled down at the wheel of her two-seater, jumped abruptly in beside her and in a voice that electrified every vertebra in her spine whispered hoarsely:

"Follow that car!"

In addition to galvanizing her spine, this polite request had had the effect of causing Ann to bite her tongue. It was with tear-filled eyes that she turned, and in a voice thickened with anguish that she replied.

"Wock car?" asked Ann.

Berry did not reply immediately. His emotions at the moment were those of one who has just jumped into a pool of icy water and is trying to get used to it. He was still endeavoring to convince himself that it was really he who had behaved in this remarkable manner. Such is often the effect of acting upon impulse.

"Wock car?" said Ann.

Berry pulled himself together. He had started something, and he must go on with it.

"That one," he said, pointing.

He would have been amazed had he known that his companion was thinking what an attractive voice he had. To his ears, the words had sounded like the croak of an aged frog.

"The one with the bearded man in it?" said Ann.

"Yes," said Berry. "Follow him wherever he goes."

"Why?" said Ann.

It is proof that she was no ordinary girl that she had not begun by asking this question.

BERRY had not spent much of his valuable time in brooding on the bearded man for nothing. His answer came readily:

"He's wanted."

"Who by?"

"The police."

"Are you a policeman?"

"Secret Service," said Berry.

Ann stepped on the accelerator. The sun was shining. The birds were singing. She had never felt so happy and excited in her life.

It charmed her to think that her long-range estimate of this young man had not been at fault. She had classed him on sight as one who lived dangerously and dashingly, and she had been right.

She quivered from head to foot, and her chin wiggled. At last, felt Ann, she had met somebody different. . . .

Godfrey, Lord Biskerton, was also feeling in the pink.

"Tra-la!" he caroled as he steered his car into Piccadilly, and "Tum tum ti-umty-tum" he chanted, turning southward at Hyde Park corner. He was filled with the justifiable exhilaration which comes to a man who has made a great and momentous experiment and has seen that experiment not only come off but prove an absolute riot from start to finish.

In risking the trial trip of his beard and eyebrows (by Clarkson) at such a familiar haunt of his as the Berkeley, the Biscuit had known that he was applying the acid test. If nobody recognized him there, nobody would recognize him anywhere. Apart from the fact that he would be sitting in the midst of a platoon of his intimates, most of the waiters knew him well. In fact, the head-waiter had always treated him more like a younger brother than a customer.

And what had happened? Neither Ferraro nor any of his assistants had shown in his manner the slightest suggestion of Auld Lang Syne. They might have been saying to themselves, "Ha! A distinguished, bearded stranger!" They had certainly not been saying to themselves, "Well, well! What a peculiar appearance jolly old Biskerton has today!" Not one of them had spotted him. He had passed the scrutiny with honors.

And Ann. He had given her every opportunity. He had stared meaningly at her in the restaurant, and he had passed within a foot of her when going to de-park his car. But she, too, had failed to penetrate his disguise.

And old Berry. That, he reflected complacently, had been his greatest triumph. "Is it that you could dee-reckut me to Less-ess-ter Sker-vare?" Right in the open, face to face. And not a tumble out of the man.

TO SUM up, then. If all these old friends and acquaintances had been utterly unable to recognize him, what hope was there for the bloodsuckers with their judgment summonses—for Jones Bros., Florists, twenty-seven pounds, nine and six, or for Galliwell and Gooch, Shoes and Bootings, thirty-four, ten, eight?

A great relief stole over Lord Biskerton. Thanks to this A-1 beard and these tried and tested eyebrows, he would be able to remain in London and go freely and without fear about his lawful occasions. Until this afternoon he had doubted whether this were possible. There had been pessimistic moments when he had seen himself having to fly to Bexhill or take cover in Wigan.

For the rest it was a lovely day, the car was running sweetly and if he stepped on the gas a bit he would just be able to get to Sandown Park in time for the three-o'clock race. He knew something pretty juicy for the three-o'clock at Sandown and, thank heaven, there were still a brace or so of bookies on the list who, though noticeably short on Norman blood, fully made up for the deficiency by that simple faith which the poet esteems so much more highly.

By the time he reached Esher the Biscuit was trolling a gay stave. And it was as he approached the Jolly Harvesters, licensed to sell wines, spirits and tobacco, that there floated into his mind the thought that what the situation called for was a beaker of the best.

He put the brakes to the two-seater and went in.

(*To be continued next week*)

"Important-Live-Modern"

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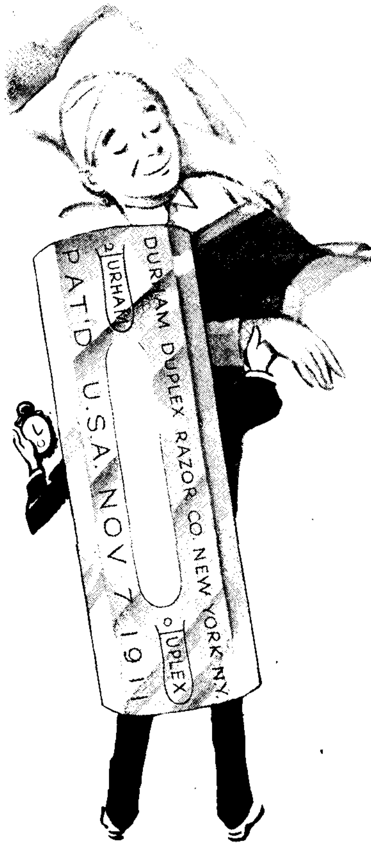
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Lord of the Mississippi

Continued from page 28

winter and hardships were soon left behind. Tribe after tribe—Chickasaws, Natchez, Taensas, Caddoes and Coroas—yielded to La Salle's eagle eye and compelling charm, and not once did the wooded shores ring to a war cry.

It was on April 9, 1682, that La Salle made his dream come true. At the mouth of the mighty Mississippi, on a hill that overlooked the shining waters of the Gulf, he planted the royal standard, and as the priests chanted the Te Deum and sang the Vexilla Regis took possession of all in the name of Louis the Grand, King of France and Navarre. A vast sweep—this Louisiana that La Salle claimed—stretching from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, from the Gulf to the sources of the Missouri.

The ascent of the river saw a cloud come between the adventurers and the sun. Mischief-making medicine men had curdled the minds of the Indians, and there was constant skirmishing. Worst of all, La Salle fell ill of a fever, and not until September did he come again to the land of the Illinois.

Firm foundations must be put under his Indian Confederacy, and selecting a great rock that rose sheer from the river's bank he leveled its summit and built Fort St. Louis. What though he only had twenty-three Frenchmen at his back, while down below, as far as the eye could see, stretched the wigwams of twenty thousand Indians? He was their master, both feared and adored.

Even as he and Tonty clasped hands, however, couriers brought word that Frontenac had been recalled, and that Barre, the new governor, was branding La Salle as a madman and a traitor. All of his Canadian possessions had been seized and captains were on the way to take over his Illinois holdings.

It was as a disgraced and discredited figure that La Salle went to France in 1684, but Louis XIV received him as a conqueror and held out open arms. Plainly enough the *Grand Monarque* saw the value of the Mississippi region—rich in itself and also furnishing a chance to dispute Spain's growing power in the New World—and both men and money were put at La Salle's disposal.

It was decided to sail directly to the mouth of the Mississippi, rather than undertake the slow and toilsome approach by way of Canada, and when

posely, for both captain and pilot defied his explicit orders, but there was no time for reproach and punishment. Indians swarmed from every side, and even as he was winning them to friendship the fools at his back began to give battle. Precious time that should have been devoted to unloading the wrecked vessel had to be spent in repelling the savages, and in the midst of all Beaujeu arrived with his complaints.

La Salle begged the naval captain to go back along the coast in search for the Mississippi, but the Norman pleaded lack of fuel and supplies, and finally sailed for France on March 12th.

La Salle realized that some better camp had to be found, and after much search he selected a site on a fair river to which he gave the name La Vache (Lavaca). Here, putting his own hands to the hewing of logs, he built a fort and planted seeds. These things done, he set out on October 31st, accompanied by a score of men.

Gone now was all pretense to brave attire. Dressed in buffalo skins, and wearing wooden corselets, the party skirted the shores of the bay and were soon lost to sight in the vast expanse of Texas prairie.

The record of this first wandering is not clear or complete, but when La Salle returned on March 31st, it was with the conviction that he had located the Mississippi. The Belle, he figured, would carry him and his command to the mouth of the Father of Waters, and there would be an end to his despair.

An Ill-fated March

The first word that met him was news of the sinking of the Belle, another tragedy due to a drunken pilot and an insubordinate crew. Nothing had been saved but a few worthless lives. With ship and supplies both gone, dooming the colony to want and isolation, what wonder that even La Salle's fortitude crumbled under the blow? Weakness and depression brought a return of his old fever, but spring saw him leave his pallet and prepare for another journey, this time to Canada. What other chance was there? Only Spanish ships sailed the Gulf.

With Nika, his faithful Shawnee, and twenty of the fittest colonists the sick man marched away in late April, thankful that he faced the flower-sprinkled prairies instead of the cruel northern winter. Swollen streams, however, furnished obstacles in plenty; there were also impenetrable canebrakes, and while the Cenis welcomed him with open arms, other Indian tribes were far less friendly.

The hardships of the journey brought back his fever, and without his fierce energy to urge them forward the others turned in their tracks, eager for the safety of Fort St. Louis. Some deserted, others were killed and drowned, and of the twenty that had left only eight walked by the side of the delirious La Salle on his return.

The Tragic End

Death was in the very air. But forty-five of the colonists remained, and these staggered under a weight of despair. Looking about him, the great-hearted leader called upon his strength for a supreme effort. Seventeen men were all that showed any sign of fitness, and the scarecrows started on their way.

Again La Salle drove his sullen rascals before him, grimly scornful of their curses and muttered threats. It was probably on the banks of the Trinity, in mid-March, that the final act of the tragedy was enacted.

Nika, the hunter, had killed two beeves some distance from the camp, and a small company was sent to fetch the needed meat. Liotot, the surgeon; Duhaut, a murderous wastrel, and Hiens, a buccaneer, three principal malcontents, resolved to seize the opportunity, and that night crept upon Moranget, Saget and Nika, braining them as they slept.

When the party did not return to camp in due season, La Salle set forth to ascertain the cause. He was accompanied only by Father Anastasius Douay.

On their leader's approach Liotot and Duhaut hid in the grass, leaving the others to lure him forward. As he came abreast of the hidden assassins both fired, and one bullet tore its way to the brain.

So died René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, gallant gentleman, brave heart and America's greatest explorer.

The Shaming of Willie Lord

Continued from page 13

him, simply an unfortunate occurrence, costing him some breath and the loss of one bamboo fishing rod. But Old Man Massey had never forgiven Willie.

So it was with keen anticipation that the village gathered at Firemen's Hall that night. And sure enough, as soon as the moderator had called the meeting to order, and the reading of the warrant had been disposed of, Jed Massey rose ponderously to his feet.

"Mr. Moderator, feller citizens and ladies and gentlemen," he began: "The fust article in the warrant is an article to consider ways and means of improvin' our village with regards to attractin' the summer trade. Naow I don't need to tell ye that the village of Manasquot stands with one foot on the threshold of prosperity. A blind man can see it, but they is some folks in this village that is wuss than blind. They is shiftless and lazy and some o' them is ornery as hell. They won't take holt and try to help get that other foot up onto the threshold of prosperity. They won't coöperate in no way, shape nor form and they won't listen when ye talk to them with regards to civic pride. And whilst I don't hold with makin' puss'nal remarks in public meetin', I feel it's my bounden duty to come right out and say that that cutter Willie Lord is the wust o' the hull cussed lot."

He paused, and heads were turned to see whether Willie was in the room. Naturally he was not. He never bothered to attend a town meeting. Old Man Massey made a roaring sound in his throat and continued:

"The other day, folks, I went 'raound to see Willie and tried to get him to paint his house. He as good as laughed in my face. Naow, folks, every one of ye that's got the good o' this village to heart knows that them buildin's of Willie's is an eyesore and a disgrace to this village. So here's what I propose: Mr. Moderator! I move ye that a committee be appointed to take up a subscription to buy paint for Willie Lord's stand o' buildin's, and what's more than that, by Godfrey, I move ye that the three overseers of this village, and any other good citizens that wants to volunteer, get together next Monday mornin' at Willie Lord's place and do the job he's too cussed lazy to do himself. I'll gar'ntee to be there, for one, and to show I mean what I say I'll start off the subscription with a five-dollar note."

Old Man Massey took a rather frayed-looking bill from his pocket and held it up before the fascinated eyes of his audience. There were cheers and cries of "Second the motion!" Amid enthusiastic applause Jed's bull voice could be heard shouting: "If a feller ain't got no natural civic pride into him, then, by Godfrey, he'd ought to be shamed by his neighbors into doin' the right thing!"

More cheers. The motion was unanimously carried.

VERY early on the Monday morning following, a score of right-minded citizens marched solemnly into Willie Lord's littered and weed-grown yard.

Willie's wife opened the door. She was a thin, timid-looking woman with great, startled blue eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Miz Lord!" boomed Jed. "We've come to paint Willie's stand o' buildin's. If he ain't sick abed, mebbe he'd be willin' to come out and help us."

This was sarcasm, but it made no impression on Mrs. Lord.

"Willie ain't to home."

"He ain't to home? Where is he?"

"He's took the truck and gone up back to see his ma. She's ailin'."

"Oh. His ma's ailin'?"

"Eyah. She's ailin'. She's got a risin' in her ear," said Mrs. Lord and quietly shut the door in Jed's face.

There was a slightly embarrassed pause; a silence. Then Jed turned and addressed his company of volunteers. "Well, boys," he roared, "cal'late we'll have to do this job without Willie's val'able assistance, same's I thought we would. Come on! Let's get started!"

So they got started, and all that day they worked at painting Willie's house, and his woodshed and his weary, leaning barn. A crowd quickly gathered to watch; and when one man grew tired of painting there were two to take his place. Before the last glow of the sunset had faded Willie Lord's place stood forth in all the pride and astonishment of a shining coat of fresh white paint.

The onlookers cheered as the last man came down the last ladder. The tired workers went home, happy in the knowledge that they had successfully accomplished the shaming of Willie. The crowd dispersed.

I WAS the only one who remained. A vague instinct urged me to hang about for a bit, and I did so, sitting down on a chopping block in front of Willie's barn and smoking a cigarette. It was almost dark, now.

At last a car without headlights drove into the yard and came around the back of the house toward the barn. I recognized Willie on the driver's seat of his truck.

"Hello, Willie," I said, getting up and going toward him.

He looked down to see who it was.

"How-a-ye," he said, nodding. Then he turned his head and stared at the unfamiliar specter of his newly-painted house.

"Well, by gory, they done it, didn't they?"

"They certainly did, Willie."

"I call it a handsome job," said Willie.

"It's only one coat," I told him.

"Still," he said, "it's a handsome job, and I'm glad them fellers got the idea of a-doin' it. A house *needs* paintin' now and then."

A faint chuckle followed this sage observation. Dimly, through the thickening dusk, I saw Willie Lord's face breaking into smiles.

"Willie," I said, "did you really go to see your sick mother today?"

He glanced at me. Then he climbed down from the seat of his truck, walked around to the back of it and lifted the corner of a covering tarpaulin.

"Looky heah!" he said.

I looked. There in the bottom of the truck lay a dozen of the largest and most beautiful brook trout I had ever seen, at least in that part of the country.

"Holy cat, Willie!" I said. "What a catch!"

"Best day's troutin'," he said, "ever I had in all my born days. Wouldn't have missed it for nothin' on earth. Ain't a fish there that'll weigh under two pound. I'm a-goin' to give some of 'em," he added, scratching his ear, "to the boys on the committee that painted my house. The biggest one I'm a-goin' to give to Jed Massey."

"You are? I call that pretty Christian of you, Willie," I said.

"Well," answered Willie, with his crinkly, toothless grin, "seems only right, somehow—seein' as I caught the hull mess of 'em out of Old Man Massey's brook."

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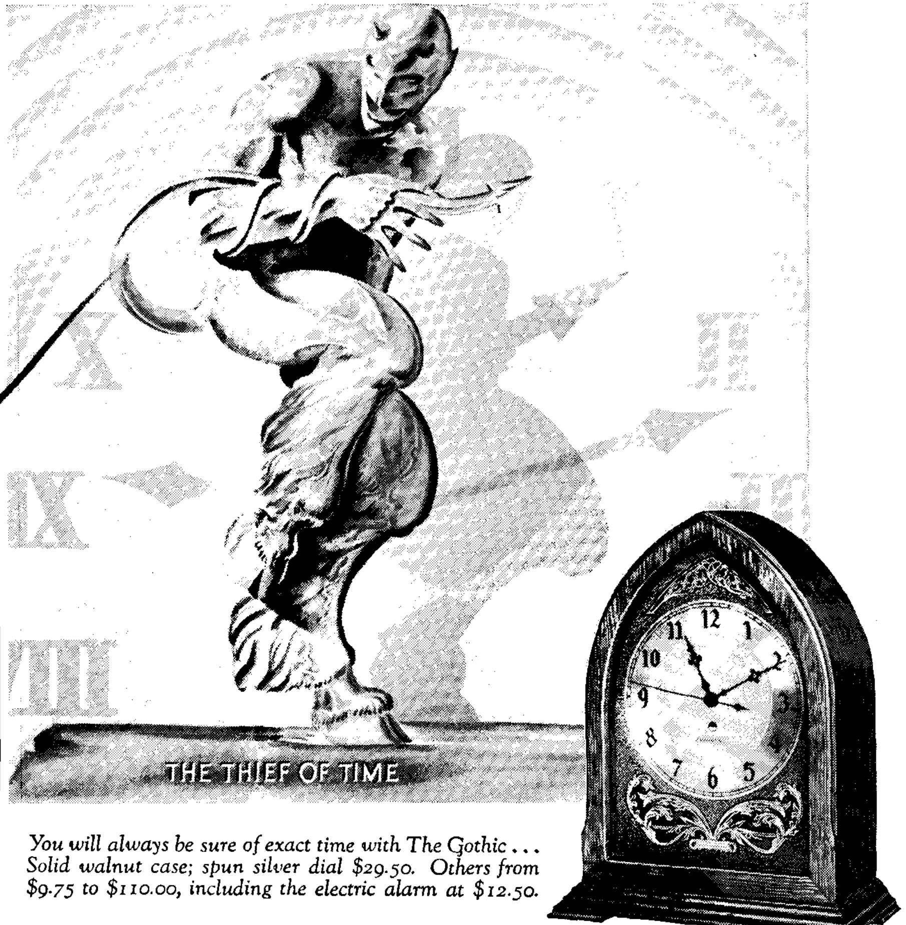

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The Sardine's Teeth

Continued from page 21

"You wouldn't bump off an old guy . . . me just out from doing—"

"That's another modern touch of mine," snarled the big man. "I never wait for a guy to get his divvy of a swag and then double-cross me. I take the first signs of yellow that shows on him and book him for the ride." He punched the gun deeper into the Sardine's chest. "Get back here, fish, or I'll leave you for the buzzards and not for these hick bulls." He started back across the road, the Sardine following him. The big man took off the climbers and threw them into the car with a crash. The Sardine shivered.

"WHAT yuh quaking about?" the Shark demanded.

"Noise calls bulls," said the Sardine.

"And lead out of this keeps 'em away," said the Shark, patting his hip-pocket. "Anyway, they all wrap up at 1 A. M. in a burg like this and stay wrapped till after dawn." He crossed the sidewalk to the side door of the bank. The Sardine was at his heels. When the big man bent his head to look at the lock the Sardine bent too.

"I could give her a neat pick," said the little man.

"Get that old hatchet mug of yours out of this pie," snarled the Shark. His elbow caught the Sardine on the chin and sent him against the wall. He drew a flat, blank brass key from his pocket, struck a match and held the key blade over it. The fluttering light shone in their faces and against the door. The Sardine cautiously cupped his hand around the flame and the Shark knocked it away. Now the blade of the key was covered with a fine veneer of soot. Carefully the Shark inserted it into the lock, turned it several times and drew it out gently. He saw scratches where the soot-covered blade had made contact with the lock tumblers. He fished a tri-cornered file from his vest pocket and began to rasp into the blade where the scratches were. The noise was sharp, piercing. The Sardine's blood ran cold. He glanced furtively around.

The big man chattered as he filed: "You old mutts just dumb-bells. No brains. No science. No killers. No savvy. No nothing. What old yegg ever rapped five, six, seven banks in a single night, like they were paper tents? Whose jobs get the big play in the newspapers?"

He did not cease jabbering in his pompous bass voice until the key was fully notched. Then he put it into the lock and turned it. The door opened outward. "Sweet," he chuckled. "Sweet just like a nut. And when they open up this crib in the morning they'll know this call was made by a gent that knows his stuff. And they'll find you."

There was still a metal-latticed inner door to be negotiated. The Sardine suggested a jimmy again. The Shark bellowed into his face and ordered him to bring the jack from the car. The Sardine lifted the jack out of the steel tool box without a sound. He carried it to the Shark. The big man put the foot of the jack against the door sill and caught the toothed top of it against the lattice work. He inserted the handle and turned it. The door gave. He pushed it in, then stepped away and surveyed his handiwork. "That shows you what modern brains'll do," he chortled. He handed the jack to the little man, who replaced it in the car.

The town clock struck again, once. The Sardine's shoulders gave.

"Haul that torch and tank outa the car and fetch them inside," the Shark barked. His voice was deep and drowned in his own ears the sounding of the clock. The Sardine heard four more strikes. He looked across the road for signs of dawn. It was still pitch black. He looked toward the side door. The Shark was not there. He had gone into the bank.

The little man thought of the fate threatened by the Shark. He thought of cutting across the field in the darkness and making a get-away. But the big man's grudge was deep. It was twenty years old. He'd come gunning after the little man and that would be that. So he bent into the car and came up with a coil of small rubber hose in one hand and a thin pipe which had caliper-shaped twin tips. This was the torch. He carried these into the bank and laid them at the foot of the blue-enameled vault door. They made no more noise than a violet dropped on soft earth. The Shark boomed a command to roll in the tank and be quick about it and also bring in a roll of cloth that was on the back seat.

The Sardine went out. The long steel cylinder loaded with oxyacetylene gas was heavy. He nearly broke his bent back lifting it out of the car. He rolled it across the sidewalk into the bank and stood it on end before the vault door. He faced the Shark. The roll of cloth was under one arm. He drew the back of his thin, dry hand across his forehead and sighed.

The Shark snapped a flashlight into his face. "What's all the sweating for?" he snorted. "Yellow all over, huh, like that canary of yours. Shut them side doors now."

This command was obeyed and the little man came back. He stood in front of the Shark, in darkness. The Shark lighted a cigarette from the glowing end of an old one. "Now we're in here under cover," he said, "I'll spill the good news to you. I'm gonna burn into that vault and come out with a twenty-grand swag. But before I leave the place I'm gonna lock you in that big steel box and weld the door."

"Shark! Shark! You wouldn't. Gees, man, I'm only out. . . . I only got a few more years."

"For twenty years that slap in the face you gave me has trailed me like a tail," the Shark rasped. "Chucked up into my face wherever I went."

"I was only trying to save a kid from—"

"Who the hell ever gave you the keys to heaven?" boomed the big man as he drew yellow-lensed motor goggles down over his eyes. He connected the hose with the tank and the caliper-shaped torch. He touched a match to the twin tips and a tiny blue flame spurted out.

THE Sardine sagged back and found himself in a teller's steel-latticed cage. The little man was thinking desperately, groping for any plan that might offer a fair chance of escape. He looked around the cage. On the floor under the counter he saw a small wooden box bottom up, then a small cloth-backed mirror caught in the lattice-work. At the side of a money box on the counter he saw the gleam of a .38 pistol barrel. Box, mirror and gun. This must be the cage in which the lady teller worked!

In the mirror he caught the broad back of the Shark spiking his blue flame against the blue enameled door. He reached for the girl's revolver. He could empty that into the big man's back, or level it at him and hold him at bay while he made his get-away. But his hand did not touch the gun. It came away. That wasn't the way old yeggs worked. He had been a yegg but not a killer. And if he fired now the first shot would bring the hick badges. They'd both be nabbed or killed. He stepped quietly out of the cage, glancing at the curtained windows. It was still dark but what time? It was after five. The last striking of the clock had told him that. Dawn must be due now.

"Be long now before the door's burned through?" he called out in a whisper.

"About fifteen minutes," grumbled the big man. "But what the hell good'll that do you? You're staying."

The little man made no reply. "Fifteen," he muttered to himself, and not without some elation. By that time dawn might arrive. If he could only keep that big guy away from the door, delay the torch operation, so as to get him inside the vault just as day broke, then swing the vault door shut and barricade it, he could spurt out of the side door, gain the field and be well away before the big fellow came crashing out. He wouldn't dare come gunning after him then. The hick bulls would be up. They got up at dawn. The Shark, suddenly aware it was dawn, would dive into his big eight and make away for dear life without concerning himself with the whereabouts of his missing helper. The Shark would be surprised. And surprise always licked yeggs, the old ones and the modern ones.

BUT the difficulty with this plan would be to stall the Shark along till dawn or just before. Everything hung on the dawn and stalling the big man. Maybe he could talk to the Shark. But what about? Prisons, birds, old jobs? The Shark already had indicated that he had heard enough on these topics. Well, what would the Shark like to talk about? What *had* he talked about all this time?

The Sardine felt a warm glow through his body as it stiffened. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," he repeated to himself in ecstasy. The Shark had talked about himself; how good he was, how up-to-date he was, how bum the old yeggs were. There was the tip, the cue. The Shark was about to make a bum out of him. Well, it sometimes happened in prison that a man would let himself be made a bum to make things easier for himself, to save himself, to seem like a fool when he really wasn't.

"What yuh want me to do with this roll of cloth under my arm?" the Sardine queried.

The Sardine knew what the cloth was for but his inquiry did what he hoped it would. The Shark came away from the vault door. "You old stiff, haven't you hung that yet?" he bellowed savagely.

"Didn't know what it was for," said the Sardine.

"That's a screen," said the Shark. "Drape it over the front of that teller's cage to give this light a shield."

The Sardine hung the cloth over the cage. He saw what he expected to see, a painted replica of the front of the cage. "Swell piece of scenery that, Shark," he chuckled. "You paint it?"

"No, you old simp, the spotter I sent down here painted that."

"Brand-new stuff to me," the Sardine lied. He had used screens like that twenty years ago; also cardboard cut-outs built in the form of a safe, with a safe painted on them, to screen him while he worked.

"That's another modern invention of mine," said the Shark, as he turned and poured blue flame where a nickeled bar

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held the steel door locked. The Sardine stood looking on in silence, trying to think of something else that would draw the big man away from the door.

"Shark," he finally said, "I could put a swell soup job on that door. I was an expert with the soup."

"Oh, you were, huh?" The Shark stepped back from the door and dropped into a swivel chair at the flat-topped desk. He lighted a cigarette.

"I'll show you how soup is worked," the little man went on. He bounded to a corner where there was a washstand and came back with a piece of white soap. He stood on tiptoes and rubbed the soap into the upper door crack, then puttied it into the side cracks. He stepped back and grinned at the Shark. "I ain't got any soup with me," he said, "but if I did have some I'd just tip the bottle up to those soaped cracks, let her run down inside them and zowie!"

Slowly the big man arose. His large paw shot out, caught the Sardine's bony shoulder and hauled him around in a spin. "You and your fancy nitroglycerine jobs!" he barked. "You old sap, soup's been out of date since you went up." He touched his blue flame to the door. The metal grew red, then white and melted away. The flame dazzled the old man's eyes but he could see that the flame was eating into the single nickel bolt. He looked toward the windows. No sign of dawn yet.

"I was always afraid of torches because they're numbered and they can be traced," he said, hoping again to draw the big man into time-consuming talk.

"Sure they're all numbered," said the Shark, letting his torch fall from the door. "But, you old mutt, I've lifted so many of them, and worked so fast, no bull has ever been able to catch up with the serial numbers. And when I get through with this job all this machinery lays here where it is . . . with you. And you, you old sap, you'd carry nitro around in your pocket, bump into something and go up in shavings."

He lighted another cigarette and went on in his rambling, bragging way. He spoke of this job and that job he'd put on. This was the only small-town bank he was cracking this season—just to get front money to finance other bigger jobs. He'd easily have a hundred grand before heavy winter set in and then he'd blow to Miami for the races. "And that's where I'll be when you're steaming up in the Big House or . . . under the sod. You would slap Shark Maginn in the puss, huh?" He lighted a fresh cigarette and laid his torch on the corner of the desk. He started to speak. The Sardine looked toward the windows. It seemed to be turning gray outside. He wasn't sure. The torch had dazzled his eyes.

"I THINK it's getting light outside," he said in an alarmed whisper. The Shark turned his masked eyes to the window, spat out the cigarette and picking up his flaming torch went back to the door. In about two minutes the flame had eaten through the nickel bolt and the door came open. The Shark stepped into the vault and went up to a squat, round safe. He slapped it with his hand. "Yeah, manganese cannonball," he muttered. "But you'll open up okay for Shark Maginn."

He tugged at the hose which ran from tank to torch and got more play. He shot the blue flame against the nickeled combination dial on the round face of the safe. It blackened, got red, then white and softened. The Shark's back was to the open door.

The Sardine tiptoed to the window and peered round the edge of a curtain. He returned to the vault door. Silently he pushed the flat-topped desk nearer the door and rolled the heavy tank a little closer. Then he went into the vault. He scraped his soles across the steel floor to make sure the Shark heard him. The Shark did not look up. As soon as the Shark heard him, and knew he was there, the little man would back out, close the door, barricade it and bolt into the open.

There were rows of metal-faced drawers along the walls. He drew one open and purposely rattled it. He felt into it and pulled out a handful of papers. They were bonds, held together by an elastic band. He reached up to put them back into the drawer. There was a swish of air in back of him. A sledge-hammer blow caught him between the side of his thin neck and his shoulder. He saw stars and doubled up. The bonds were snapped out of his hands.

"You lousy old shiever," boomed the Shark. The big man's fist shot out and hammered into the Sardine's temple. He reeled and went staggering toward the door. The air behind him swished again as the flaming torch cut through it and fell across the Sardine's neck. He went sprawling out of the vault and fell headlong across the floor. His head grazed the metal lattice of the inner side door. He sank, face down, stunned.

Snorting, cursing, leering, the Shark stood in the vault door, his torch spilling its blue flame into the air. "Lay there, you shieving old sneak," he bawled. "Trying to go south, huh, with numbered bonds. Want them to put the busy finger on Shark Maginn. Lay there and I'll finish you later."

The stunned Sardine heard nothing. His brain swirled and sang. He lay in a shadowed corner, his head where the metal door met the floor. His body heaved and twitched and writhed. The big man stalked back into the vault.

THE Sardine was quite still now. The town clock droned six times but he heard nothing. The torch within the vault hissed and the Shark heard nothing of the bell. After a little while cold air, seeping through under the side doors touched the Sardine's scorched neck. His head moved. He groaned.

Outside sounded a shrill whistle which softened into a melody. The Sardine's head moved and he raised it slightly with great effort. His hand crept up the steel lattice and felt the cold metal. Yeah, he was in his black cell in the Big House. Moaning, his head fell back on the floor.

He heard again the shrill whistle, then its softer notes. He cupped his hand to his ear. The song was too shrill for a canary but it was a bird all right. And it was outside, not in a cell; not above his bunk where Dapper Daisy's cage always hung. With great effort he raised himself to his knees. He opened the inner door, then the door outside. The full-throated melody sounded again, clearer. His sore eyes were dazzled by the fiery red glow that came up behind hills across the field. Gees, no, you couldn't fool a bird on dawn. He rose to his feet and started across the dirt road. He saw a flash of white as the singer, a meadow lark, whipped up out of the stubble in the field and flew toward the rising sun. There were peeps and chirps and the flutter of wings in the leafless trees at the side of the road. He managed to roll his sore body over the fence rail and started across the field, limping, following the invisible wake of the meadow lark.

In back of him, at the bank, a shot ripped the air. He quickened his pace. Yeah, the Shark must have spotted him. He went on toward the distant hills expecting at any moment to hear a bullet sing past his ear or sink into his back.

Finney the Sardine had been going along the railroad tracks for several

(*Continued on page 70*)

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This is Demuth Milano No. 1544. *If you prefer a rustic finish, ask for* No. 1644

JUST AFTER you have smoked it, take out the stem and insert a corner of a clean handkerchief. Twist it around. Remove it. Is it still spotless? It is if your pipe is a Milano. The Hesson Guard* prevents all condensation of moisture in the shank. The smoke is drawn fresh and pure to the mouthpiece. You get nothing but the aromatic richness and fragrance of the fine tobacco flavor. The Milano is the pipe that stays sweet. And there is not even any bother in breaking them in . . . already caked, mechanically smoked for you with real tobacco. Wm. Demuth & Company, New York, London, Chicago, San Francisco.

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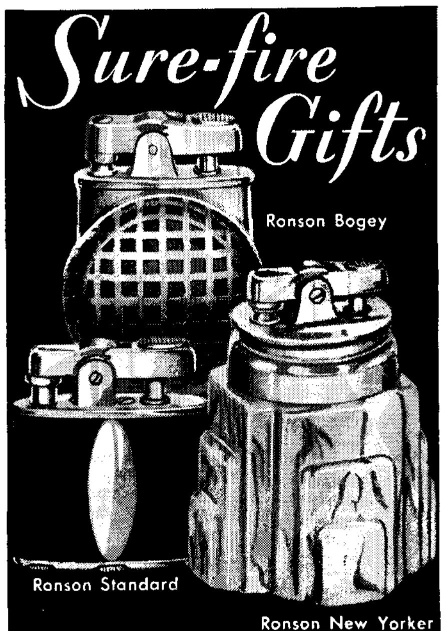

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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

(*Continued from page 69*)

hours, trotting till he was winded, slowing down to a walk, then breaking into a trot whenever he looked furtively back along the tracks. When he thought of the Shark it made him dizzy but still he went along. Probably the big torchman was far from Piute Center now, with his swag and his gun, and his eye out for his missing helper. The Sardine needed to hurry to get into the clear, make his lodgings, get the bird and dig out for other parts before the Shark could find him.

A TRAIN was coming at him. Time to duck. He slid down a weed-grown embankment and disappeared into a wooden culvert under the tracks. The earth shook as the train rattled by overhead. It must be the noon train, for the sun was directly overhead. A newspaper flew up against the mouth of the culvert and closed it. Tossed out probably by someone on the train. He hauled it in. It was pretty dark. But he could make out one word in the front-page headline, the most familiar word—bank. He crumpled the paper and slid out of the culvert. He poked his head up level with the tracks and saw no one. He hobbled to a fence and laboriously pulled himself up to the top rail. The sun felt good against his cold back. He shook out the paper and looked at the headline. His old eyes blinked.

EXTRA! BIG BANK ROBBER CAUGHT

He moistened his dry lips with his tongue and read on avidly. . . . "One of the boldest bank bandits in the country was caught robbing the Piute Center Bank and Trust Company. . . . Surprised as he came backing out of the vault jamming $20,000 in bills into his pockets . . . surprised by a slip of a girl, the teller, when she came into the bank a little after dawn to tidy up and be ready to accommodate the wheat farmers."

The Sardine whistled.

" . . . The girl teller found the bank's side door opened. She went into her cage . . . in the hand mirror hanging above her counter she saw a bright light in the vault and then a big man came backing out. She picked up her prize thirty-eight, which she had won at monthly target practice, fired it out of the side door once, leveled it at the bandit and held him at bay until the police came up . . . guns drawn . . . expecting trouble because the telephone wires had been cut."

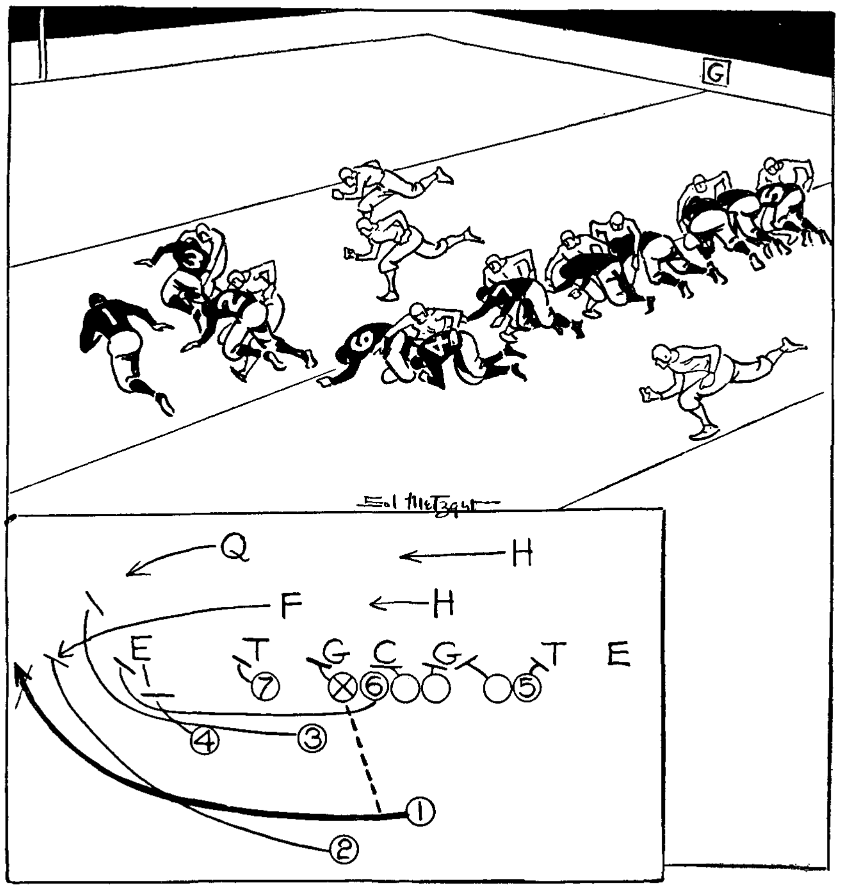
THAT shot she fired must have been the one he heard as he was making across the field. He must have missed the gal by only a few seconds. He buried his face between the news-sheets. . . . "The bandit was evidently a poor workman . . . had tried nitroglycerine but that didn't work, so he tried the torch. . . . But he couldn't have known much about a torch, for he had spent hours on the job . . . cigarette stubs lay about the floor. . . . The bandit was a big fellow . . . very mum and sullen . . . refused to give his name or talk . . . and the police were satisfied he was alone on the job. . . . They are tracing him by the number on his car, which they understand was stolen."

In the field in back of him a meadow lark sang. The Sardine suddenly raised his head out of its enveloping screen of newspaper pages. He saw a man coming along the track in the distance, carrying something, a rifle, or a shotgun, slanted diagonally across his body. "Yeah, a meadow lark on the job again," the little man chuckled and, tumbling forward, fell upon the soft ground and, crawling toward the culvert, slid into it with fishlike ease.

He finished his newspaper reading in the dim light of the culvert. He was constantly interrupted in his reading, wondering whether the two little white crocks which hung on Dapper Daisy's cage, which he had filled with seed and water the morning before, would be empty before he got back.

Then he rolled the newspaper into a ball and put it under his head. His eyes closed and he turned on his side. He didn't go to sleep right then. He had quite an argument with himself before he made up his mind that the thing he'd do after he hunted up the parole agent would be to take Dapper Daisy out to the park three blocks from his lodgings, open the little wire gate on the cage and let her go.

He'd miss the bird. But after that long stretch of ten years with him in the Big House it might be that Daisy too might like to be out with the meadow larks before she folded up for good. He didn't think he'd ever be in a position again to need the song of a bird at dawn to wake him up. But some of these big modern guys, these torch experts, that knew too much to get anything from a bird, they might, yeah, they might. It was then that he dozed off, and after a little while heavy but blissful breathing came out both ends of the culvert.



Pape's Run to Glory for Iowa

By Sol Metzger

FOOTBALL develops certain fine qualities. It demands speed. "My kingdom for a Man of War" might best paraphrase the present-hour cry of the coaches.

The dazzling speed of the Fighting Irish, year upon year, both backs and linemen, has made Notre Dame and victory synonymous. Red Grange utilized speed above all else. Welch, Uanza, Saunders and Cagle banked on it in every play.

Iowa's opportunity came in its uphill battle with Minnesota last fall. It had gained a first down six yards from the Gophers' goal. Just two minutes left to play and the score 7 to 3 against Iowa.

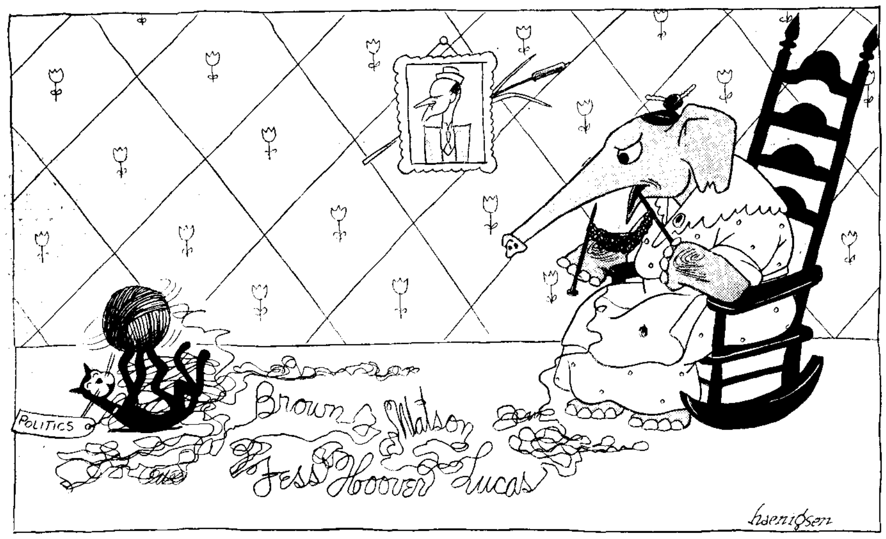
What to do! Seconds were precious. Bronko Nagurski, one of the all-time, all-around gridiron stars, stood up to inspire Minnesota. Now he crouched for the charge, tensely awaiting Iowa's desperate attack.

Iowa's chances seemed faint against such foes. It appeared foolhardy to chance a pass. The ball was but fifteen yards in from the right side-line, limiting passes to about half their usual area. Why risk interception or a grounded ball behind the goal! Either would throw away what chances the three remaining downs might offer.

A sweep to the long side. That was not in the book. End runs to the strong side of defensive lines are foolhardy at such times. Too, their failure may demoralize the tiring attack. It had to be straight ahead.

But this was no time for the conventional and the great Bronko Nagurski knew it. He told Minnesota so. From the odd formation diagrammed above Iowa suddenly swept to the left. Pape (1) dared to round that narrow flank. Roberts (7), end, gave him his start by boxing the opposing right tackle. Rogge (4) checked the defensive end momentarily. The guard (6) finished him. Sansen (2) tangled the legs of the opposing fullback. A glint of open field. The flying Pape sped into it. And no one to stop him. He was over. Victory!

Blinding speed and the unexpected won this game and will win many more. In the next issue of Collier's we'll peep into the resourceful mind of Jimmy Phelan, coach of last year's Conference champions, Purdue, to find out why his teams win games.



Quick, Watson!

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR ROBERT H. LUCAS of the Republican National Committee is one of those pleasing-looking fellows that everybody likes to see get a good job. And he has one now, for, according to the general report, he is receiving $25,000 a year to be the head office man of the Republican party.

Precisely what his functions are would be hard to say. Some say he is the real works in the Republican National Committee and that good Dr. Fess is merely a figurehead. Others say that good Dr. Fess will grab all the authority and certainly all the glory, leaving Mr. Lucas a sort of head clerk glorified by a $25,000 salary.

Mr. Lucas' past political history is this: Alvin Hert, who until his death a few years ago used to be the Republican boss of Kentucky, had three lieutenants. Of these, Mr. Lucas was one. When Mr. Hert died, his power descended upon the three lieutenants. So in recent years Mr. Lucas has been one of three Republican leaders in Kentucky.

Now Hert used to be an ally and pal of Senator Jim Watson. So since Hert's death Lucas has been a Jim Watson man. As he always had to make his living out of politics, Watson has always seen that he had a good political job, in recent years as Internal Revenue Collector in Kentucky. When Mr. Hoover became President, Watson got Lucas appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington.

This brings us down pretty nearly to the time when President Hoover found it expedient to get rid of his national chairman, Claudius H. Huston.

For the Good of the Game

Now when the President began to remove Mr. Huston from the political landscape, six months or so ago, his first idea was to get all the leading Republicans to tell the chairman to get out, thinking that Claudius would be unable to resist party pressure for his resignation. The plan did not work very well at first. Huston is no sensitive, shrinking person. And the Old Guard Republicans could not see any harm in Mr. Huston's relations with the chemical companies trying to get possession of Muscle Shoals, or in his receiving money from one of them for political purposes and "banking" it with his stock brokers.

Naturally, to carry out the idea of removing Mr. Huston by party pressure, it was necessary to pry some of his influential supporters away from him, especially Jim Watson, leader of the Republicans in the Senate.

All of a sudden it occurred to Jim Watson that he might get his own man into the national chairmanship if Mr. Huston was got out. At any rate, overnight he turned against Huston and began booming Mr. Lucas for national chairman. Watson would have not only been leader of the Republicans in the Senate but also the power behind the scenes.

In this ambition Watson ran up against Postmaster-General Brown, who also wished to be the power behind the scenes in the national organization. Mr. Brown had this advantage over Senator Watson, that he was trusted by President Hoover while Senator Watson had double-crossed the President too many times on the hill to be regarded with a perfectly childlike faith. So a compromise had to be made. Brown got his man, Fess, into the chairmanship, and Watson got his man, Lucas, into the newly created job of executive director.

Watson for Watson

The President, not being ready to force Huston out of the chairmanship, had to pay the price of letting Jim Watson get a finger into the national organization. Whether or not Lucas is for Jim Watson, the camel's head in the tent of the fable, is what everyone in Washington is guessing. Anyway, that is the explanation of the rather curious existing organization of the Republican National Committee.

What has happened may turn out to have a bearing on 1932, and it may not. It all depends on the weather and other similar things which may not be properly forecast here.

Is Jim Watson the end of one of the lines in the odd blue-print of the new Republican organization? Not so much that anyone can notice it. Jim lent his name to the plot of the "draft Coolidge" element in 1928 in an attempt to prevent Mr. Hoover's nomination, going out for the delegates from his own state of Indiana at the Kansas City convention. And Watson has bedeviled Hoover over and over again in the Senate.

Watson is the kind of man who puts his arm about your shoulder and is always for you when he is with you, and for someone else when he is away from you. He is always for Jim Watson all the time. Well, anyway, he has a finger in the 1932 pie.

He has come nearer being in a position to achieve his ambition than ever in his life, his ambition being to occupy the place Penrose once held in the Republican party, as the spokesman for the business interests and the man who has the veto upon the making of Presidents.

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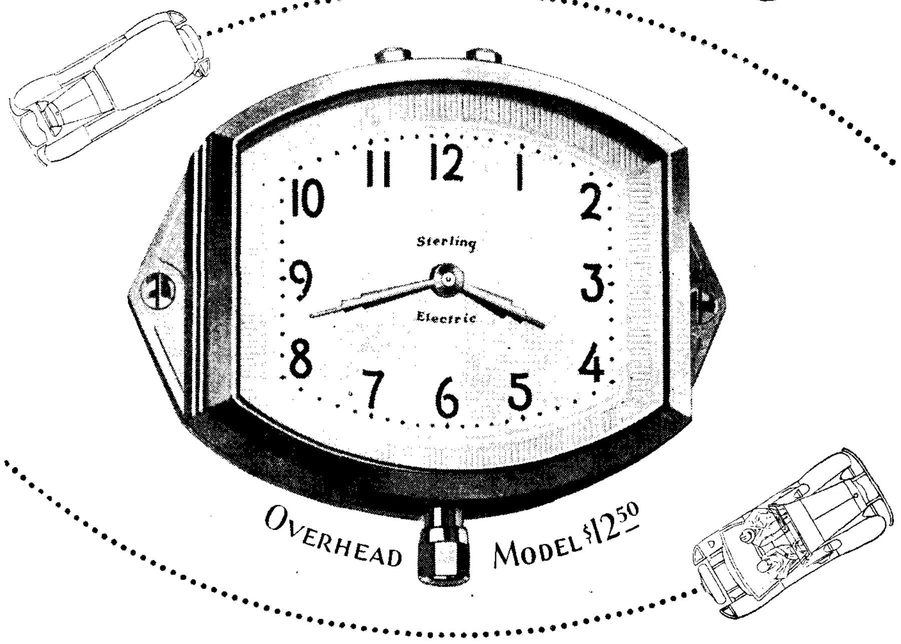

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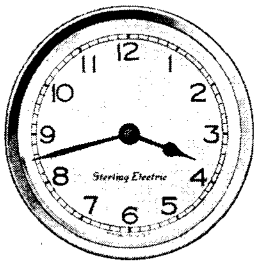

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"And the Drinking was According to the Law"

Continued from page 15

in the sales by bootleggers, a more rapid increase still in sales of wine and beer, and the drunks in Ontario that numbered 14,334 arrests in 1927 and 15,931 in 1928 will in 1929 go way beyond the seventeen-thousand mark.

If the liquor traffic continues to increase in the same ratio at the current rate, Canada may yet have the distinction of drinking more per capita than any other nation does, or ever did, in the world's history.

But Don't Believe Your Eyes

As you come into Canada and see the polished government control men, enthusiastic over the business of dispensing liquors in vast amounts, and note the absence of evidences of excessive drinking in hotel corridors and on the streets, hear the proponents of the systems say, "We are glad to get out of the agitation we had before," see the utter absence of liquor advertising in Ontario, although in Quebec booze placards are plastered on everything, you congratulate yourself that you have seen at last the solution of the liquor problem. But you have not exhausted the sources of information.

What you find is that every man can get all the liquor he wants under certain regulations and those regulations do not decorate the street corners with saloons nor adorn the highways with drunks. But continue your search, go to the officers of the Welfare Department, of the Salvation Army, talk with the pastors of the downtown churches, who live and work among the poor and help to send children to school from blighted homes, go to the neighborhood welfare associations and look at the statistics of work done. Talk to the police and the plain-clothes men, and you will find that alcohol is still "poison." Its effects do not depend on the character of the agent who sold it or the prosperity of the distiller who made it or the uniform of the vender who handled it. You will never make intoxicating liquor a safe and advisable beverage as long as alcohol dwells in whisky, wine and beer.

This fact is hard to get in Canada. Liquor controls; "rum" is supreme; few men with aspirations for public life will dare to attack it. Patriotism swallows the dose; the Church walks softly lest its loyalty to the State be put in question and even the temperance organizations are making little noise in Canada. Their organs produce neither music nor discord. Where are those valiant souls in the press, on the platform, in educational circles and scientific associations and in the ministry who used to blaze incandescent and whose words were quoted around the world?

Liquor has put out their fires, silenced the preacher in the pulpit, muzzled the editor at his desk, blindfolded the agitator. But the Church has not lost its conscience; it is not recreant. The officers of temperance organizations are not blind and they do not lack courage. They are biding their time and when the day of the iniquity of this system is full, they will speak all the more authoritatively because of their patience, because of the extreme fairness with which they have waited and watched. All is quiet along the border—until you get to Niagara!

After a beautiful drive through Canada, along rivers and placid lakes, we came to the thunderous cataract. It seems as if God's infinite hand had shoveled through the rock backbone of the world a passageway for the drainage of the waters of a continent. As we looked, the waters of the lakes and rivers, of the continent of the ages, seemed to be coming down, rushing, roaring, pouring down. Nothing can resist that flood. Everything seems to contribute to make an avalanche irresistible.

But don't jump to conclusions here. Man has bored into that boiling caldron and taken all the water he wants for electric power plants, and a child can turn a button and light a room or heat a house. Right down there, moored in safety, is a little ship, The Maid of the Mist. We went aboard. They cast off her moorings. She trembled like a thing of life and feeling, and set her face against that avalanche of water and conquered it. She smiled at Niagara's flood, because down in the heart of her was concealed tons of carbon—congealed sunlight, borrowed from ninety million miles away and stored up for man's use against such odds. The power of another world was brought to bear upon the current of this.

Everything I saw or heard in Canada was going one way. Everything for liquor revenue, government social prestige, party politics, appetite, custom—a Niagara flood all rushing one way. But moral sentiment, born of God, is irresistible. It will overcome government sale in the Dominion of Canada, and specifically in the province of Ontario, and just as certainly in Quebec. Conscience is slumbering now, but moral power can be awakened and will be by the sight of universal drinking.

I say this despite a state of public opinion, which, superficially considered, appears to be satisfied with the law and its administration. There is no violent opposition to government control in Ontario. There is no abusive criticism of the policy. It is not the target of press "humor," nor are its proponents caricatured in cartoons. Opponents of the law are not urged to obstruct its operation, nor is there incitement to violate it.

The fact that the temperance organizations are not demanding immediate repeal of government control does not mean that they are satisfied with the situation. On the contrary, they believe that the inherent weaknesses of the system will eventually destroy it, that time is its greatest enemy.

Regulations Enforced Rigorously

In the meanwhile, they are supporting the provincial policy even though they do not approve it. Ask the head of the Provincial Prohibition Organization or the Board of Evangelism and Social Service of the United Church and you will be told that Premier Ferguson, who was instrumental in overthrowing "prohibition" in Ontario and instituting government sale, is an honest man and that he was sincerely seeking a solution of the liquor problem. You will be told that Sir Henry Drayton, executive head of the Liquor Control Board, is an efficient, public-spirited servant of the people.

There is not the slightest doubt that Ontario is conducting a noble experiment and conducting it nobly. The regulations made to facilitate administration of the law are intended to promote temperance and social well-being, and they are enforced rigorously. Consider, for instance, the regulation forbidding advertising of liquors. I telephoned to a news photograph agency and asked if it could furnish a picture of the interior of a government store. "We haven't it," was the reply. "We would not be permitted to make such a picture except by special permission and it is doubtful if such permission could be had. You see, advertising is not permitted and any picture of the interior of a government store might be considered advertising for the sale of intoxicating liquors."

Despite the fact that the picture was to be used in illustrating an article to be published in the United States, I refrained from asking special permission as I did not wish to strain in the slightest such admirable fidelity to the spirit of the law.

Nor do I believe that government control is without good effects. Drunken men are to be seen if you visit their haunts—plenty of them—but the average self-respecting, busy citizen certainly sees few. More than that, one sees practically no drinking. Liquors are not consumed in the hotel dining-rooms or at places of public amusement. Every effort is made to drive the drinking of liquor out of sight.

The Keystone Province

The Ontario law, in its nature and administration, seems to be the best of the provincial laws establishing state sale. Conditions in Quebec are very much worse than in Ontario. The whole theory in my opinion will rise or fall on the eventual verdict of Ontario citizens.

Knowing all of this, appreciating to the full the peace and order of Ontario's capital, the absence of vicious, racketeering gangs with their machine guns and sub-machine guns, the suppression of "big" bootlegging, I am still of the opinion that the system obtaining in Ontario is bound to fail and is failing, and that opinion is sustained by every test we are accustomed to make in judging methods of dealing with the liquor evil.

In the first place, Ontario is making a nation of drinkers. The citizens of the province are largely of British Protestant derivation. They are to a considerable degree Presbyterian or Puritan in their ways of thinking. They are not wine drinkers or even beer drinkers by preference. If they drink, and when they drink, they want whisky, a walloping dose. In 1927, during the first five months of government "control," approximately 220,000 drinkers out of a population of about three million applied for permit books which would enable them to purchase liquor. It may be taken for granted that nearly every person with a liquor appetite purchased a permit book within that five-month period. In 1929, the number of permit holders was approximately 420,000, the province adding, in that year, 50,000 to its voting list and 39,000 to its list of permit-holders.

What is the significance of that? It is this: The young people who are coming to a majority in Ontario are learning to drink in unexampled numbers. They see the trade made respectable by government sanction and participation. Liquors are made cheap, very cheap, by government sale and the "purity" of the commodity in which the government deals is continually stressed.

A government official graciously took me through a government liquor store in Toronto. He showed me the system, the booths for writing applications, the censor's office for passing on them, the delivery window for handing out the wet "goods." He showed me the storage system, all through the basement. I saw a hundred times more kinds of intoxi-

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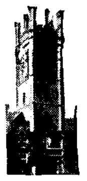

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We came to a last department where they keep the Italian wines. He picked up a bottle. It would have been an ornament for a parlor table. This government official held it toward me and with a bewitching smile said, "That is beautiful stuff! That is so mild that you could drink the entire bottle and you would not be drunk—that is, you would not be for long, you would be over it in an hour!" But I remembered being called out at midnight, where a man had drunk a bottle of that "beautiful stuff," and had beaten his wife's face in and disfigured his daughter for life—feeling like a wine hero.

Another Victory for Virtue

So I didn't take any! But his description was so enticing that I might have invested but for a few things: I am a total abstainer, a prohibitionist, a Methodist, a preacher, a reformer! But ought the government to be inducing men to drink? All these liquor agents are "jolly good fellows." Eve had that same idea of the serpent, when he offered her the glad hand in the Garden of Eden.

By scores of thousands, young men and young women of Ontario who would not drink under prohibition when it would be necessary to visit a bootlegger and violate the sense of responsibility to the government, who would not even have become drinkers in the days of the saloon when that institution was disreputable in the eyes of the better class of citizens, are today becoming drinkers.

The government unwittingly permits this education in alcoholism by encouraging the sale of wine and beer. The consumption of native wines, especially favored by government promotion, has more than doubled since government control was established in Ontario and the consumption of strong beer has increased. Has that caused a decrease in the consumption of whisky? Of course not. Wine and beer simply establish the appetite. They afford a grade-school introduction to drinking, if you please, and it takes only a few short months for the pupils to graduate to whisky.

The startling fact is true today that a member of every other family in Ontario owns a permit to purchase liquors, and if the number of permit-holders increases as heretofore, it seems probable that Ontario will yet see the day when the family which does not contain a registered purchaser of intoxicating liquors is exceptional.

My next objection to the Ontario system is its extreme paternalism. I believe that it is very much easier to enforce a law which applies uniformly to the whole populace than it is to enforce a law which empowers a government official to discriminate between individuals. The vender may say to John Jones that he cannot purchase liquors while John Smith, his neighbor, is still permitted to purchase. This angers not only John Jones, but John Jones' wife and his best friend; and there is planted deep in John Jones' breast a determination to circumvent the administration of a law which discriminates between him and his neighbor.

It is a policy which is abhorrent to the Anglo-Saxon temperament. I do not believe that it would be practicable to conduct a government store in any town of the United States on such a plan. The Canadian people are orderly and law-abiding to a degree which is unknown in the United States. They respect government and defer to it. That is all to their credit, but it does not obscure the fact that the more lawless American would very probably resort to violence if a government restricted his privilege under because of facts revealed by " into his income, his conduc or his state of health. I opinion, work very muc the United States than it is particularly weak at th in Canada.

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I asked an inspector, "Can you search a man's house without a warrant alleging illegal sale from the premises?" He took out of his pocket a card case carrying a blanket "permit to search" and replied that he could search any place where he had reasonable cause to believe that an individual was in possession of liquor illegally obtained.

If we proposed such a measure in the United States what a howl would rise to high heaven!

I believe that the ordinary tests which we apply to any system regulating or prohibiting liquor show that government "control" in Canada is a failure.

Crime Under Liquor Control

I have before me figures taken from the sessional papers of the Ontario government covering certain statistics of the Ontario jails and reformatories. The cost of maintenance steadily mounted from 1926, the last prohibition year, till 1929. The number of persons committed rose from 18,033 in 1926 to 25,980 in 1929; persons sentenced from 11,371 to 17,626. The number of drunk and disorderly appearing in the reports of those institutions for 1926 were 4,588, and in 1929, 5,722, a figure which would be larger but for the fact that some of the offenses which would have been included in that category in 1926 had been transferred to the column showing breaches of the liquor law.

Those breaches of the liquor law numbered 1,158 in 1926 under prohibition, and 3,597 in 1929 under government "control"; assaults rose from 214 to 333; breaches of the peace from 2 to 79; vagrancy from 1,057 to 1,801. It must be realized that many of those offenses do not appear in the reports of the jails and reformatories, those shown being no doubt the most serious cases. It cannot be without significance that the rise is uniform and large.

Womanhood is nowhere honored more than in Canada and the Canadian people are learning that under "liquor control" the woman pays the price. The statistics of the Ontario jails and reformatories show 74 indecent assaults and exposures in 1926 under prohibition, 90 in 1927 under liquor control, 103 in 1928 and 136 in 1929. Rape or attempted rape which appeared in these statistics in 1926 to the number of only 23 increased to 28 in 1927, to 49 in 1928, and was 35 in 1929.

Nor is it without influence with me that the charity workers of the city of Toronto seem to be very generally of the opinion that government control, while a great improvement over the old

(*Continued on page 74*)

74

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(*Continued from page 73*)

saloon régime, has greatly increased the difficulties with which they are accustomed to deal. The social secretary of the Salvation Army so testifies.

Rev. J. E. Hunter, of Queen Street United Church, located in the very heart of the district where drink takes its greatest toll, tells heart-rending stories of hungry children and men struggling unavailingly against a confirmed liquor appetite, of cruelty, of women giving birth to children without the services of doctor or midwife or nurse.

It is a familiar tale under any system of dealing with the drink trade and it is no less familiar in Ontario than elsewhere. Nor does Mr. Hunter believe that the Liquor Control Act has driven the bootlegger out of business.

He quotes one man as saying to him, "How can a man who has the appetite for liquor keep straight and live in this district where everywhere he turns he finds the bootlegger?"

Let us examine some of the statistics of the Dominion and see if they support the Ontario records. A graph showing convictions per 10,000 for drunkenness shows an average of 25 in 1918 when nearly every province was under the prohibition of retail sale of liquor, rising to 46 in 1920 when war regulations were expiring, dropping again to 27 in 1922 when permanent prohibition measures were in existence nearly everywhere and rising sharply to 38 in 1928 when nearly all Canada was under some system of "control."

Wine, Women and Motor Cars

Startling and disturbing is the fact that convictions for offenses against women have risen almost hand in hand with the rise in consumption of spirits per capita. The number of persons sentenced to prisons and reformatories in Ontario was approximately 11,000 in 1926, it jumped to nearly 14,000 in 1927, to more than 16,000 in 1928, and to nearly 18,000 in 1929. The number of fatal highway accidents per ten thousand cars in Ontario increased from 1926 to 1929 by 41 per cent, and the number of factory accidents 32 per cent—facts which cannot be dissociated from the rise in consumption of proof gallons of liquor, a rise recently amounting to 141 per cent.

Is it our wish to suppress home brew? There are nearly 150,000 known home brewers in Ontario. Is it our purpose to suppress the hip-pocket bootlegger? Government control does not do it. Is it our desire to remove the flasks from hip pockets of young people? Flasks are on sale on every business street in Toronto. Is it our desire to diminish the social pressure to drink? We hear in Ontario the familiar tales so well known in the United States.

Whether or not the Ontario system and Canadian systems in general have increased respect for law, I do not attempt to say. There *is* respect for law. It is the virtue of the Canadian people. In this particular instance it may be due in considerable degree to the admirable attitude of the patriotic drys of Ontario and other Canadian provinces—an attitude which could well be emulated by the wets of the United States. Indeed it is perfectly apparent that the drys of Ontario have much more reason to hope for eventual repeal of government sale in Ontario because of their attitude of fairness. There is none of the feeling on the part of the wets in Ontario that they are not being given a fair deal which one finds among the drys in the United States.

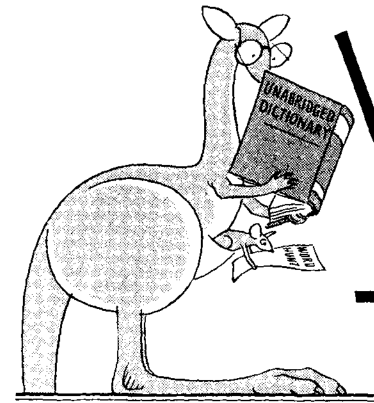
The system profits by the service of men of honesty and ability. Whether we could secure such men to serve in such connection in the United States is very doubtful. Patronage must be dispensed in connection with government sale. What if such patronage were being dispensed by some of the vicious political machines which control our great cities? The prospect is not alluring.

It Won't be Long Now

Within a few years the people of Ontario, indeed of all Canada, will render their verdict on the experimental system which they have established. The number of drinkers is increasing and the number of drunkards must inevitably increase because it is impossible to make drinkers without making drunkards. If, and when, the Canadian people awake to that fact, they will turn thumbs down on government sale. When they do, they will not go back to the old saloon but will turn their faces toward Dominion prohibition—prohibition of the manufacture, importation, exportation and inter-provincial transportation of liquor, as well as prohibition of the sales.

Few people know that Canada never rejected prohibition as we understand it in the United States. The present systems were adopted not because of too much prohibition, but because of too little; Ontario, for instance, never had the power to prohibit manufacture o liquors. That was a Dominion powe and at the very time that Ontari was trying to establish prohibition th Dominion was licensing new distillerie and breweries within its borders an from these places poured out quantitie of liquors ostensibly for "export," whic nevertheless inevitably found themselve by a short-circuiting process in th hands of Ontario bootleggers.

Collier's representatives were afforde every opportunity to learn the facts. Si Henry Drayton of the Liquor Contro Board, the officers of the temperanc organizations, the Dominion Bureau o Statistics and many distinguished citizens coöperated with kindly courtesy The people of Ontario are a peopl whom any American who cherishes ou ideals must thoroughly admire. The are undertaking a great experiment and with the genius of the Anglo-Saxon for government are undertaking it well. In a few years they will have their own verdict to render. My opinion is that it will not be rendered prematurely and that when it is rendered it will be correct and two neighbor nations will stand in friendly handclasp looking forward to a better age of sobriety and peace.



WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are only eleven words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters I·M·P·A. One of them is IMPACT. You supply the others.

1	I	M	P	A	C	T	A striking together; collision; forcible contact. To pack; wedge.
2	I	M	P	A	R	E	(Rare) To pack in or up; to press together.
3	I	M	P	A	L	M	(Rare) To grasp with, or hold in, the palm of the hand.
4	I	M	P	A	R	K	To inclose in, or for, a park; to inclose or shut up.
5	I	M	P	A	L	L	(Rare) To envelop in, or as in, a pall.
6	I	M	P	A	W	N	To put in pawn.
7	I	M	P	A	V	E	(Rare) To pave in.
8	I	M	P	A	L	T	(Law) To have time before pleading, originally for amicable settlement.
9	I	M	P	A	R	T	To bestow a share of. To communicate the knowledge of. To give utterance to.
10	I	M	P	A	I	R	To make worse; damage; deteriorate. Also, an unpaired or odd thing or number.
11	I	M	P	A	L	E	To pierce with a pale, or with anything sharp; to torment as by so piercing.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for September 27th

1. Invert
2. Invite
3. Invade
4. Invoke
5. Invent
6. Invein
7. Inveil
8. Invest

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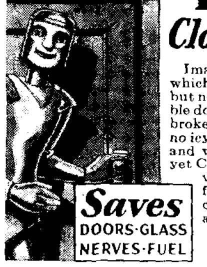

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I have before me figures taken from the sessional papers of the Ontario government covering certain statistics of the Ontario jails and reformatories. The cost of maintenance steadily mounted from 1926, the last prohibition year, till 1929. The number of persons committed rose from 18,033 in 1926 to 25,980 in 1929; persons sentenced from 11,371 to 17,626. The number of drunk and disorderly appearing in the reports of those institutions for 1926 were 4,588, and in 1929, 5,722, a figure which would be larger but for the fact that some of the offenses which would have been included in that category in 1926 had been transferred to the column showing breaches of the liquor law.

Those breaches of the liquor law numbered 1,158 in 1926 under prohibition, and 3,597 in 1929 under government "control"; assaults rose from 214 to 333; breaches of the peace from 2 to 79; vagrancy from 1,057 to 1,801. It must be realized that many of those offenses do not appear in the reports of the jails and reformatories, those shown being no doubt the most serious cases. It cannot be without significance that the rise is uniform and large.

Womanhood is nowhere honored more than in Canada and the Canadian people are learning that under "liquor control" the woman pays the price. The statistics of the Ontario jails and reformatories show 74 indecent assaults and exposures in 1926 under prohibition, 90 in 1927 under liquor control, 103 in 1928 and 136 in 1929. Rape or attempted rape which appeared in these statistics in 1926 to the number of only 23 increased to 28 in 1927, to 49 in 1928, and was 35 in 1929.

Nor is it without influence with me that the charity workers of the city of Toronto seem to be very generally of the opinion that government control, while a great improvement over the old

(*Continued on page 74*)

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(*Continued from page 73*)

saloon régime, has greatly increased the difficulties with which they were accustomed to deal. The social secretary of the Salvation Army so testifies.

Rev. J. E. Hunter, of Queen Street United Church, located in the very heart of the district where drink takes its greatest toll, tells heart-rending stories of hungry children and men struggling unavailingly against a confirmed liquor appetite, of cruelty, of women giving birth to children without the services of doctor or midwife or nurse.

It is a familiar tale under any system of dealing with the drink trade and it is no less familiar in Ontario than elsewhere. Nor does Mr. Hunter believe that the Liquor Control Act has driven the bootlegger out of business.

He quotes one man as saying to him, "How can a man who has the appetite for liquor keep straight and live in this district where everywhere he turns he finds the bootlegger?"

Let us examine some of the statistics of the Dominion and see if they support the Ontario records. A graph showing convictions per 10,000 for drunkenness shows an average of 25 in 1918 when nearly every province was under the prohibition of retail sale of liquor, rising to 46 in 1920 when war regulations were expiring, dropping again to 27 in 1922 when permanent prohibition measures were in existence nearly everywhere and rising sharply to 38 in 1928 when nearly all Canada was under some system of "control."

Wine, Women and Motor Cars

Startling and disturbing is the fact that convictions for offenses against women have risen almost hand in hand with the rise in consumption of spirits per capita. The number of persons sentenced to prisons and reformatories in Ontario was approximately 11,000 in 1926, it jumped to nearly 14,000 in 1927, to more than 16,000 in 1928, and to nearly 18,000 in 1929. The number of fatal highway accidents per ten thousand cars in Ontario increased from 1926 to 1929 by 41 per cent, and the number of factory accidents 32 per cent—facts which cannot be dissociated from the rise in consumption of proof gallons of liquor, a rise recently amounting to 141 per cent.

Is it our wish to suppress home brew? There are nearly 150,000 known home brewers in Ontario. Is it our purpose to suppress the hip-pocket bootlegger? Government control does not do it. Is it our desire to remove the flasks from hip pockets of young people? Flasks are on sale on every business street in Toronto. Is it our desire to diminish the social pressure to drink? We hear in Ontario the familiar tales so well known in the United States.

Whether or not the Ontario system and Canadian systems in general have increased respect for law, I do not attempt to say. There *is* respect for law. It is the virtue of the Canadian people. In this particular instance it may be due in considerable degree to the admirable attitude of the patriotic drys of Ontario and other Canadian provinces—an attitude which could well be emulated by the wets of the United States. Indeed it is perfectly apparent that the drys of Ontario have much more reason to hope for eventual repeal of government sale in Ontario because of their attitude of fairness. There is none of the feeling on the part of the wets in Ontario that they are not being given a fair deal which one finds among the drys in the United States.

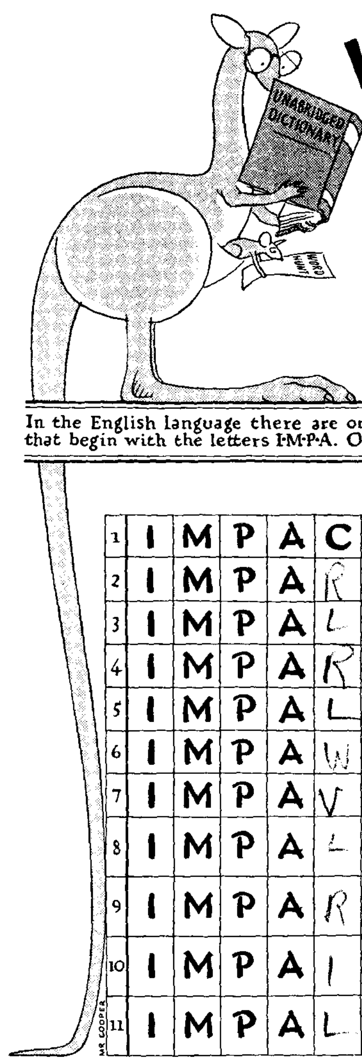
The system profits by the service of men of honesty and ability. Whether we could secure such men to serve in such connection in the United States is very doubtful. Patronage must be dispensed in connection with government sale. What if such patronage were being dispensed by some of the vicious political machines which control our great cities? The prospect is not alluring.

It Won't be Long Now

Within a few years the people of Ontario, indeed of all Canada, will render their verdict on the experimental system which they have established. The number of drinkers is increasing and the number of drunkards must inevitably increase because it is impossible to make drinkers without making drunkards. If, and when, the Canadian people awake to that fact, they will turn thumbs down on government sale. When they do, they will not go back to the old saloon but will turn their faces toward Dominion prohibition—prohibition of the manufacture, importation, exportation and inter-provincial transportation of liquor, as well as prohibition of the sales.

Few people know that Canada never rejected prohibition as we understand it in the United States. The present systems were adopted not because of too much prohibition, but because of too little; Ontario, for instance, never had the power to prohibit manufacture of liquors. That was a Dominion power and at the very time that Ontario was trying to establish prohibition the Dominion was licensing new distilleries and breweries within its borders and from these places poured out quantities of liquors ostensibly for "export," which nevertheless inevitably found themselves by a short-circuiting process in the hands of Ontario bootleggers.

Collier's representatives were afforded every opportunity to learn the facts. Sir Henry Drayton of the Liquor Control Board, the officers of the temperance organizations, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and many distinguished citizens coöperated with kindly courtesy. The people of Ontario are a people whom any American who cherishes our ideals must thoroughly admire. They are undertaking a great experiment and with the genius of the Anglo-Saxon for government are undertaking it well. In a few years they will have their own verdict to render. My opinion is that it will not be rendered prematurely and that when it is rendered it will be correct and two neighbor nations will stand in friendly handclasp looking forward to a better age of sobriety and peace.



WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are only eleven words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters I·M·P·A. One of them is IMPACT. You supply the others.

1	I	M	P	A	C	T	A striking together; collision; forcible contact. To pack; wedge.
2	I	M	P	A	R	E	(Rare) To pack in or up; to press together.
3	I	M	P	A	L	M	(Rare) To grasp with, or hold in, the palm of the hand.
4	I	M	P	A	R	K	To inclose in, or for, a park; to inclose or shut up.
5	I	M	P	A	L	L	(Rare) To envelop in, or as in, a pall.
6	I	M	P	A	W	N	To put in pawn.
7	I	M	P	A	V	E	(Rare) To pave in.
8	I	M	P	A	L	T	(Law) To have time before pleading, originally for amicable settlement.
9	I	M	P	A	R	T	To bestow a share of. To communicate the knowledge of. To give utterance to.
10	I	M	P	A	I	R	To make worse; damage; deteriorate. Also, an unpaired or odd thing or number.
11	I	M	P	A	L	E	To pierce with a pale, or with anything sharp; to torment as by so piercing.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for September 27th

1. Invert	3. Invade	5. Invent	7. Inveil
2. Invite	4. Invoke	6. Invein	8. Invest

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Tough Towns

YOU never can tell what will arouse civic pride. Since we published Sin in the Desert, the story of the ruddy joys of life enjoyed in Butte, Montana, we have received protesting letters from correspondents who point out the claims of their own home communities.

Citizens of Hazelton, Freeland and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Montgomery, Alabama; Albany, New York; Las Vegas, New Mexico; Cheyenne, Wyoming; San Francisco; Jacksonville; Detroit; not to forget Port Arthur, Texas, have written lest the toughness of their cities be overlooked.

Surely some of these observers must exaggerate the vices of which they boast. San Francisco has a gilded past but today the people who look toward the Golden Gate are as conventional as the denizens of Boston. Then again the pretty city of Montgomery, Alabama, can't be as wicked as our correspondent suggests.

Interestingly enough, the letters we have had from Butte have not exulted in the activities of their wastrels. The gambling and vice are admitted but the civic boosters don't want the glorious sunsets, the inspiring mountains and the splendid productive energies of their community forgotten.

The truth is that deep down we all want solid respectability as well as lively adventure. Vice never added to the worth of any city even though it is something to talk about. Any man is proud of himself or his people, not for weakness, but for solid achievements.

Another Swiss Navy

AT THE recent mobilization and war games of the Army Air Corps on the Pacific Coast, based on Mather Field, Sacramento, quite the most dashing figure in the hotel lobbies was a tall, good-looking young man in the blue-gray uniform of a captain of the Engineer Corps, German Army. He was the only foreign observer present—and there was a reason for the merry twinkle in his eye.

It seems that when word got around the embassies in Washington that the Air Corps was planning its gigantic demonstration every important foreign power requested permission to send an official observer from its air corps.

"Why, certainly," said the War Department spokesman, "we'll be glad to have your officers as guests. Only—we shall expect reciprocity. When *you* have maneuvers we'll send *our* officers."

Whereupon all the foreign powers withdrew their requests. All the important powers have aviation secrets they don't want the United States to know. The German officer was an exception. "Assuredly," he said, "we'll be delighted to have you visit us at any time and see everything we've got." That response cheered the War Department official to a friendly glow. He quickly accredited the German observer.

It wasn't until later that he realized that Germany, under the Versailles Treaty, has no official air corps.

Wide Worl

Proper training has suppressed the destructive tendencies of this cat to the point of tolerating its natural rodent prey

Catch 'em Young

A SMART trainer of dogs or horses knows more about education than most human parents ever comprehend.

What a dog can be taught is trivial compared to the possibilities of a child, but the wisdom which animal trainers have put to work would be very useful if applied elsewhere.

Those who bring up puppies and colts to useful maturity are very patient and very firm. The animal is taught that approval follows good behavior and punishment comes otherwise.

If the animal is to learn he must quickly be impressed with the certainty that effect pursues cause. Beating, violence of any sort, is not necessary in dealing with animals. A dog will respond to a change in the tone of voice as quickly as to a whip.

He must not, however, be confused by caprice or the instability of his trainer if he is ever to be thoroughly disciplined.

Think what improvements would be brought about in social conditions if we were as wise in managing ourselves. Take, for instance, the matter of crime.

We are on the crest of a great crime wave in this country because too many men and women believe it is safe to break the laws. The murder rate in this country is atrociously high. The explanation, however, is simple enough.

Examine any city you please and the facts are much the same. The New York report, which is most recent, is indicative of the whole situation. During the first six months of this year 164 homicides were committed in that city. Only sixty-three persons were arrested because of these crimes. The chances are better than two to one in favor of the criminal's escape.

Obviously men will take that kind of a chance In London, on the other hand, punishment is inexorable. Consequently, New York or Chicago has twenty times as many murders.

Unless we are feeble-minded most of us do what we think will be approved or, at worst, what we think won't be penalized. If gangsters are our companions we measure our conduct by the gangster's code. If we were reared in a decent home the chances are that we turn out to be decent.

Environment is tremendously influential in fixing conduct of both animals and men. Recently a Chinese psychologist has shown that it is possible to educate even cats and rats to live together in perfect peace. The cat's instinct to kill proved to be not so strong as the training of the kitten.

This Oriental, Zing Yang Kuo of the University of Chekiang, brought up fifty-nine kittens in his laboratory.

Some of the kittens saw their mothers kill rats and eighty-five per cent of these kittens became killers. None of the kittens raised in cages with rats ever killed one of its playmates or any rat of the same kind. Yet a cat is a small-sized tiger, especially adapted to kill small animals.

If predatory animals can be taught by environment not to attack their natural prey, it is perfectly obvious that wholesome surroundings can also modify the destructive tendencies of the human species.

Good schools and playgrounds with their sensible direction of our children's energies and instincts do more to produce normal law-abiding men and women than all the policemen and prisons we can provide.

awing-room, after dinner, her hands :ked about her knees, her rich ma- gany mop tossed off her forehead, her es reddened with tears.

"Tired tonight, Dina?" Elliot asked.

"Yes, I believe I am, a little," she mitted.

"It's a long pull, Dina."

She only looked at him, raising her ick, upcurving lashes, biting her lips intly, faintly frowning. He noted w white was the temple from which e warm brown hair curved away, and hat a light there was in her eyes.

"It's so nice, having you here," he id.

She gave a little desperate laugh.

"When I think what I *was*, when I me to the Hill, Elliot, how raw I was, w little I knew, how much time I'd asted—"

HER voice stopped; he smiled at her. "Oh, you had wasted time, had u?"

"At school, yes. And then, lots of me that I might have been studying ings, learning things." She was silent ain, pondering.

"I'm beginning," she continued pres- tly, in a low tone, as if she were talk- g to herself, "I'm beginning to know st how much I don't know."

And after a long while she asked:

"Elliot, you know so much, what do u *think* is going to happen?"

"About—?" he asked, bringing his ok home to her eyes.

"Mont. Everything."

"I have a feeling that he'll get off, ina. It's only a feeling. But I know illy Polk."

"But we haven't heard from him."

"That's the very reason. If he hit a ue, we *wouldn't* hear from him. He's een ten days in the south. He hasn't usted a line to paper, he hasn't tele- honed. He's going to bring his own ory home."

Fatigue had vanished from her face; er eyes were stars.

"But you don't really think so, Elliot!"

"Yes, I think so," he answered, with is quiet, keen look.

"Oh, my God!" Dina said in a whis- er, beginning to cry, her face against he thin silk cover of the couch.

"And after that?" the man said mus- ngly. "Well, I think Mont'll come home, ina, but different. He'll never—"

Elliot hesitated, searching for a word.

"He'll never soar again," he said.

"Never?" she echoed anxiously, at a oss.

"He won't be—" Elliot shrugged, well, Mont."

"Won't?" she whispered, her eyes vide.

"Nobody could go through what he's een through, Dina, and come out the ame. Least of all Mont."

"Oh, no; of course not!" she said, tricken.

"He'll be crushed for a long time; he won't want anyone, won't want praise and talk and chatter—"

"He'll want me," Dina said, jealously.

Elliot looked at her in silence for a while.

"And that's what you want, isn't it?" he asked, temperately.

"That's all," she answered.

"Do you ever think of—" Elliot sighed, stopped, and began again. "Do you ever think of, well, London on an April morning, Dina?" he said. "And having lunch at Simpson's? Do you ever think of Paris, and going to the races with a parasol and a white hat, and—well, what not?"

"I've often wondered why people did," she answered with an ingenuous smile.

"Well, I'll go on with my prognostication," Elliot presently said, after a long, thoughtful scrutiny of her bright, tired face, with a feather of rich mahogany hair falling across her white low forehead.

"Your—what?"

"My fortune-telling."

"Oh, yes!"

"I think you'll comfort him, Dina, and take care of him, and keep him away from all the things he hates. I think you'll manage him, a garden, and a few chickens, and a dog, and maybe children some day—"

He stopped. Her attentive face was radiant.

"Ah, Elliot, what lovely fortunes you tell!" she said, tears in her happy eyes.

"And then I think he'll begin to paint again, and this time he'll make good. And I think you'll have a little country place, say over in the Bolinas neighborhood, with a studio in it."

"I believe it!" she said, almost reverently, as he paused.

Elliot had his finger-tips fitted together; he was looking into space.

"As for you," he resumed, slowly, after a while, "I believe you'll go on being more and more—well, yourself. Men will admire you, but you'll never know it. You'll read, you'll study, you'll be a leader, what you do with your children other women will want to do with theirs. And you'll cook and rake weeds and feed chickens—

"Some day you and Mont'll go east to see an exhibition of his work. You'll go to show him off, or to show your children off."

"Elliot, if it could be like that!" she breathed.

For a long time neither spoke again. The man continued to regard her thoughtfully, with something faintly quizzical, something puzzled, in his expression.

Presently she looked up and caught his glance, and shuddered, her face growing sad again.

"But now he's in prison," she said, "and sick."

"You must remember," Elliot suggested, "that even if Bill Polk *doesn't* get any important evidence, he may get enough to get him off with a clear verdict."

"He looked—*sick* today," she murmured, her thoughts far away.

"Strange thing to be going through, if he's really as innocent as you or I, Dina."

"But he is!" she insisted.

THE telephone rang. She went over to the desk, looking at Elliot over the mouthpiece.

"Telegram for you, Elliot. I'll take that," Dina said to the operator.

"It's from Billy," she said quickly, in an undertone, a moment later. Her face had changed, her breath was coming short. And she quoted the message: "'Arrive on Sierra Limited tomorrow A. M. in time for court. Everything hopeful. Polk,'" said Dina.

She stood in the center of the floor, looking at Elliot.

"What do you think?"

"I think it's good," Elliot said.

Dina came and knelt beside him, her cold hands suddenly clasped about his.

"You don't think we—*might*—get out of it?"

"I do think so."

"Elliot, how'll we ever, ever thank you for all you've done? If it hadn't been for you we never could have engaged Billy Polk, we never could have fought. Mont might have been—been found guilty!"

"He might be yet, Dina."

"But I know he won't! He may die," she said. "His cold may go into pneumonia, but if we have time, we'll save him."

"You go to bed and to sleep," Elliot directed her. "Tomorrow will be a hard day!"

(*To be concluded next week*)

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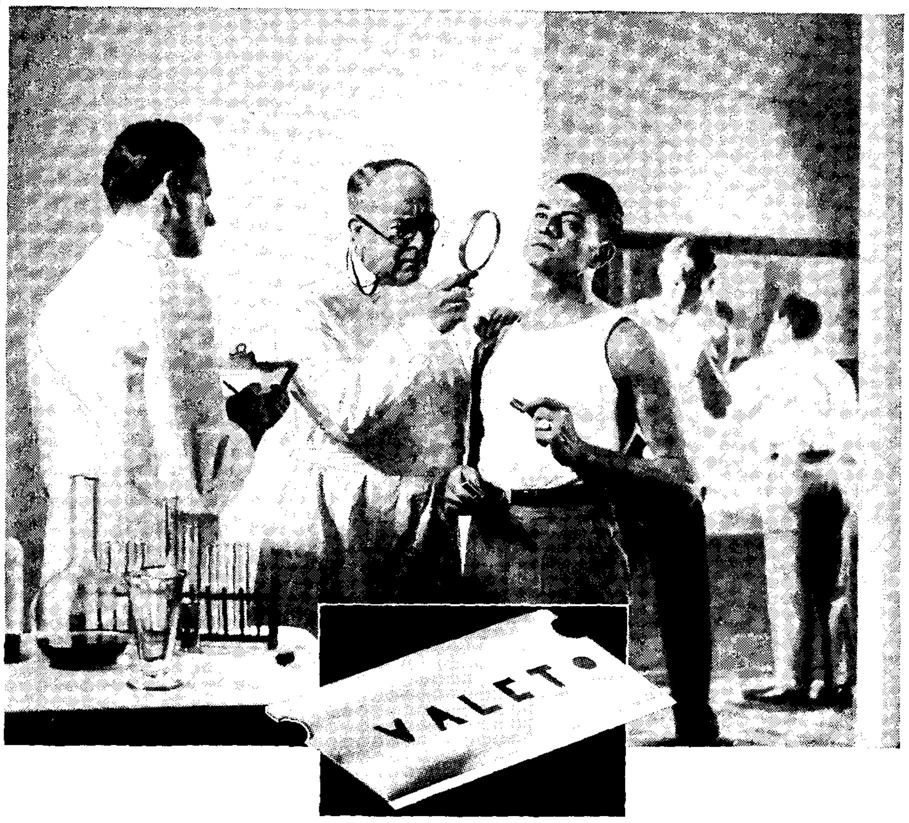

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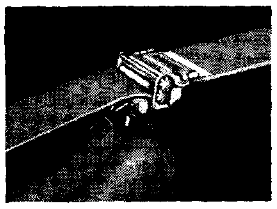

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ALL STAR — ALL ACTION — ALL AMERICA

(*Continued from page 75*)

the Airedale, to the goldfish, to the kitten, her very assistance at his patience games making Elliot's evenings all too short—

If he had ever had this dream, it was over now. Her feeling for Mont was like a mother's feeling, passionate and deep. Her beloved, misguided boy was in trouble, they were torturing him, shaming him. There was only one desire in her life now.

To have him set free, to have him given back to her, to heal, with love and faith and happiness, these mortal wounds, it was for that that Dina was living.

PREPARATIONS for the second trial were immediately under way. Valentines were in the windows along Polk Street, and the skies over the city and the bay were always blue. Hot days came, with blossoming acacias, and once again the tar was soft in the streets underfoot, and dreamy foghorns sounded through the still sweet mornings.

Mont grew thinner, older; an anxious deep wrinkle formed across his forehead. His blue eyes were always tired; a strange unhealthy color had taken the place of his old clear Indian brown.

Dina found him changed in other ways. He did not complain. He made no comment on prison discipline or prison food. One day, in the dreadful room where they met, that room to which she had first come on the dark evening after his arrest, she said to him pityingly, impulsively:

"You're being so good about this, Mont!"

"I am trying to be," he said thickly, with a gentleness, a humility, that were quite new in Mont. And once he added, "I'm growing up, Dina."

"You were always grown up enough for me," she said. "I guess we'll have a lot to talk about, I guess we'll never get tired talking, when we're out of this," she added, with a blink and a smile. And again Mont looked at her oddly, and turned away with his eyes full of tears.

She grew very weary of the jail, its dankness and bigness, its smells, its strange sounds welling through such strange silences.

Sometimes they told her at the desk outside that she could not see Mr. Brett today, and then she quietly went away, although later she might cry when she told Elliot about it, or when she was in bed at night.

The new trial was set for the seventh day of March. There had been no word from William Polk. Mont asked Dina, with a little unwonted interest, where the attorney was. She said that business had taken him to the southern part of the state, adding that she did not know where he was at the moment.

"He'll be here!" she predicted with a nod.

"I don't know as it would make much difference," Mont said.

"We'll find you somebody else then."

"I don't know," he answered apathetically. "Oh, Dina," he said, "it's an awful thing to go through it all again. It almost seems to me sometimes that I'd rather go over to San Quentin—rather face anything."

"Mont!"

"I know, I'm talking like a fool. I know that you and Elliot are moving heaven and earth for me. I'm sorry, Dina."

She kissed him, his cheek rough and warm and unhealthy against her firm one.

"It won't matter what we have to go through, if it turns out all right!"

"Or even if it turns out all wrong," he muttered. "It'll be peace anyway, quiet, a chance to get away from the eyes and the voices, and rest!"

And often he would say in a nervo whisper that chilled her blood:

"Listen, Dina, is there a chance th I did it? I must have done it! A f low could do it, you know, and not kn it. They talked to me until I honest thought I had, that first night. I mea be sure he hadn't done it, be sure didn't mean to do it, and yet have do it."

Late in the afternoon of the sixth March they let her see him, let her beside him, for he was ill. He had be moved into the hospital ward. He w lying, very thin and gaunt and patie in an iron bed. His hand was hot wh Dina touched it, and his forehead h when she kissed him.

A guard was always within hearin A nurse close by. Dina, at least, sa neither, and if Mont was conscious them he only indicated it by his lower tone.

"Dina," he said, clinging to her han like a sick child, "if this could only the end! I'm trying, I'm trying my be to go under here, where it's all peacef and quiet. It would be so much easi for you, it'd all be over—"

"Oh, no, my dear old boy!" she sai steadily, smiling, patting his han "That wouldn't be fair to me. We' got to get out of this, and go on."

His eyes were shut; tears on his ho lowed face.

"I've thrown you down so!" he whispered.

"Ah, no, you haven't, Mont! It'll a be over in a few weeks, and then we' find some place where I can cook f you—"

"Oh, don't, Dina!" he said, not opening his eyes.

"Mont, can't you go on willing an willing, just holding *tight* to it, just fo a little while?"

He made a great effort, pulled himself quite visibly together, smiled.

"You mean you can?"

"I try to!" Dina said.

"Oughtn't it begin to work, if it's going to?" he suggested, with a hint of his old half-scornful, half-indulgent smile for her fancy.

"It *is* working, Mont," she said, suddenly thinking of William Polk.

"Oh, it is?"

"Tomorrow," Dina predicted, "I'll tell you that it's working!"

"It would be—oh, well—" Mont said, in a low tone, after a pause, "it would be—I'd like—to be out in the world again, and working, and going home at night to you, not to anyone else. You don't think how wonderful that is, until you lose it."

HE SPOKE very little of himself, of his predicament. He seemed to accept it with a hard and bitter philosophy that was more distressing to Dina than frenzy or rebellion would have been.

They quickly ran out of conversation. There was little they could say.

"Is the food good at all, Mont?"

"Is the food—what?"

"Awful?"

"No, it's not so very bad. The bread's good. She brought me some milk today. I suppose he ordered it."

"What does the doctor say it is, Mont?"

"He didn't say."

"But how did he know you felt rotten?"

"I had a fever; I was sort of talking in the night."

She sat beside him as long as they would permit; smiled and waved when she went away. But walking across Polk Street in the dark, she cried bitterly all the way, so that the lighted windows and the markets and the theaters were all a blur to her. And that night she was very silent, sitting on a big cushion on the floor, in the dim

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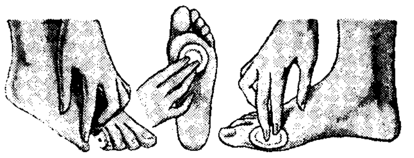

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Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 32

"Oh, I do believe!" she whispered.

Later, when they were alone, she said to Elliot:

"Will it cost a lot of money for Billy to go to Los Angeles?"

"It'll be the best investment *he* ever made," Elliot answered, carelessly. "All any criminal lawyer asks is a case like this."

"It's so wonderful to have people so kind to me!" Dina said.

IT WAS evening; they had a wood fire. She had been settled in her big chair for a long while, resting, pondering, making no effort to keep the conversation going. Elliot had been at the piano, but now he was reëstablished among his pillows again, a collapsed wreck of a tall, thin man, with graying hair and a lean, long face.

"Why don't you set up a card table and play solitaire, Dina?"

"I can't seem—" she said, on a long breath, "I can't seem to settle to anything!"

"We'll have to wait, now."

She mused for a while.

"Nothing may come of it," she said, suddenly despairing.

"Nothing may come of it. But somehow I think something will."

"She, this friend of Sonia's, this Ray Ralston, may refuse to talk to Billy."

"Even that would be very damaging, Dina."

"If she and Sonia just—just *lied*," Dina said anxiously.

"Billy'll be onto that in no time, if they do."

"He's wonderful about it," she said, slowly.

"It's a big chance for him, Dina. If he could dig up any such sensation as this he'd be made for life. It's just what the press likes, what the world likes. I don't know that I ever heard of an identification made by the sense of smell before. It's common enough by sight, or sound, or even touch. But this is new."

"Elliot," she said, with her steadfast look, "I don't say it was Sonia. I only say that there was that same thing in the air on that horrible afternoon when I went up to Perry's studio. It had gone out of my mind completely; I never would have remembered it again. But the minute I came into this room today it all swept over me, it made me sick, it made me faint."

"Just that one thing in you," he said, after a while, "may save him. They *mightn't* have convicted him, Dina. You can see that the jury doesn't want to do it. But circumstantial evidence could hardly be stronger. I've read every word of it; it wasn't conceivable that there was any way out!"

"It may not be," she mused anxiously.

"You've always had that keen sense of smell, Dina?"

"Always. It always seemed so funny, so useless. I used to use my nose as much as my eyes when—oh, well, for instance, when Aunt Floss sent me down cellar for something, onions, or kerosene, or rope. I used to know all Mother's friends, the old ladies of the sewing circle, and the old men, that way. And once when a woman Aunt Floss hated came to see a fellow that boarded in our house—"

She hesitated, looking to him for encouragement.

"We kept a boarding house for the cement works men, you know?"

"I know."

"Well, this Eva Palmer came to see Jim Clute, and she went into Aunt Floss' room for something, because when I went up there to take up some hot water to wash the windows I knew it. So when Aunt Floss missed her cameo pin she told Jim Clute that if Eva didn't bring it back she'd have Eva arrested. And Eva did send it back; she said she'd picked it up on the stairs," Dina finished simply.

"If you get Mont out of this fix, Dina, what's he ever going to do to make it up to you?"

"Mont?" she asked, and fell silent, looking at the fire.

"If he crawled on his knees the rest *of his life, he couldn't pay you back.*"

"I don't want him to crawl on his knees."

"What do you want him to do?"

"I want him," she said, with a little thickening of her voice and a flash of shamed, tearful eyes, "I want him to love me, and work, and be happy."

"I suppose it's—chemical," Elliot said musingly, whimsically, after a while. He had fitted his long fingers together; he was staring into the fire, as she was.

"What is?"

"Love," he answered, smiling. "I try to tell myself so, at all events. It's just a chemical accident."

Dina glanced at him, fine eyebrows slightly arched, looked back at the lazily burning logs again.

His heart, starved all his life long for just this, sent out a hundred tentacles to seize her, to wrap themselves about her soundness and sweetness; the square foot in the plain low shoe, the beautifully rounded young body with its slender hips and deep breasts, the rich russet head now bent so thoughtfully toward his own hearth fire. The place was empty without her; with her, it brimmed with interest and life.

The sober, straightforward country girl, with her eagerness to learn, her insatiable appetite for improvement, her utter simplicity, was the soul of it all. When she sat at his breakfast table, breakfast took on all the radiant morning colors of youth again; when she read a book, smiling and frowning and moving her lips as she turned the pages, the discussion of that book became thrilling. Dina straightening a Chinese lily bulb in a yellow bowl *among supporting rocks, Dina giving* old Hong her lambent, grateful look for the cup of hot chicken soup, Dina appearing in the guest-room doorway to ask casually, "What time have you, Elliot? My watch has stopped," was the most vital element his life had ever known.

HE KNEW that he could never tell her now. Not because it would shock her. Simply because it would not interest her. The brown eyes would never glow and darken for him. He was only one of that group of whom she so often said gratefully nowadays: "Everyone is being so wonderful to me!"

She accepted his hospitality quite simply; she had accepted his suggestion as to a lawyer. She never dreamed that, ever since her arrival on the Hill, Elliot had had a vague dream of the disappearance of the young, arrogant, selfish husband, and of her bringing her eager receptiveness to him, to wear his name, to blossom here in this infinitely sympathetic atmosphere of books and music and talk; a dream of her love, her laughter, her brown eyes dancing over French verbs, or dreamy over his Chopin études at the piano, her friendship extended joyfully to Hong and to

(*Continued on page 76*)

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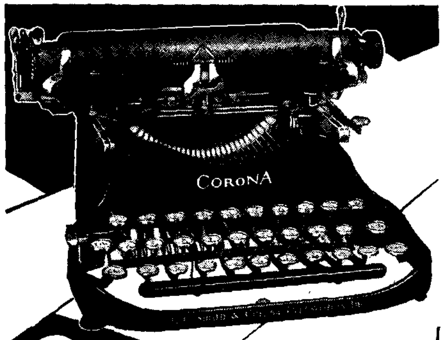

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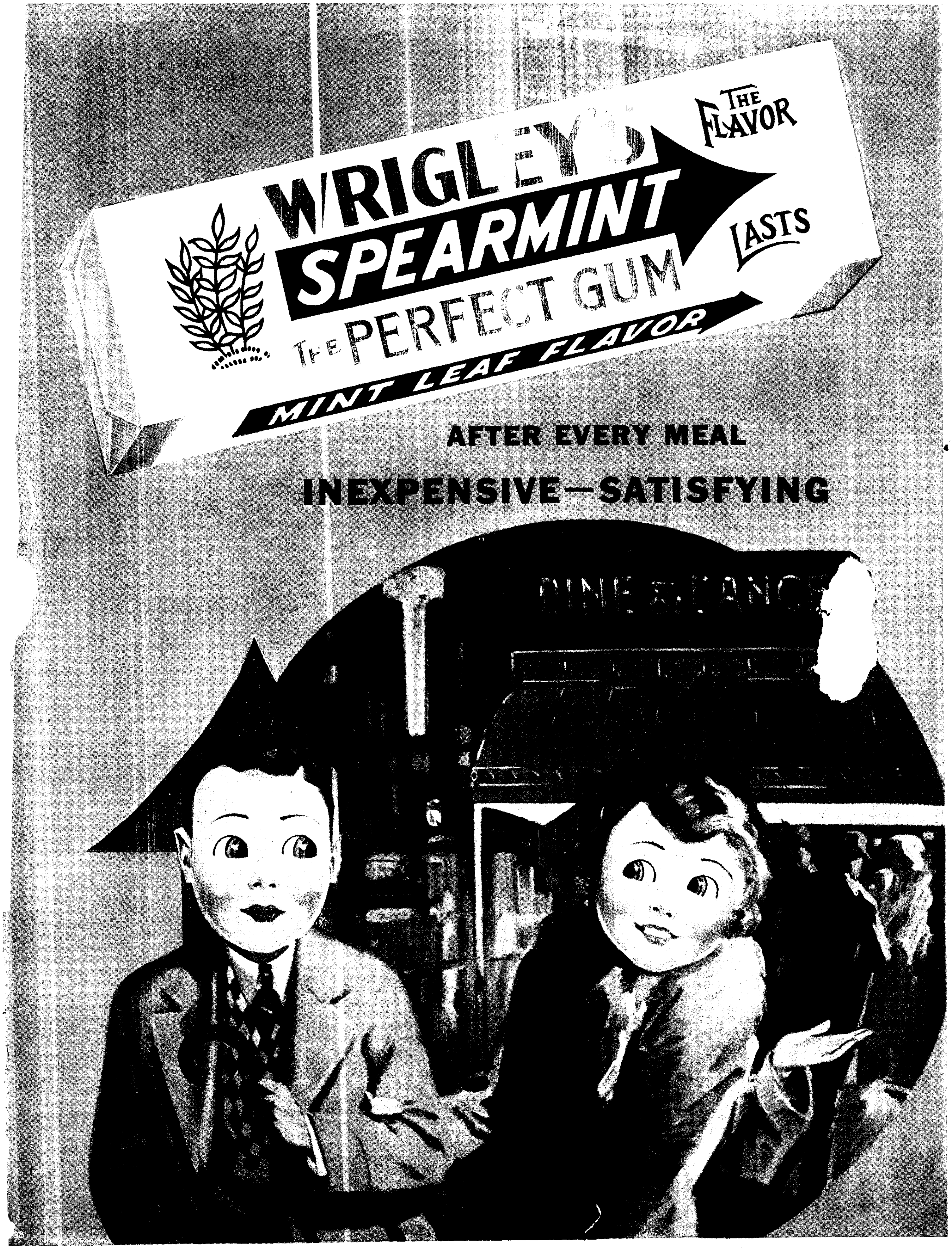
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